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REV.D RICHARD CECIL, M.A.

late Rector of Bisley & Vicar of Chobham, Surrey and Minister of
St. Johns Chapel Bedford Row, London.
Born in London Nov.r 8.th 1748 Died 15.th August 1810.

London. Published as the Act directs May 1.st 1816. by L.B. Seeley, and Baldwin, Cradock & Joy.

THE

WORKS

OF

THE REV. RICHARD CECIL, M.A.

LATE RECTOR OF BISLEY, AND VICAR OF CHOBHAM, SURREY:
AND
MINISTER OF ST. JOHN'S-CHAPEL, BEDFORD-ROW,
LONDON;

WITH

A MEMOIR OF HIS LIFE.

ARRANGED AND REVISED,

WITH A VIEW OF THE AUTHOR'S CHARACTER,

BY

JOSIAH PRATT, B.D. F.A.S.

SECOND EDITION.

67086

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.—MEMOIR AND CHARACTER OF THE AUTHOR.
MEMOIRS OF CADOGAN, BACON, AND NEWTON.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR L. B. SEELEY, FLEET-STREET; AND BALDWIN, CRADOCK,
AND JOY, PATERNOSTER-ROW.

1816.

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PREFACE

TO THE

SECOND EDITION.

THE increasing infirmities of my revered friend, Mr. Cecil, rendering it impracticable for him to revise his writings for a new edition, he devolved that task on me. During the progress of the work through the press, he was called to his reward.

The first edition of these works was printed in four volumes. By some variation in the arrangement, the present is comprised in three.

The FIRST volume of this Edition contains Mr. Cecil's Memoirs of his three friends—Cadogan, Bacon, and Newton.

Those of Mr. Cadogan first appeared in 1798, prefixed to a collection of his Discourses in one vol. 8vo. Mr. Cecil suggested a few alterations, in consequence of hints from the Rev. Mr. Hallward, who knew Mr. Cadogan very intimately. The Memoirs of Mr. Bacon were published in 1801, in crown 8vo. I have corrected them in a few places, on the suggestion of the present Mr. John Bacon, and have removed the notes from the end to their proper situation at the foot of the page. I have done this likewise in the Memoirs of Mr. Newton, and have occasionally corrected the style. I have also omitted part

of the Table Talk. Observations gathered up in familiar conversation should always be submitted to the eye of a third person, who must be best qualified to judge what will be generally impressive; as the recorder himself may, in many instances, retain associations in his mind which may render remarks vivid and interesting, while they will appear to the reader, for want of such associations, trifling or obscure.

The SECOND volume contains Thirty-three Sermons taken down after Mr. Cecil, by two friends, in short-hand; with two of his most popular and useful Tracts.

The THIRD volume consists of various Sermons and Tracts, which have been either already printed, or were written out by Mr. Cecil; together with Remarks made by Mr. Cecil chiefly in conversation with the Editor, or in discussions when he was present; with an Appendix communicated by some friends.

May that God, whom our great friend so faithfully served in the Gospel of his Son, bless the reading of these volumes to the establishment and furtherance of the Redeemer's kingdom!

JOSIAH PRATT.

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MEMOIR.

OF THE

REV. RICHARD CECIL.

MOST of the following anecdotes were collected in Mr. Cecil's life-time. Since his decease, they have been interwoven into this Memoir, with a short account of his latter days, and a slight view of his domestic character and habits. His personal and public character will be added by my very kind friend, the Rev. Josiah Pratt.

Should any friend feel repugnance at seeing his name inserted in this Memoir, I beg leave to observe, that the delicacy due to him in requesting permission, was neither overlooked nor disregarded; but it was imperiously superseded by Mr. Cecil's positive injunction, that I should bear this public testimony to the kindness which he had received.

J. C.

MEMOIR,

&c.

AN anxious desire to beguile Mr. Cecil's hours of depression while at Bath and Clifton in the winter of 1808, gave rise to the following facts being collected together. These facts he read, authenticated, and approved as a foundation of what is now presented to the public. Some of them had been noted down as they occasionally dropped from his lips, in the course of familiar and domestic conversation. I have endeavoured to place them in the order in which they occurred.

Mr. Cecil was born in Chiswell Street, London, on Nov. 8, 1748. His Father and Grandfather were Scarlet Dyers to the East India Company. His Mother was the only child of Mr. Grovesnor, a merchant in London, and brother to the Rev. Dr. Grovesnor, the well known author of the Mourner. To some excellent traits of her character mentioned in Mr. C's works, may be added, that of her benevolence to the poor. In order to enlarge her resources, she employed herself in working fine-work, according to the fashion of the day, which she sold for their benefit. Mr. C. was

born after his Mother was fifty years old, and after an interval of ten years had elapsed since the birth of her preceding child. It is worthy of remark, that during her travail with this child of her old age, her heart was overwhelmed with sorrow. Her years, and other circumstances not necessary to be here mentioned, raised in her mind the most terrific apprehensions. Yet this child was the comfort and the honour of her latter days!

Mr. Cecil's father inherited a large tract of ground, on which were his dwelling-house, dye-house, and garden. During the early part of Mr. C's life, this tract of ground was the spot of his pastime, in the interval of school hours. His life was here endangered by several adventures. The following was remarkable:—His father had in this ground several large backs of water, one of which was sunk into the earth, and in winter was frequently covered with ice. A hole was made in the ice, for the purpose of supplying the horses with water. At this hole Mr. C. was playing with a stick, till he suddenly plunged under the ice. The men had received particular orders over-night, to go to work in a part of the dye-house, from which this piece of water was not visible; but it is remarkable, that, for reasons which could not be assigned, they went to work at an opposite part, where it was directly before their eyes. One of the men thought he saw a scarlet cloak appear at the hole broke in the ice, and resolved to go and

see what it was: in attempting to take it out, he discovered it to be the scarlet coat of his young master. He was taken out apparently dead; but after long effort, was recovered.

About the same time Mr. C. was caught by his coat in a mill-wheel, and must have been crushed in a few moments, had he not, with wonderful presence of mind, thrust his foot against the horse's face, by which the mill was stopped, and he disentangled. Several other extraordinary deliverances occurred about this time; but all, as I have often heard him lament, during his thoughtless days were passed over without improvement. Beyond the period of his juvenile years, I might mention many instances of the preservation of his invaluable life—"Immortal till his work was done"—but they would lengthen this Memoir beyond the intended bound. Within the recollection of many friends was that of his horse falling, and throwing him before a loaded cart; the wheel of which went over his hat, pushing his head from beneath it, and only bruising his shoulder.* *The beloved of the Lord*

* This deliverance was so remarkable, that some of the circumstances deserve to be recorded. It took place on Wednesday, Jan. 12, 1803. He had rode over the stones the day before toward Bond Street; but finding them slippery in consequence of a frost, he determined (as he had occasion to go again on this day) to be particularly cautious. In order therefore to avoid riding over the stones, he went round by the New Road: but, in turning into Oxford Street, his horse's legs flew from under him, in consequence of his stepping on some ice, and Mr. C. was thrown off upon his face, at the moment that a heavily loaded cart was passing. His shoulder was in the track of the cart wheel, and he distinctly felt it go over him, and bear against his head. The crown of his hat was con-

shall dwell in safety by him; and the Lord shall cover him all the day long. Deut. xxxiii. 12.

After these instances of preservation, both in Mr. Cecil's earlier and latter years, I return to the days of his youth. His Father, being a Member of the established Church, took his son with him on a Sunday to his Parish Church. His Mother was a Dissenter, and a woman of real piety. Her family, for generations back, were pious characters. One of them, a Mr. Cope, used to send money and other support to the Nonconformists in prison; which his daughter, the grandmother of Mr. Cecil, took to them. It was a special mercy to Mr. C. that his mother was a partaker of the same grace with her ancestors. She laboured early to impress his mind, both by precept and by example: she bought him Janeway's "Token for

siderably pressed in by the wheel against his temples. Had he been thrown a few inches farther, it must have gone directly over his head. He was immediately carried into a shop, where he received kind attention; and was thence brought home in a hackney coach. On examination it was found, though his arm was much bruised and discoloured, that no serious injury had been received. He attributed this, under the mercy of God, to his shoulder not having borne the whole weight of the wheel, which being broad, was, at the moment it was going over, eased, as he supposed, from his shoulder, by the inner part of it being raised by a stone rather more elevated in the pavement than the rest. In this situation of danger he was mercifully preserved from broken bones, or instant death. He hung up his hat in his study (with the indentation and dirt) as a memento.

He said that he had learnt three lessons from this providence:—

First, that, while we are called on to use all proper means and precautions of safety, God will sometimes shew us our absolute and immediate dependance on Him, by making the very means which we employ the occasion of bringing us to the very borders of the grave. He thought it his duty to avoid the stones as much as possible, and yet here danger met him.

A second lesson gathered from this event, was, the comparative trifling-

Children," which greatly affected him, and made him retire into a corner to pray; but his serious beginnings wore off; and he at length made such progress in sin, that he gloried in his shame.

Mr. C's father, intending him for business, placed him in a considerable House in the City: from this he was removed to another, where he staid longer; but returned home through illness. He felt wholly averse to trade, but was devoted to literature and the arts. At a very early age he wrote pieces, which he sent on hazard to the editors of the periodical publications, who thought them worthy of insertion. His father, a man of extensive reading, and who had himself received a classical education, accidentally met with a poetical piece which he greatly admired: his son affirmed himself the author of it; but his father thought it incredible,

ness of the cases, which occupy and harass the mind. He had been much exercised and depressed by some circumstances of domestic trial. They had almost wholly occupied his thoughts, and appeared of deep interest and importance. But he compared them now with that far heavier trial which his family was so near encountering, of seeing him brought home a corpse, and he then felt them to be comparatively trifles, and to be treated as trifles.

A third lesson, he said, was very obvious, but it was now brought home with peculiar force to him, and that was—to be always ready. "I went out yesterday, and I came in again with safety. I am going out to-day, and I shall return when my business is finished"—"No!"—the Lord may say concerning me, "you shall return no more. Your time is come. My messenger waits for you with a summons!"

He attended divine service on the following Sunday, though he did not think it prudent to preach. Thanks were publicly returned by him in the congregation, and the psalms sung in the course of the service bore such an allusion to his deliverance, and were so admirably selected for this purpose, that the congregation was evidently much affected by the service.

till his son, taking another subject given him by his father, and retiring a short time, produced a poem which satisfied his father that he was the author of the one in question.

Mr. Cecil had a marvellous power and flexibility of mind, which would have rendered him distinguished, in whatever he had pursued. He had an affection for all the Arts, but his predominant passion was for painting. This he pursued insatiably. He attended all picture sales, and practised at home; and was so intent on his point, that he set out unknown to his parents on a ramble to France, from a desire to see the paintings of the greatest Masters, and would have proceeded to Rome, had not the means of travelling failed. He returned home, and continued to live with his father; who perceiving his ardour for painting did not abate, at length proposed his going to Rome, (where he had an acquaintance) as an Artist. To this proposal Mr. C. agreed; but a circumstance took place which prevented it, and he remained still under the roof of his father for some time—sunk in the depths of sin, and hardening his conscience by reading books of infidelity, till he became a professed Infidel himself. He endeavoured to instil the same principles into others: with some he awfully succeeded, whom he since endeavoured to reclaim, but in vain.

While Mr. C. was proceeding in such a course of evil, it pleased God by his Spirit to rouse his

mind to reflections, which gave a turn to his future life.

Lying one night in bed, he was contemplating the case of his mother. "I see," said he, within himself, "two unquestionable facts. First, my mother is greatly afflicted, in circumstances, body, and mind; and yet I see that she cheerfully bears up under all, by the support she derives from constantly retiring to her closet and her Bible. Secondly, that she has a secret spring of comfort of which I know nothing; while I, who give an unbounded loose to my appetites, and seek pleasure by every means, seldom or never find it. If however there is any such secret in religion, why may not I attain it as well as my mother?—I will immediately seek it of God." He instantly rose in his bed and began to pray. But he was soon damped in his attempt, by recollecting that much of his mother's comfort seemed to arise from her faith in Christ. "Now," thought he, "this Christ have I ridiculed: He stands much in my way, and can form no part of my prayers." In utter confusion of mind, therefore, he lay down again. Next day, however, he continued to pray to "the Supreme Being:" he began to consult books and to attend preachers: his difficulties were gradually removed, and his objections answered; and his course of life began to amend. He now listened to the pious admonitions of his mother, which he had before affected to receive with pride and scorn: yet they

had fixed themselves in his heart, like a barbed arrow; and, though the effects were at the time concealed from her observation, yet tears would fall from his eyes as he passed along the streets from the impression she had left on his mind. Now, he would discourse with her, and hear her without outrage; which led her to hope, that a gracious principle was forming in his heart, and more especially as he then attended the preaching of the Word. Thus he made some progress; but felt no small difficulty in separating from his favourite connections. Light, however, broke into his mind, till he gradually discovered that Jesus Christ, so far from "standing in his way*," was *the* only *way, the truth, and the life,* to all *that come unto God by Him.*

While Mr. C. pursued this new course, his father began to take alarm; and said to him one evening "I know not what to do with you. I have made two experiments for your subsistence: I have offered to bring you into my own business, which at my death will be as good as an estate to you: you have rejected all my proposals. You now seem to be taking a religious turn: but I tell you plainly, that, if you connect yourself with Dissenters or Sectaries, I will do nothing for you, living or dying; but if you chuse to go regularly into the Church, I will not only bear the expense of a University, for which you have had some education,

* Mr. Cecil's own expression.

but I will buy you a Living on your entering into Orders." Mr. C. promised to consider this proposal; and, finding his father continued in the same mind, he went (on the recommendation of Dr. Bacon, an old family acquaintance) to Queen's College, Oxford, May 19, 1773.

I have heard him mention, with much feeling, many deep and secret conflicts of mind with which he was exercised while at College: added to which, he had to meet many insults which profligate men offer to piety. Under these impressions, he was one day walking in the Physic Gardens, where he observed a very fine Pomegranate Tree, cut almost through the stem, near the root. On asking the gardener the reason of this, "Sir," said he, "this tree used to shoot so strong, that it bore nothing but leaves. I was therefore obliged to cut it in this manner; and when it was almost cut through, then it began to bear plenty of fruit." The gardener's explanation of this act conveyed a striking illustration to Mr. C's mind, and he went back to his rooms comforted and instructed by this image.

On Sept. 22d, 1776, Mr. Cecil was ordained Deacon on the Title of The Rev. Mr. Pugh, of Rauceby, in Lincolnshire. In the Lent Term following, he took the degree of B. A. with great credit; and, soon after, took his name off the books. On Feb. 23d, 1777, he was admitted to Priest's Orders. With Mr. Pugh he staid but a short time; for at Mr. Pugh's request, he went to serve three

Churches in Leicestershire. These Churches were Thornton, Bagworth, and Markfield. The object of his going thither was that of serving the Churches till Mr. Abbott, the son of the deceased Vicar, should be able to take the charge of them: The END of his being sent thither, appears still more important.

On his going forth in this beginning of his Mission, he found little of real religion in these Churches; but by means of his ministry, a general attention to the truth was excited among the people, *and many of them believed and clave unto the Lord.* Mr. Abbott, in particular, and a sister of his, owed to Mr. Cecil, under the divine blessing, their knowledge and belief of the truth: and, at length a flourishing congregation was formed in each of the Churches.

Mr. C. laboured to awaken the mind of Mr. Abbott, not merely to the necessity of embracing the truth, but that he might *continue in the things which he had learned,* and preach among the people *the glorious Gospel of the Blessed God, which was committed to his trust.* Mr. Cecil anxious that these

"Plants of his hand, and children of his prayer"—

should not be left like sheep without a shepherd, earnestly urged on Mr. Abbott his responsibility as a Minister—the obligation of making full proof of his ministry—and the infinite consequences at-

taching to his holy function. It pleased God to bless his endeavours: and Mr. Abbott, not only received the truth in the *knowledge* of it, but in the *love* of it, and became a faithful and upright Minister. He died in early life.

On Mr. Cecil's return to Rauceby, he found a letter informing him, that, by the interest of friends, two small Livings had been obtained for him, at Lewes, in Sussex. This was a great disappointment to Mr. Pugh, who, at that time, wished to go to Bath; but he generously dismissed his Curate, and accordingly Mr. C. proceeded to take possession of his Livings.

At Lewes, residing in a damp situation, near one of his Churches, he was long afflicted with a rheumatic disorder in his head; and, at length, was disabled for duty for several months, and was under the necessity of procuring a Curate. I have heard him mention, with much feeling, a very singular providence, which occurred to him on his going from London to Lewes to serve these Churches. Instead of his leaving town early in the morning, the farrier, who shod his horse, detained him till noon; in consequence of which, he did not arrive on East Grinstead Common, till after it was dark. On this Common he met a man on horseback, who appeared to be intoxicated, and ready to fall from his horse at every step. Mr. C. called to him, and warned him of his danger; which the man disregarding, with his usual bene-

volence he rode up to him, in order to prevent his falling, when the man immediately seized the reins of Mr. C's horse; who, perceiving he was in bad hands, endeavoured to break away, on which the man threatened to knock him down if he repeated the attempt. Three other men on horseback immediately rode up, placing Mr. C. in the midst of them. On perceiving his danger, it struck him "Here is an occasion of faith!" and that gracious direction also occurred to him—*Call upon me in the time of trouble, and I will deliver thee.* He secretly lifted up his heart to God, entreating that deliverance which HE alone could effect. One of the men, who seemed to be the Captain of the Gang, asked him who he was, and whither he was going. Mr. C. here recurred to a principle, to which his mind was habituated—that "Nothing needs a lie." He therefore told them very frankly his name, and whither he was going: the leader said, "Sir, I know you, and have heard you preach at Lewes: let the gentleman's horse go: we wish you good night."

Mr. C. had about him sixteen pounds, Queen Anne's Bounty, belonging to his Churches, which he had been to town to receive, and which, at that time, was to him a large sum.

It may not be improper to add here, that both the Livings brought in only about 80*l.* per annum; and when Mr. Cecil's health rendered it necessary for him to engage a Curate, from that time he de-

rived no emolument from them, as the income was only adequate to the expence of a Curate. He held these Livings for no other but the express purpose of continuing the preaching of the truth in that place, and had many difficulties to contend with in carrying his point: but he persevered in this way for many years, till he could resign them, SATISFACTORILY, to the late Rev. Mr. Dale.

Although Mr. C. was a single man while Rector of two Livings at Lewes, yet, possessing no personal property, he was always straitened in his pecuniary affairs, particularly so during the first years of his Ministry.*

In June 1777, while Mr. C. lived at Lewes, he lost his pious mother, whose death was made of singular benefit to him. He went on the evening of her death, under the solemn impressions which it had made on his mind, to the Lock Chapel, for which service he was previously engaged; and preached a most effective sermon—by some, probably, still held in remembrance. His father did not long survive her: he died in Feb. 1779. Both

* It may be necessary for me to mention, that though his Father's business was lucrative, yet as he had no turn for business, consequently he did not pay that attention which so large a concern required, and which, under proper inspection and good regulation, would have been, as he said to his son, "as good as an Estate to him." At his Father's death, therefore, nothing remained, but his business, house, and premises; into the possession of which his elder brother entered: and all, of any consideration, that Mr. C. received from his Parents, was a few articles of plate, given him by his Mother on her death-bed, with her watch, and some old family china, which (though useless) he valued as relics of sacred antiquity; particularly one article—a coffee-pot, out of which John Bunyan drank coffee in the house of Mr. Cope mentioned before.

his father and mother lie buried in a family vault in Bunhill Fields, with five of his own children—Tabitha, John Christian, Theophilus, Henry, and Israel.

Mr. C. continued to be so much affected with the rheumatic complaint in his head, that he removed from Lewes to London, and lived at Islington for the recovery of his health. During this time he preached at different Churches and Chapels in London.

For some years he preached a lecture at Lothbury, at 6 o'clock on the Sunday Morning. He found the walk, at that early hour in winter, very dangerous, as most of the lamps were gone out, and few persons stirring except those who wander for prey. He has often made me thrill with horror, at hearing him state the meeting on his way thither of wretches with their dark lanterns, with designs still darker: but God graciously preserved him amidst these dangers. He found, however, that this undertaking was not only dangerous, but that the additional fatigue of this early service became too great a demand on his strength: and on both accounts, he engaged a hackney coach, to take him to and from the Church during the latter years of his going thither. At this time, he had the whole duty of St. John's, and also an Evening Lecture at a Chapel, in Orange Street, Leicester Fields; at that period a regular Chapel in the Establishment.

In course of time, notwithstanding this precaution, his health declined, and, after many long and earnest intreaties of his friends, he reluctantly relinquished the lecture at Lothbury; whither he used to go with peculiar pleasure, and where many, who were taking an early walk on a summer morning, wandering in thoughtlessly, heard and embraced the truth, and are some out of the number of those, who became his joy and crown. By THIS resignation also, he lost nothing but labour and care, except the satisfaction which it afforded him of ministering to this people: for the emolument arising from the endowment, but barely covered his expences.

The Chapel at Orange Street, where he preached on Sunday Evenings, and on Wednesday Evenings for many years, being about to be repaired, it was relinquished; and the Chapel in Long Acre was engaged, in conjunction with his friend the Rev. Henry Foster, who had the morning duty: here the same congregation attended.

Mr. C. was solicited to take the Sunday Evening Lecture, preached at Christ Church, Spital Fields. He entered on this charge in Sep. 1787, a date which I am not likely to forget. The first Sunday evening that he went thither, he left in my lap a dying infant (as was supposed) given over by his Physicians with scarcely a remaining trace of life, and which he did not expect to find alive on his return. But this did not stop Mr. C. in his

work—*The walls were to be built in troublous times:* and he went forth accordingly, though with a troubled heart. It pleased God, however, to restore our child, like another Lazarus, at that time: but He took him into His own gracious arms, in the 21st year of his age.

Many have very naturally conjectured, that, from these diversified engagements, Mr. Cecil's pecuniary advantages must have been very considerable: but it was not for lucre's sake that he thus spent himself. In whatever he was prodigal, it was for God, and not for gain. I have often heard him say, that the Spital Fields Lectureship was rather a loss than a gain to him, in this respect, as the distance rendered it necessary for him to employ a coach for the evening, except when any friends took him in their own.

Mr. C. had the charge of this Lecture, and of that at Long Acre Chapel, alternately, each time for three successive years, with Mr. Foster—the gentleman who endowed the Lecture at Spital Fields having specified that the same clergyman should hold that Lectureship only three years in immediate succession. The appointment is vested in the Court of Assistants of the Weaver's Company, who first called Mr. Foster to this charge. He opened the Lecture in September 1784, and was followed by Mr. C. in 1787: Mr. F. being reappointed in the years 1790, 1796, and 1802; and Mr. C. in 1793, and 1799. The intention of the

founder of this Lecture extended only to its being preached from September to April inclusive, but both Mr. F. and Mr. C. continued it through the whole year. I need not speak of the vast congregation which assembled in that immense Temple, the very sight of which was most animating, and where the stillness and attention of the numerous poor were most interesting. Mr. C. was, however, obliged by ill health to relinquish this arduous post—nearly the whole duty of which was discharged for him by Mr. Pratt, during the last three years of his holding the Lectureship, from 1799 to 1801.

I return to Mr. Cecil's most important sphere of duty at St. John's Chapel, Bedford Row. In the year 1780, he was invited to turn his thoughts to this Chapel, at that time the largest Church of England Chapel in London. Having been much neglected, it required a large sum for its repair. Mr. C. went, therefore, MERELY TO LOOK AT IT; for, as he never was possessed of any property, he chose to run no hazards. A lady of fortune*, however, offered to secure him from any ultimate loss, by her bond, should not the undertaking succeed: but, as the Chapel prospered, she was never called on. Yet wishing to testify her regard to Mr. Cecil, she gave him a very considerable sum of money toward building the present Vestry and the

* Mrs. Wilberforce, of John Street, King's Road, aunt to William Wilberforce, Esq.

rooms adjoining, to which several other friends contributed, and by whom the expence of the building, amounting to several hundred pounds, was defrayed. The former Vestry, being very small, was made into a pew, and appropriated to the use of the Minister. At the same time, a gentleman in the Law offered to lend Mr. C. all the money that might be required for the repair of the Chapel, without any other security than his note.

Mr. Cecil's mind was, at length, made up, as to engaging in this affair. He thought, that though the Chapel, so encumbered, might not yield any considerable advantage in his life-time, yet that the call appeared providential and the sphere useful. Accordingly, in March 1780, he entered on his Ministry at St. John's. At this time, his whole income was but 80*l.* per annum, which he received for the Lecture preached at Orange Street Chapel.

The pious desire of his friend just mentioned, to promote the interest of religion, led him to hazard so large a sum on this occasion: he may be justly termed, by his liberality, the Nursing-Father, both of St. John's and of its Minister, throughout these years of Mr. Cecil's life; and still remains the uniform friend of his bereaved family. He was one of the first who proposed a subscription for their support, when the income arising from the few remaining years of the lease should fail.

This kind friend, Mr. C. considered, and highly valued, as his coadjutor in every interest that

respected this place and people: in this object, they were of one mind and one heart; and Mr. C. often very feelingly expressed, not only his obligations, but how great would be his loss, should he ever be deprived of this faithful friend—from whose observations and ever watchful eye he derived much advantage; nor could any thing more strongly evince this gentleman's disinterested attachment to St. John's, than his unceasing and unwearied attentions there, without any other motive or reward than the pleasure of observing its prosperity and success.

William Cardale, Esq. of Bedford Row, this invaluable friend of my dear husband, not only advanced a large sum for the first repair, on Mr. Cecil's engaging in the Chapel, but was ever ready to assist him with such additional sums, as were continually and necessarily expended, in order to obtain for the congregation that complete accommodation, for which St. John's has been remarkable.

When Mr. Cecil entered on St. John's the usual custom prevailed of playing a Voluntary after the reading of the Psalms. As he considered this no part of the worship, but rather an intrusion into it, he appointed that an appropriate Voluntary should precede the service—to allow for which, the bell was ordered to cease five minutes before the hour for Divine Worship; and, instead of the usual Voluntary after the Psalms, he directed that a Psalm should be sung after the Second Lesson.

Any inattention to the established economy of the Chapel was grievous to him; and he strictly watched over all abuses, particularly that so frequently observed in various Churches in London —imposition or misbehaviour on the part of the pew-openers. He set his face determinedly against this; and enjoined on them, as the condition of their holding their situations, that they should, without previously receiving a bribe, accommodate with a seat, when practicable, every respectable stranger: but, finding, that, through the frailty of human nature, his injunctions were in one form or another violated, and being fully determined on carrying his point, he engaged a person, both to superintend the conduct of the pew-openers, and to keep a watchful eye over every part of the Chapel during the time of Divine Service. This he did with a view to prevent inattention to such persons as occasionally dropped in, and who therefore had no regular seat. His very soul abhorred the thought, that any one should be discouraged or prevented from hearing the free offer of salvation, who did not pay his way into a seat; and, though he was aware that his liberality might be abused, yet his grand object was obtained—that dying creatures should be encouraged to hear the message of the Living God.

He was a great admirer of order, and particularly so in the Church. There was, in consequence, much more attention paid at St. John's, than in most other places, that all the parts of the Service

should proceed in a regular succession, without any intermission, from the time when it commenced till it ended. The Clerk constantly called on a Sunday morning and took the time from a regulator in Mr. Cecil's study. He appointed that the bell should begin precisely at half-past ten o'clock—that the Organist should begin instantly on the stopping of the bell—that the Reader should be in the desk ready to begin the prayers on the organ ceasing—and that, throughout the whole Service, the same uniform punctuality should be preserved.

At St. John's Mr. C. performed all the duty for three years, without receiving any emolument, as the hearers were few, the expenses and interest of the money laid out upon it great, and the pews much underlet: Mr. C. objected to having them raised, lest it should disturb the mind of the old hearers, and discourage others from attending: an annual sum of 25*l.* was, moreover, paid to the Rector of St. Andrew's for the privilege of the pulpit in the afternoon. These, together with the continual and heavy expenses, arising from his zeal to render the Chapel commodious to his congregation, occasioned his income from it to be much more confined, for many years, than was generally conceived. He sought not THEIRS, but THEM: during, therefore, his first years as the Minister of St. John's, his income but very gradually encreased, which will account for his being

so involved in his circumstances, the greater part of his life. During the first eighteen years, that is from 1780 to 1798, he made a point of paying the interest of the money lent for the repair of the Chapel. A legacy of 100*l.* left me by a relation, and another 100*l.* given by a friend,* and every smaller legacy or sum given, and all that could possibly be spared from domestic demands, were immediately devoted to paying off the principal, which was at length thus reduced to five hundred pounds, as appeared by his accounts, examined by his friends during his confinement in Dec. 1798.

In gratitude to Mr. Cecil's friends I ought to mention, that, in the afflictive state of his health just referred to, they were anxious to know his circumstances; and finding, on investigation, that part of the debt for the first repair of the Chapel (about 500*l.*) was not paid off, they generously made a subscription to defray it. An overplus of about 200*l.* remaining, they put this into the funds for his use; but an affecting circumstance in his family obliged him to sell it out some time after.

St. John's Chapel was part of the estate of the Rugby Charity; the management of it was principally left to Sir Eardly Wilmot, one of the Rugby Trust, who was resident in the neighbourhood. It having been some time advertized, Sir Eardly determined, that, if he could not get a Minister recommended to it by the Archbishop of Canter-

* John Thornton, Esq.

bury, he would procure an act to be passed to make it a Parish Church. The Archbishop [Cornwallis] had given Mr. C. one of his Livings at Lewes; and had advised him, on account of his health, to leave a Curate at Lewes and procure some duty in town. He had before recommended him to Dr. Ducarel, for the Surrogacy annexed to his Living: this Dr. D. gave to Mr. Cecil, on his promise of taking a Master's degree; which promise he performed. The Archbishop, on being requested to recommend Mr. C. to Sir Eardly Wilmot, readily complied.

When he entered on his ministry at St. John's, he had a difficult and arduous path to tread. He had to preach to a people inimical to the spirit of the Gospel, on the one hand; and to make his way through the prejudices of the religious part of his auditory, on the other—who, not comprehending his aim, were ready to pronounce on his plan, as shunning *to declare the whole counsel of God.* Yet he was wisely following the example of his Master, in delivering the truth, as they who heard were able to bear it; and thus forming a lodgment in their minds, and preparing them for the full display of all the doctrines of the Gospel.

Mr. C. possessed, naturally, a comprehensive mind, and strong judgment. When it pleased God, *who commanded the light to shine out of darkness,* to shine into his heart, all his natural powers received a new direction, and under divine influence be-

came subservient to the glorious objects which he had discovered and laboured to make known to others. Persons are often led to approve or disapprove from RESULTS, either as they are successful, or unsuccessful, rather than from abstract views: the RESULT, in the instance of St. John's Chapel, clearly proves the wisdom of the course which Mr. C. pursued.

About the year 1800, Mr. C. established an Annual Sermon at St. John's, to be preached on the morning of May Day to young persons. He wished his Chapel to render assistance to charitable and pious Institutions, by occasional Sermons, distinct from those of the Parish School and the Welsh Charity, which last always attended the Chapel; but in his early attempt at this, he met with serious remonstrances from some of the congregation: ardent, therefore, on his GREAT POINT, of promoting the Gospel, and avoiding offence not absolutely necessary, no others were introduced for some years. He never, however, relinquished his original intention of rendering this benefit to cases which he deemed proper. Besides, therefore, the Sermons which were preached—the first two, namely, morning and afternoon, about January for the Parish School—and the next two, about April, for the Welsh Charity—he introduced two in Dec. 1798, for a Sunday School for Religious Instruction, which had been established at St. John's; and he occasionally added another for

the benefit of some charitable Institution, and had it in contemplation to preach one annually in favour of the Society for Missions to Africa and the East. In 1807, he preached for the NEW RUPTURE SOCIETY, of which His Royal Highness the Duke of York is the Patron. Mr. C. had first suggested the plan of this Society to Mr. Blair, the Surgeon, in 1804, by whose active and benevolent exertions the Society was formed, which has, since its establishment in 1805, to the present year 1816, relieved upwards of 7000 patients.

The Sacramental Money, collected at St. John's Chapel, Mr. C. appointed to be kept in the hands of a Treasurer, and was distributed by him, and three other gentlemen of the congregation, who were requested to assist in the distribution, to poor persons recommended by seat-holders, on St. Thomas's day—except small sums which were sent by the Clerk and Collector, to cases of need discovered in the course of the year, which were brought to account in the annual settlement.

Mr. C. had for many years suffered greatly from a complaint, supposed to be a sciatica. On being seized by a more violent and acute attack, a consultation of the Faculty was held on his disorder on Friday, Dec. 7th, 1798; the result of which was, that he was prohibited from preaching any more while the existing symptoms continued. A schirrus in the cæcum was now apprehended, and his condition was thought dangerous. The following Sunday, a most affecting scene took place at

St. John's. He had been announced on the preceding Sunday, to preach a sermon in the morning of this day, Dec. 9th, for the Children of the Sunday School attending the Chapel, and another in the evening to their Parents. Notwithstanding his prohibition by his medical friends, he determined to make an attempt to address the people once more. Many circumstances conspired to render the scene affecting. A friend remarked, that a side view which he caught of his face before he uttered a word, chilled him to the heart.—Sunk—worn—and dejected! *The strong was*, indeed, *become as tow!* and *the mighty fallen!* His text added to the solemnity of the scene:—*He, which testifieth these things, saith, Surely, I come quickly, Amen! Even so, come Lord Jesus!*

He told his congregation that he was preaching contrary to the advice of his Physicians, and that he should not be able to meet them in the evening. He had not preached more than five minutes, before it was visible that he was in extreme pain, and his feeble tone of voice proved that he was worne down. He could not continue his discourse more than 20 minutes, and then dismissed the congregation—not with the usual benediction, but in the last words of the Bible immediately following his text. The presentiment of many that this sermon would close his ministry gathered strength from his having chosen the concluding subject of the Scriptures, and ending his discourse with the benediction following it. After this period it

pleased God, whose *ways are not our ways, nor His thoughts our thoughts*, to add twelve years to his life.

During the above confinement, in the winter of 1798, Mr. Cecil put down for his own use some of the particular impressions made on his mind through this illness, but never designed it for publication. He had many MSS. by him, which were INTENDED for the press, but his declining health, together with his public occupations, prevented their being finished. On this account, he had solemnly enjoined me to consume all his papers, whenever his death should take place—assuring me, that they were in too unfinished a state for public benefit.*

In his last illness at Clifton, of which notice will

* Though Mr. Cecil's projected plans were arranged with clearness to his own preception, yet they were unintelligible to any other eye: nor were they in such a state of preparation for the press, as would admit of their being finished by any other hand than his own; as he had often assured me.

If, however, this had not been the case, it would still have been impossible for ME to have preserved them from destruction, in my RELATIVE situation; and while the precipitance resulting from his diseased nerves, in this and other instances, took place of that calm deliberation and wisdom peculiar to him when in health. It is some alleviation to be convinced, as I fully am, that, generally speaking, his papers could not have been rendered useful to the public, but by his own hand.

His anxious desire to do good, and his ever active and ardent mind, led him to form plans which his long and painful complaint rendered it impossible for him to bring to perfection: otherwise I am persuaded, that he would not have destroyed any thing that might promise to prove useful. And a proof of this appears, in the fact of his having permitted the publication of the "Fragment," printed in the third volume of his Works; and also in his reserving a MS. for my own use, consisting of sentences which he had collected and intended for publication.

be taken hereafter, when he apprehended that he should not live to return to town, he repeated his injunction—with the most anxious intreaty that I would relieve his mind, and meet his wishes, by destroying all his papers after his disease. Finding that nothing short of my giving him a faithful promise to execute his command would pacify his agitated mind, I reluctantly yielded—and promised to execute his desire on one condition only—namely, that he would allow me to preserve, for my own use, the above mentioned MS. written in 1798 (which I knew was not unfit for publication) and also permit me to subjoin it to this Memoir whenever it should be made public, to which he agreed.*

Mr. Cecil, however, contrary to his apprehensions, lived to reach home; when his determination respecting his papers was put in force by his own hand. He consumed every other MS. but the one I had before redeemed from the flames; and which is, by an after arrangement, attached to his works. It will appear, both from this MS. and from the following extracts (taken chiefly from my own private memorandums, and which are distinct from

* Mr. Cecil's reply to his son Israel on his mentioning to his father his feelings on reading this MS. then in the possession of a friend, may not be uninteresting. "I do not wonder that you felt as you express, at reading my feelings on passing through the deep waters. Alas! you saw but a small part of what occurred: but, *by these things men live; and in all these things is the life of my spirit.* They are what a University cannot yield; nor is a Prince, as such, favoured with a taste of them. I sincerely pray that you may know how *a thorn in the flesh* becomes a special blessing.

the fragment published in his works,) that, during this confinement, his heart was receiving important lessons in the school of affliction.

Saturday night, Dec. 8th, 1798. "This is a mysterious dispensation; but I know it is a wise one. I did not THINK of ever feeling so much pain. I have not prayed against THAT. I am now to glorify him by suffering—I am not afraid of consequences—*It is well!*"

Dec. 10th. To the Rev. Mr. Newton, who was dropping him a seasonable word of consolation, he replied, "It is consistent neither with reason nor religion, to oppose sufferings to the love of God; for, *Whom the Lord loveth, He chasteneth; and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth.*" In the evening of the same day to another friend, (the Rev. Mr. Venn,) he said "I am not afraid to die; but I am afraid of being worne out by pain. Nature shrinks at this prospect."

Wednesday 12th. To the Rev. Mr. Pratt he said—My illness gives me stronger hold of two points:—1st. God must be brought NEAR, to be lived on and fled to: 2d, Comfort, to be sensible to my heart, must spring from God's making Himself sensible to me. There must be an Incarnation. I must, by faith, lay hold of my God—as he became man!"

Dec. 14th. In bed—To the same friend, who spoke to him of the rumoured death of Buonaparte, and the failure of the French expedition against

Egypt, he replied—"But is Egypt to be left in its present horrid state of depravity and wretchedness under the Turks?—How unsearchable are the ways of God! *He giveth no account of His matters.* If God should restore me again to health, I have determined to study nothing but the Bible. Literature is inimical to spirituality, if it be not kept under with a firm hand. A man ought to call in from every quarter, whatever may assist him to understand, explain, and illustrate the Bible: but there—in its light and life—is all that is good for man. All important truth is there; and I feel that no comfort enters sick curtains from any other quarter. My state is an admonition to young men. I have been too much occupied in preparing to live, and too little in living. I have read too much from curiosity, and for mental gratification. I was literary, when I should have been active. We trifle too much. Let us do something for God. The man of God, is a man of feeling and activity. I feel and would urge with all possible strength on others, that Jesus Christ is our *All and in All.*"

On another occasion he said—In all my sufferings, except when my pain is extreme, I think I can in some degree say—*I take pleasure in them:* but when I am in torture, I seem to be glad that I can bear it without a MURMUR, which I have not felt that I know of; but I cannot say, *I take pleasure in it.* As to being broken down, I perfectly agree to it; distress, poverty, reproach, infirmity,

are fine things to humble a high spirit. The Physicians do not know my case—but I DO: it is the finger of God—and I am to learn from it various important lessons; and, among the rest, the SUFFICIENCY OF HIS GRACE. I have prayed thrice: sure I ought to be content with the answer to St. Paul!"

To a friend he said—"It has been a night of great pain, but it was a night appointed me by Jesus Christ; and sure it must be a good one, that He appoints! Had I laid down my life for YOU, your good nights would have been my anxious care." At another time—"I have great peace—not a ruffled breeze—night nor day—and this is all grounded on the doctrine of Jesus Christ. Give up THAT, and I should have no sleep to-night. All is pitch darkness without it—dark as a Socinian—dark as a Moralist. There is no light, but what Christ brings." At another time, while attending him in the night, he said to me—"It is an extraordinary statement, that though God loves me much better than YOU do, yet he does not relieve me. I am to partake, as a member of Christ, the sufferings of Christ. *It pleased the Lord to bruise Him*, for the good of man; and he afflicts man, for his good. If I recover, I shall be a better preacher—that is, I shall be more humble! I have many comforts; but perhaps I shall be so sick as to say, *Lord! it is enough, take away my life.* I am now often thankful for five minutes ease; and I wonder

I was not much more so for that of fifty years." At another time—" God knows my case: and, in pain, in difficulty, in sickness, he says—' *It is I: be not afraid:* Commit yourself to me!' Jesus Christ is my great hold: nothing can happen without His knowledge and permission."

To one, who spoke to him of his illness, he said —" It is all CHRIST. I keep death in view. If God does not please to raise me up, He intends me better. *I know whom I have believed.* How little we think of improving the time we have, while we have opportunity! I find every thing but religion, vanity. I am ready, even on this sick bed, to preach to preachers. I ask myself, what is my hold and support—what will remain with me, when every thing else is washed away? To recollect a promise of the Bible—THIS is substance! Nothing will do but the Bible. If I read authors, and hear different opinions, I cannot say, " THIS IS TRUTH!—I cannot grasp it as substance: but the Bible gives me something to HOLD. I have learnt more within these curtains, than from all the books I ever read.—I sometimes speculate on the idea of a soul's leaving the body, and wandering forth into the world of space; but it is alone—wandering in solitude—It is wretched BECAUSE ALONE; to say nothing of misery: but let a ray from Christ shine on that soul, and no matter where it is—it is happy!"

The violence of this attack was mercifully

abated; and Mr. Cecil was so far recovered, that he ventured, on the 24th Feb. 1799, to preach the Evening Lecture at St. John's. Though he began with the precaution of reading his sermons, yet he found the exertion too much for his broken state of strength and spirits; and he was convinced that God called him to retirement and repose. Such a dispensation, to a mind like his, required no common measure of faith and patience. He was, at length, by a blessing on the means used, enabled to resume his usual duty, though under much remaining infirmity.

Speaking of his afflicted state, he said, "My dispensation is wonderful. That I am able to meet the frequent returns of my public duty is almost miraculous. Not one of my hearers has any idea of the quantity of pain I endure in the course of twenty-four hours; and yet, if it were ever to be upon me at the moment I was called to preach, it would be utterly impossible for me to begin."

But it was not only during the above period that Mr. C. suffered much pain; but, year after year, it remained as a clog on his efforts, and as a worm at the root of his constitution. Frequently, after suffering greatly all the preceding night, he has gone forth in the morning to his public duty so feeble and emaciated, that I have dreaded the consequences of his entering the pulpit. But, still stimulated and animated by love and zeal, he went through his duty, by divine assistance, without any

appearance of his suffering state, or any other perceptible effect, save that feeling and unction which it produced. As the face of Moses, when he came down from the Mount, was seen to shine: so was it evident, in Mr. Cecil's discourses, that he had not suffered so many things in vain; but that he was refined in the furnace of affliction, to shew forth His glory who had called him. He acquired a more keen perception and feeling of the vanity of all human things: he stripped off the mask from the face of the world—shewed its poverty and emptiness—its enchantments—its snares—and its pretensions, as delusive and fallacious: he drew aside the veil—and exhibited those glorious realities in reversion for the faithful, on which his soul delighted to dwell, and of which he is now in the full enjoyment.

Thus exercised with affliction, he persevered in preaching (making use of a seat in the pulpit) till a paralysis deprived the Church of his labours. His patience under his great and long sufferings was surprising. By them many interior experiences and excellent ideas were wrung from him, while a word of complaint was never heard to come forth from his lips.

In June 1798, previous to the above confinement, Mr. C. sent the following reflections to a friend under affliction, to whom they were peculiarly appropriate, and by whose favour I obtain them—

"Sunday noon.—In great pain—disposed to preach again, on a new text—*She answered, It is well.* That is, God is WISER than I am. *He knoweth the way that I take, and, when I am tried, I shall come forth as gold.* He knows how to bring good out of this evil. What can He take away, that He cannot make up to me? Pain, loss, solitude—what are ye?—The way home!—He knows the way:—that is enough. He has promised to be with me in the way: that is more than enough.

"*It is well*—that is, God is MIGHTIER than I am.—He can make this dying and painful way, the way of life—the way of comfort—the way of joy, as well as holiness. He has done it ten thousand times: I have seen it done. *What child is he whom his Father chasteneth not?* I would be a son, but not scourged. I am a fool, whom even experience can scarcely make wise.—I see ——, and ——, and ——, whom he does not chastise; all professors—but are they sons?—I see ——, and ——, who are sinking under their troubles, and going to Satan for comfort, because they are not sons.

"*It is well*—that is, He is BETTER than I am. He has *thoughts of peace*, while I indulge *thoughts of evil.* He means better than I can give Him credit for. He asks me for nothing but time and trust, in order to make the whole plain and gracious to my eye: "No!" say I: "shew it me NOW.

and it sufficeth."—"What!" saith He—Am I ALONE not to be trusted? How many of my creatures have you trusted for what you could not see! How often have you rested on dust and ashes, as on a sure foundation!—Go—Go—and learn your horn-book, and then you will say without stammering *It is well!*"

"Wednesday morning.—Pain left me after the above was put down, and then it was thrown aside; but returned this morning at four o'clock, and drove me from the bed to begin again. But with nothing new.—*It is well*—God is more HOLY than I, and will burn up the dross. He is more FAITHFUL, and does not forget his promise, to purify the sons of Levi, that they may first present a pure offering, and then be offered up themselves!"

I proceed to the year 1800—when Mr. Cecil was requested by Samuel Thornton, Esq. to take the Livings of Chobham and Bisley; which his father, the ever-memorable John Thornton, Esq. had bought, and had left in the hands of trustees. Mr. Cecil, though duly sensible of the favour, yet could not be prevailed on to think of accepting these Livings; and was so fully determined against it, that he returned several refusals, in answer to pressing requests by letter, that he would accept them. He was also informed by Mr. Thornton, that it was his father's intention, that the unbeneficed trustees, (of whom Mr. C. was one) were to have the first offer, and he repeated his wishes, with many

friendly arguments—particularly, the danger in Mr. Cecil's state of health, of his becoming incapable of going on at St. John's, without some relief from that arduous post. Mr. C. continued, however, to retain his objections: but an old friend hinted to him, that he might be resisting a call in providence. To this intimation he listened, and consented to refer the business to the trustees, and a few select friends who should meet for the purpose of determining the question. They accordingly met together, and were unanimous in resolving it to be the duty of a man in Mr. Cecil's circumstances, family, and health to accept the Livings, and serve them in the summer.*

But, in going to these Livings, he went rather to labour than to rest. He forgot his broken state of constitution, when he set up in the Church two extra Lectures—one on the Sunday evening, and the other on a week-day. During the first years, he principally preached them himself, and with great success. To conciliate one of his parishes, he left the tythes to be fixed by three neighbouring

* By these Livings about 150l. per annum was added to his income. After his fatal malady took place, and his pecuniary affairs naturally devolved on me, I judged it expedient to inform myself correctly respecting them. Accordingly I had a minute account taken, both of the income and of the expenditure of the Livings of Chobham and Bisley. In the account returned to me, both were stated at large: the NET income was 235l. per annum: out of this remained to be deducted, the expence of supplying St. John's during Mr. Cecil's absence; and that attending the removal of our family to Chobham and back again. All these deductions taken into the calculation, the whole advantage to Mr. Cecil's income could not, at most, be estimated at more than 150l.

farmers; and used every other means to gain the affection of his parishioners. THERE also, he sought not *theirs*, but *them:* and when his son remonstrated with him on the occasion, he replied "If by taking one guinea more I should excite prejudices in a single mind against my message, I should defeat my great project in coming to this place."

Mr. Cecil found these parishes, like others where the light of truth has scarcely dawned, sunk in the depths of ignorance and immorality—very FEW hearers in the Church, while MANY were making the Sabbath a day of sport and amusement. He found that THERE also, as in other places whither he had been led by providence, he had to begin at the very foundation, under the most discouraging circumstances, as will appear from the impression made on his mind, on his first going among them. He says, "When I first came to Chobham, as I was sitting in the Vestry—on hearing the noise and uproar of the boys, and the people in the gallery talking aloud to each other—I burst into tears; and felt with the Prophet, when he said—*Can these dry bones live?*—But *the fields were white unto the harvest:* he did not labour in vain among this people: a large and attentive congregation was collected, and many *saw the day of the Son of Man, and were glad:* some of these are already entered into rest, where both *he, that sowed, and those, who reaped, now rejoice together.*

There being no house to either of the Livings, except a ruin inhabited by a labourer, nor any that could be engaged for Mr. Cecil's residence, he spent the first few summers in part of a house since purchased by the Rev. Mr. Jerram. After this, a very generous friend, Thomas Bainbridge, Esq. of Guildford Street, purchased eleven acres of ground, and built on it for Mr. C. a convenient house, which he let at a low rent. Mr. C. spent a few months in it, while it was unfinished, in the summer of 1807; but did not live to see it, after it was completed.

I cannot pass from this subject, without remarking, not only this instance of Mr. B's kindness, in burdening himself with this undertaking, which he did with a most disinterested, liberal, and friendly desire of relieving Mr. C. from fatigue, care and anxiety; but also his marked regard in other instances, which has been uniformly that of a faithful friend. When Mr. Cecil was laid aside in the year 1808, Mr. B. was one of the two friends who proposed a private subscription, intended, as before observed, as a resource when the rent from the lease of St. John's should fail, which had then but about ten years to run. Mr. B. subscribed largely himself; and, in every way, proved himself no common friend.

Nor did Mr. B's kindness end here. During the period when Mr. Cecil's illness occasioned our absence from town for nine months, his house was the asylum of our son Israel, wherein he received

the most kind and friendly attentions, both from Mr. and Mrs. B. Before we removed from Clifton, our dear child was seized with a fatal disease, which confined him to his bed seven weeks, in the most extreme suffering. Through this time of extremity and fatigue, no possible care, no expence, no labour was spared. Some young friends assiduously attended him, night and day, to his last hour. Mrs. B. with the solicitude of a mother, and with unexampled kindness, watched by his bed: in a word, our son found both a Mother and a Father, who were willing and able to render the dear sufferer far beyond what his own father's house COULD have yielded him.

Though his father arrived in town, while our son was still living, and only a street or two separated them, yet the distressing illness of both rendered their seeing each other again in this world impossible. Their next meeting was reserved for a day unmixed with such calamity! There was reason to hope, from many favourable evidences, that the God of his Father had begun a gracious work in his heart some time previous to his illness; and which, I trust, was carried on in his sick chamber, till he was fully prepared, by sovereign grace, for an inheritance in the Heavenly Jerusalem, among *the spirits of just men made perfect*, and for a joyful re-union with that Father who was so soon to follow him—whom he so tenderly loved and so highly revered; and of whom he wrote in a manner

so pathetic and affectionate in a letter to a friend while his beloved Father was at Bath, that I must be allowed to transcribe a part of his letter:—

Chobham, 1808.

"I assure you, I feel, notwithstanding the kindness and number of my friends, a very unaccountable depression of spirits—or, rather, the mind revolving on its own observations and views, of the various changes I am now witnessing, with those also that are passed.—In all my companions—no FATHER! In all my conversations—none like him! In all my doubts—no oracle like him! In all my fears and anxieties—no refuge like his generosity! I feel HIS LOSS—though surrounded with the prodigality of liberality and kindness."

I return to the sad period of 1807, when Mr. C. had a slight paralytic affection—from which he recovered sufficiently to resume his ministerial labours. At this period, in answer to a letter from a friend, enquiring after his health, he says, "I have been indeed, much indisposed; and even now find sitting upright rather difficult: therefore, as proud men must be brought down, I must call my son to conclude this"—"We are all under a general dispensation; and this dispensation is sometimes so contrary to the feelings of nature, that we are apt to resist and say, 'Why am I thus?' I find it easy to tell the people from the pulpit how to act in such cases, and particularly Christians: but THINGS are stronger than we are; and I find it

very difficult to act myself. People say, and physicians too, that my preaching three times a day through the hot weather at St. John's was the cause of my present infirmity—a state, in which I have not only seemed to lose my faculties, but, at one time, was unable to speak at all. I dare say they are right: but I have an interior feeling, which, while I hear people talking thus on the subject, makes me smile, and say within myself, 'You talk well, but you know nothing of the matter. God is in this thing; and He is teaching me a lesson, which I cannot learn from books'."

In February 1808, another paralytic seizure took place; which deprived him of the use of his right side, and totally disabled him from further exertions in public. Electricity was ordered, and administered with great kindness and attention; but proving ineffectual, he was then ordered to Bath. The expences of such a journey not being within his own power, a few friends readily and cheerfully subscribed to assist him in this undertaking; so that he was relieved from carefulness in this respect; and from difficulty, so far as the kindness and liberality of friends could relieve him. His full relief, however, was on its way; and the time now hastening, when the sickness and sorrows of a worne-out traveller were to be exchanged for *an eternal weight of glory*, in that state where *the righteous shine forth as the sun in the kingdom of their Father*.

After having tried the Bath Waters for several months, and receiving no benefit, he was ordered to try change of air. Here, again, he appears the Child of Providence. He often used to say—"I set out with nothing, but dependance on God—resolving to do HIS WORK, and leave all the rest to Him. I know that he will take care and provide for me." This was his habitual sentiment. Nor was his faith vain; for, as extremity arose, some gracious providence was prepared to meet his necessities. Of this the following is a very striking instance.

Isaac Cooke, Esq. of Clifton, near Bristol, a gentleman, whom Mr. Cecil had never seen, but who had heard him preach (being occasionally in town,) who was neither an old friend—nor one of his congregation—nor even a neighbour, except in the sense of our Lord, Luke x.—this was the friend by whom his way was graciously directed to Clifton, and who urged by letter his acceptance of a ready furnished house there, for any length of time. This generous offer he thankfully accepted, and occupied the house for nearly six months. Here he found every provision for all his wants, and every possible administration to his comfort; and was, together with this, amply supplied with the means for meeting those various demands of sickness, which it was impossible even for the kindest eye of friendship to anticipate.

On his first going to Clifton, in Sept. 1808, he

derived considerable benefit from the change of air: but, toward the latter part of the time, his disease began to encrease, and he became anxious to return home. He was advised by his medical friends to give the Bath Waters a second trial in his way to town; but, receiving no benefit from them, we shortly proceeded on our journey—a journey full of anxiety and apprehension—as his weakness was at that time so extreme, that travelling appeared almost impossible; and would have been intirely so, but for the exertions of his friend, who obtained for him an easy coach, with an inside arrangement by which Mr. C. was enabled to travel in a reclining position. Thus accommodated, he performed the journey in five days, without injury; and arrived in town in March, 1809. The expences of the journey were defrayed by our Clifton friend; nor did this friend leave Mr. C. here, but continued his kindness throughout all the future stages of his remaining life.

On Mr. Cecil's arrival at his house in Little James Street, in the spring of 1809, with his nerves shattered and his state of health broken, the sudden heat of the weather, together with the closeness and noise of the town greatly encreased his sufferings, and he became extremely anxious to remove from its tumult and distraction. He was, at this time, in a state which can be little apprehended, even by invalids themselves; much less by those in health and vigour. It was, however,

state to him, and a season to me, replete with difficulties, which seemed encreasing on all sides. His anxiety to leave town became stronger daily: but, no possible way seemed open; and I could only, like Hagar, bewail miseries I could neither remove nor mitigate: nor, like her, could I apprehend the relief that was so near at hand. These difficulties were removed by our friend Charles Offley, Esq. then of Great Ormond Street. Mrs. O. on seeing Mr. C. and observing the distressing state of his nerves, was indefatigable in seeking for a suitable retreat for him; but, not meeting with a situation near town, after many researches, she determined to go to Tunbridge Wells, conceiving that both the air and waters might be advantageous to Mr. C. She took a house there for the season, on a very open spot, at Mr. O's expense; and Mr. C. went to it, accordingly, in May, 1809: but, as we fatally know, did not derive the hoped-for benefit from these very favourable circumstances.

In the month of Oct. 1809, he came back to town for the Winter: but, on the return of the Spring, he found all his sufferings return with it; and again he anxiously desired to remove into the country. This brings my history back to his Clifton friend, of whom I observed, that after conveying Mr. C. to town, he did not resign him there. At Tunbridge his favours followed him; and after Mr. Cecil's return from thence to town in Oct. 1809,

and when the lease of his Chapel was disposed of and his income necessarily straitened, this friend engaged to supply him with an annual remittance during his life; which was devoted to his benefit, as the means of procuring a house for him through the summer months; and by which, together with a sum collected by Mr. C's nephew in his family circle for the same purpose, these expences were supplied.

With this provision, we proceeded to take a house at Belle-Vue, Hampstead, in a quiet and airy situation. Thither we removed in April 1810; and here Mr. Cecil's general health and spirits were much benefited. But it pleased God to remove him from thence to a house more congenial to the desires of his soul, *eternal in the heavens!* By a fit of apoplexy his spirit was released from *the body of death*, Aug. 15th, 1810—a bereavement to his family—to the Church—and to the world, irreparable—an affliction, calling for silent submission to Divine Wisdom; and only mitigated by the assurance of his being from thenceforth *for ever with the Lord.*

On this mournful occasion, the attentions of William Blair, Esq. of Great Russel Street, were exemplary and unremitted. His prompt attendance, tender sympathy, and kind watchfulness to the last moment, I shall ever bear in grateful remembrance.

I should be more strictly fulfilling the desire of

the deceased, on the subject of Mr. Cooke's kindness to him, were I to enter more into the detail—and in tracing this instance of divine care, I wished to have had the liberty of inserting a few extracts from his friendly letters, which bear the best evidence on this subject. But, in requesting permission to do this, I received a positive refusal, with a prohibition to mention, either his name or any of the favours which he had rendered. I am, however compelled, either to do violence to his desire and determination to remain concealed, or to violate an injunction repeatedly enforced by Mr. C. to bear a testimony for him, when he was no longer able to express it himself, to the kindness of that brother who was thus raised up to meet this day of his adversity—one, whose administrations resembled those of an affectionate son to a beloved father. Expressions of regard and concern like these, so uncommon, so unexpected, could not fail of fixing a deep, lasting, and grateful impression on Mr. Cecil's mind—nor of aiding my imagination in the vivid conception, that I still hear him—in words similar to these of the Apostle—"*The Lord give mercy unto his household for he oft refreshed me*—sought me out—and found me. *The Lord grant unto him that he may find grace in that day—In how many things he ministered to me, thou knowest very well.*" I feel bound however, to avoid entering into particulars—knowing the pain that even this slight glance will

occasion to one, whom gratitude would ever lead me to regard with the strictest delicacy. But, not to speak on the subject AT ALL, would be to violate Mr. Cecil's dying command; and to hide from the eye of the world another special instance of God's gracious care, in supplying the wants of his servants IN ALL AGES—at one period, by the wing of a raven—at another, by a widow woman—and at another, by the extraordinary kindness of a friend.

It was not, however from this friend and all his family, ONLY, that Mr. C. met with marked kindness. Various other friends, in and about the neighbourhood of Bristol, affectionately and liberally ministered to him of their substance: and it must ever remain, both to myself when contemplating the sorrowful path so lately trodden, and to Mr. Cecil's benevolent friends, a continual source of consolation, to reflect, that nothing by them was left undone, which could afford a hope of prolonging a life so valuable, or of mitigating affliction so acute.

Amidst the general concern and anxiety which the affliction of a Father in Israel excited in the minds of his friends, the particular instance of that of his highly valued friend Dr. Fearon was manifest. Various and unabating were his efforts to administer relief and comfort. Difficulty, or distance of place, was no impediment in the way of his ardent endeavours. He travelled many

hundred miles to visit him—when he was at Bath —at Clifton—and at Tunbridge—as well as when he was at his house in town; and though damped in his hopes, on perceiving the inveterate progress of Mr. C's disease, yet his kindness and watchfulness abated not, from the period of his first attack in the year 1807, till he ceased longer to remain a recipient of human affection and care.

Verily, there is a reward for the righteous!—If we are taught that every man will have to give an account of his works—and if we are taught to believe that every hour bears a report to heaven of the deeds done in the body—and if every man will receive a just recompence of reward at the final judgment—we may faintly conceive the joy of the righteous, on hearing the declaration—*Inasmuch as ye did it to* ONE OF THESE—*ye did it unto* ME! —May not the providential assistances alluded to, be numbered among the answers to the prayer of faith, simple dependence, and firm reliance on divine help?—and a fulfilment of that promise of our Lord's, *Verily I say unto you, there is no man that hath left house, or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother, or wife, or children, or lands* FOR MY SAKE AND THE GOSPEL'S, *but he shall receive an hundred fold* NOW IN THIS TIME, *houses, and brethren, and sisters, and mothers, and children, and lands (with persecution), and in the world to come eternal life.*

But, *the time drew nigh when Israel must die*—Death was a subject familiar to the beloved cha-

racter of whom I write. He had *fought the good fight, kept the faith, and was ready to be offered up.* He gradually declined, protesting his unshaken confidence in the truths which he had so long preached, and endeavoured to impress on his family and others. At length, he became so weak and nervous, that he spoke but little; and was frequently, through the prevalence of disease, a painful subject of depression.

Neither the power of medicine, nor the affectionate solicitude of friends, nor the advantage of the finest situations, can effectually relieve, contrary to the divine appointment. Mr. C. still found his weakness continue; or, as he termed it, he "was quite worn out." His exertions for many years, particularly at St. John's, were such, as nature sunk under.

In the early part of his ministry, he had been used to preach four times on the Sunday in different Churches, as has been before stated, beside frequently reading the prayers; and, the last summer he spent in town before his paralytic seizure, he frequently preached three times on the Sunday at St. John's. Such exertions were painfully observed, by myself and his friends, as likely to produce fatal consequences. He was indefatigable in his labours; and fatigue he disregarded. I have often regretted his lying in bed, long wakeful; and, on enquiring wherefore, he has replied, "I have been making a Sermon." He was urged to unbend his mind from

study; but his habit was fixed, and he found it difficult to withdraw his mind from close thinking. He never seemed weary of his studies: they were not only his business, but his enjoyment and recreation—and he used to call it his REST: he felt all demands that infringed on these, his LABOUR, and the return to his study his REST. Few more carefully aimed to redeem time, and to spend it ONLY in what was worthy of a Man and a Christian Minister—Often repeating

> "For at my back I always hear
> Time's winged Chariot hurrying near;
> And onwards, ALL BEFORE, I see
> Deserts of vast eternity!"

It cannot be doubted but that Mr. Cecil's arduous habits shortened his days: this must ever be deplored; but a consoling reflection remains, in the contemplation of his great usefulness during his life. His ministry was successful, wherever he was called to reside: some in every place stand as his witnesses, and will rise up and call him blessed.

But, while his success was so uniform, and he met with general acceptation wherever he went, this popularity was accompanied with a large portion of humility: no one, who knew him intimately, can question this for a moment. No man living could be further removed from ostentation: he was, with others, alive to encouragement, but unmoved by flattery. I have often been quite astonished at hearing him speak of his attainments

and of his labours, in terms which no one could grant as applicable to him. I have reflected, "Surely Mr. C. must know his own comparative attainments!" but I have still perceived that his acumen of mind led him to extend his view far beyond what he had attained, while he really HAD attained such a portion of habitual humility, that he very sincerely esteemed others better than himself: yet, in fact, most of the various points of excellence in other characters were evidently united in his own.

Nothing is more common to observation, than persons mistaking qualities of mind, which, in appearance, resemble each other. Dignified sentiment and conduct are termed pride; firmness—obstinacy; energy—severity; originality—eccentricity; and consummate pride is often mistaken for humility. Mr. C. certainly possessed a dignity of mind and conduct—firmness—energy—and originality: but was as far removed from pride, obstinacy, severity, and eccentricity, as most who still bear about a depraved nature and its consequent imperfections.

It is needless for me to state what acceptance Mr. C. received at St. John's. His affectionate attachment to that place and people, and the pleasure with which he laboured among them, will best appear by his own expression of it. "I may say, 'Up from my youth have I been nursed in tears;' for, wherever I have been, I have ex-

perienced some degree of unkind treatment and ingratitude, except at St. John's. It is no wonder, therefore, that my ministry there is my delight." He felt AT HOME no where but at St. John's. How, and in what spirit he laboured in this fruitful field, it is not necessary for ME to say. This will be taken up by another pen. *His works*, however, not only *follow him;* but will remain with us, so long as memory remains: and, should forgetful nature become unmindful, we may recal the remembrance of him who had the rule over us; and, again, in the spirit and words of the Apostle, hear him appealing to our consciences:—*For our exhortation was not of deceit, nor of uncleanness, nor in guile: But, as we were allowed of God to be put in trust with the Gospel, even so we speak; not as pleasing men, but God, which trieth our hearts. For neither, at any time, used we flattering words,* AS YE KNOW; *nor a cloak of covetousness, God is witness. Nor of* MEN *sought we glory; neither of you, nor yet of others, when we might have been burdensome as the Apostles of Christ. But we were gentle among you, even as a nurse cherisheth her children: so, being affectionately desirous of you, we were willing to have imparted unto you, not the Gospel of God only, but also our own souls, because ye were dear unto us. For ye remember, brethren, our labour and travel: for, labouring night and day, because we would not be chargeable unto any of you, we preached unto you the Gospel of God.* YE ARE WITNESSES, *and God*

also, how holily, and justly, and unblameably we behaved ourselves among you that believe: as ye know how we exhorted, and comforted, and charged every one of you, as a father doth his children, that ye would walk worthy of God who hath called you unto his kingdom and glory."

I will only add, before I close this subject, an instance of his continued and anxious solicitude for the place which his soul loved—the welfare and prosperity of his congregation lay near his heart: even when his increasing disease allowed him little hope of resuming his delightful employ of ministering among them again, he desired me, while at Clifton in the winter of 1808, to put down from his lips the following memorandum:—"I have sunk considerably more than 2000*l.* during the time I have laboured at St. John's Chapel, in its repair and improvements: and I am now anxious, that, whoever takes the future management of it, should conduct it in the same order; and that no new customs should be introduced—that all neglects and abuses may be watched over and restrained—and that the same grave and holy uniformity be preserved."

It is to be lamented, that, in Mr. Cecil's last illness, we were deprived of that rich vein of reflections, with which we were privileged during his confinement in the year 1798, and which the nature of his fatal disease now impeded. In 1798, though he was torne with pain, yet his MIND

retained its full vigour: but, in his last illness, his mind became emaciated as well as his body; and it need not be remarked, that a paralysis often makes as fatal an attack on the mind as on the body: in all cases it weakens, and frequently deranges.*

* The view of Mr. Cecil's final disease, and the effects of it on his mind, are so justly stated by the Rev. Daniel Wilson, in the second of the two Sermons which he preached at St. John's on occasion of Mr. Cecil's death, that, with his permission, I here insert it:—

"During the whole period of his last illness, a space of nearly three years, the state of his mind fluctuated with his malady. Every one, who has had opportunities of observing the operation of palsy, knows, that, without destroying, or, properly speaking, perverting, the reasoning powers, it agitates and enervates them. Every object is presented through a discoloured medium. False premises are assumed; and the mind is sometimes more than usually expert in drawing inferences accordingly. In a word, the whole system is deranged and shattered. An excessive care and irritation and despondency are produced, under the impression of which the sufferer acts every moment, without being at all aware of the cause. His morbid anxiety is, besides, fixed on some inconsiderable or ideal matter, which he magnifies and distorts; whilst he remains incapable of attending to concerns of superior moment; and any attempts to rectify his misapprehensions quicken the irritation, and increase the effects of the disorder.

"Under this peculiar visitation it pleased God that our late venerable father should labour. The energy, and decision, and grandeur of his natural powers, therefore, gradually gave way, and a morbid feebleness succeeded. Yet even in this afflicting state, with his body on one side almost lifeless, his organs of speech impaired, and his judgment weakened, the spiritual dispositions of his heart displayed themselves in a very remarkable manner. He appeared great in the ruins of nature; and his eminently religious character manifested itself, to the honour of divine grace, in a manner which surprised all who were acquainted with the ordinary effects of paralytic complaints. The actings of hope were, of course, impeded; but the habit of grace, which had been forming in his mind for thirty or forty years, shone through the cloud. At such a period there was no room for fresh acquisitions. The real character of the man could only appear, when disease allowed it to appear at all, according to the grand leading habits of his life. If his habits had been ambitious, or sensual, or covetous, or worldly, these tendencies, if any, would have displayed themselves; but as his soul had been long established in grace, and spiritual religion

Nevertheless, through all obstacles, his mind, like the compass, tended ever and only to his one grand object—his interest in his Saviour, and the

had been incorporated with all his trains of sentiment and affection, and had become like a second nature, the holy dispositions of his heart acted with remarkable constancy under all the variations of his illness: so that one of his oldest friends observed to me, that if he had to choose the portion of his life, since he first knew him, in which the evidences of a state of salvation were most decisive, he should, without a moment's hesitation, select the period of his last distressing malady.

"Throughout his illness, his whole mind, instead of being fixed on some mean and insignificent concern, was riveted on spiritual objects. Every other topic was so uninteresting to him, and even burdensome, that he could with reluctance allow it to be introduced. The value of his soul, the emptiness of the world, the nearness and solemnity of death, were ever on his lips. He spent his whole time in reading the Scripture, and one or two old divines, particularly Archbishop Leighton. All he said and did was as a man on the brink of an eternal state.

"His humility, also, evidently ripened as he approached his end. He was willing to receive advice from every quarter. He listened with anxiety to any hint that was offered him. His view of his own misery and helplessness as a sinner, and of the necessity of being entirely indebted to divine grace, and being saved as the greatest monument of its efficacy, was continually on the increase.

"His simplicity and fervour, in speaking of the Saviour, were also very remarkable. As he drew nearer to death, his one topic was—Jesus Christ. All his anxiety and care were centred in this grand point. His apprehensions of the work and glory of Christ, of the extent and suitableness of his salvation, and of the unspeakable importance of being spiritually united to him, were more distinct and simple, if possible, than at any period of his life. He spake of Him to his family, with the feeling, and interest, and seriousness of the aged and dying believer.

"His faith, also, never failed. I have heard him, with faltering and feeble lips, speak of the great foundations of Christianity with the fullest confidence. He said, he never saw so clearly the truth of the doctrines which he had been preaching, as since his illness. His view of the certainty and excellency of God's promises was in Christ unshaken.

"The interest, likewise, which he took in the success of the Gospel, was prominent, when his disease at all remitted. His own people lay near his heart: and, when a providence had occurred which he hoped would promote their benefit, he expressed himself with old Simeon, 'Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace.'

"The principal effect of his distemper was in throwing a cloud over

infinite concerns of eternity: from this his attention could not be diverted by any subject of a temporal nature, save *one only*, and *that*, with

his comfort; yet, in producing this, the spiritual tendency of his mind appeared. His diseased depression operated indeed, but it was in leading him to set a high standard of holiness, to bring together elevated marks of regeneration, and to require decisive evidences of a spirit of faith and adoption. The acuteness of his judgment then argued so strongly from these false premises, that he necessarily excluded himself, almost entirely from the consolation of hope. If I may allowed a theological term—the objective acts of faith; those that related to the grand objects proposed in the Scriptures on the testimony of God, such as the work of redemption, the person of Christ, and the virtue of his blood, remained the same; nay, were ripened and strengthened as his dissolution approached: but the subjective acts of faith; those which respected his own interest in these blessings, and which gave life to the exercises of hope; rose and sunk with his disease. He was precisely like a man oppressed by a heavy weight; as the load was lightened, he began to move and exert himself in his natural manner: when the burden was increased, he sunk down again under the oppression.

"About a year before his death, when his powers of mind had for a long time been debilitated, but still retained some remnants of their former vigour, his religious feelings were at times truly desirable. His intellectual powers were indeed too far weakened for joy; but there was a resignation, a tranquillity, a ripeness of grace, a calm and holy repose on the bosom of the Saviour, that quite alarmed, if I may so speak, his anxious family, under the impression that there appeared nothing left for grace to do, and that he would soon be removed from them, *as a shock of corn cometh in its season*. Even when his disease had made still further progress, as often as the slightest alleviation was afforded him, his judgment became more distinct, his morbid depression lessened, and he was moderately composed. It was only a few weeks before his dissolution that such an interval was vouchsafed to him. He then spake with great feeling from the Scriptures, in family worship, for about half an hour; and dwelt on the love, and grace, and power of Christ with particular composure of mind. I had the happiness of visiting him at this season. He was so much relieved from his disease, as to enter with me on general topics relating to religion, and to give me some excellent directions as to my conduct as a minister. In reply to various questions which I put to him, he spake to me to the following purport; 'I know myself to be a wretched, worthless sinner' (the seriousness and feeling with which he spake I shall never forget,) 'having *nothing* in myself but poverty and sin. I know Jesus Christ to be a glorious and almighty Saviour. I see the full efficacy

subordination and submission. Sometimes, when speaking of his continual need of unabating administration, and the consequent demands upon my health and spirits, he would say, looking at me with tender affection, "I earnestly wish that I could reward your labours by leaving you an independency"—but would add, with a firm faith on divine providence "I doubt not but that you and your children will be provided for after my decease. —I can only look to that God who has so graciously taken care of, and provided for me, who entered upon the world without any possessions."

His evangelical views became more and more vivid latterly. He read such authors only, as treated these views most simply. Archbishop Leighton's Sermons afforded him a continual source of satisfaction. He read them perpetually; and particularly his Sermon on 1 Cor. i. 30—that on Cant. i. 3—and two on Rom. viii. 33, 34. He said to me and others, that he earnestly wished all his own writings had been of this description; and that his Address added to the Life of Mr. Newton,

of his atonement and grace; and I cast myself entirely on him, and wait at his footstool. I am aware that my diseased and broken mind makes me incapable of receiving consolation; but I submit myself wholly to the merciful and wise dispensations of God.'

"One or two other interesting testimonies, of the spiritual and devoted state of his heart may be here mentioned. A short time before his decease, he requested one of his family to write down for him in a book the following sentence: 'None but Christ, none but Christ, said Lambert dying at a stake: the same, in dying circumstances, with his whole heart, saith Richard Cecil.' The name was signed by himself, with his left hand, in a manner hardly legible through infirmity."

could be exchanged for an abridgment of the Sermon on 1 Cor. i. 30, as infinitely more interesting.

It cannot be supposed that I mention this, as though any thing in that Address were defective, (for whoever can read THAT Address without emotion or without a tear, has a proof in his own breast, that he has little experience or a hard heart) but, rather to shew his humility; and, also, how he esteemed every thing as dross, compared with that one object which led him so often to repeat, with the martyr Lambert, "None but Christ!—None but Christ!"—While his fatal malady had much impaired his natural powers, and contracted his former grasp of thought, he retained, like the blessed Apostle John, one faculty in perfection, that of an adherence of heart to the bosom of his Saviour, with that true *contrition of spirit* described in that Address, and which *the High and Lofty One* regards with delight in his children.

Mr. Cecil's disease tended to produce frequent irritation: the impulse was sudden, and irresistible; but these irritations were so insignificant in their consequences, that the chief pain produced by them arose from observing his own poignant feelings on such occasions. He would recur, in a moment, to his principles: and would express, in the strongest terms, his detestation and self-abasement; intreating forgiveness, forbearance, and patience. Indeed, it excited exquisite pain, and

often surprise, in the minds of those around, to remark, that the slightest instances of these irritations never failed to produce the strongest expressions of humiliation: he continually brought to my recollection the words of the Prophet, *Thou hast laid thy body as the ground; and as the street, to them that went over.*

One evening after reading his Bible for some hours, he said to me "I derive my whole consolation from meditating on the Godhead and character of Jesus, in whom I place all my hope! *Him, hath God exalted with his right-hand, to be a Prince and a Saviour; for to give repentance to Israel and forgiveness of sins.*"

His habit of reading remained with him to his last hours. He was wholly engaged in reading the choicest parts of such authors as Leighton, Trail, Boston, and Gurnall. This last he was reading at the moment when the apoplectic seizure took place. *Blessed is that servant, whom his Lord, when he cometh shall find so doing!* Luke xii. 43.—He read Gurnall's "Christian Armour" without intermission, during the last four days of his life; and expressed his having been much helped and benefited by that writer.

Notwithstanding the deep inroad which disease had made on his intellectual powers, whereby his enjoyment was eclipsed and his comfort overshadowed, yet I had the satisfaction of observing (as had some of those friends who had access to

him) that, through all impediments, his real ripening for glory was manifest, as he travelled nearer and nearer to the grave—in his childlike simplicity—his humility, self-abasement, and increasing estimation of his adorable Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

Though, as I have before remarked, his mind was often bowed down by the fatal paralysis which put an end to his labours, yet he retained to the last something of his ministerial spirit; and, in a lucid moment, often spoke of preaching again, saying, "Should it please God ever to raise me up to preach again, CHRIST would be my only subject!" On this Rock of Ages he had, by divine help, built for eternity—a building, which the winds of adversity could not shake. His place of defence, and his treasure was on high; and where his treasure was, there was his heart also; and, though called to wade through a dark dispensation, yet his long and gracious habit, (which never left him) of turning to his Heavenly Father, remained as the *evening time light*, till he was admitted to a mansion where there is night no more.

In conversation with a friend and minister, he said, "In your preaching hold up Christ. This should be your great object and aim in your Sermons. Some have objected, that I have preached too much on Faith; but, were I to preach again, they would hear much more of it."

But he had finished his public course, and was

no more able to resume his ministry. He had another, and a very different lesson to learn in the school of Christ. After having exhibited the Saviour with fervour and faithfulness in public, he was taken aside into a sick chamber—there to be more emphatically taught, what he had declared to others, that none but Christ could meet the wants of a dying sinner. From this chamber and this dispensation, he did indeed preach again, and aloud, TO THE HEART, on that important warning of our Lord— BE YE ALSO READY. Nor did his faith fail him here, but remained firm, while every thing else was shaken: nor did I ever, at any time, hear him declare his faith with more stedfastness, than in the days of his affliction. It was a ground of much comfort to me to observe, that at no period during this visitation—even when disease made the deepest inroad on his health and faculties, and Satan's temptations harassed his enfeebled mind— DID HIS OBJECT VARY, but remained one and the same with that in the days of his health— "Christ crucified, for the chief of sinners!"—the only point worthy the contemplation of a mortal hastening into the eternal world!

The total loss of the use of his right-hand prevented his putting on paper many things interesting and highly instructive: this he often lamented; while the agitation of his nerves rendered it impracticable to be done by others. I have, with mournful pleasure, discovered passages in his Bible,

evidently marked SINCE his diseased state, to which he has with a trembling left-hand put his initials "R. C. Amen!" testifying his hope and confidence in the all-sufficiency and atoning merit of his Saviour. 1 Cor. xvi. 22.—Rev. v. 12.

A short time before his decease, on hearing the 2d chapter of Jonah read at family worship, he was much impressed by it, and gathered from it great consolation. He spoke on it for a considerable time; and, the next day, desired me to read the Book of Jonah through to him: after which he made many beautiful observations—and remarked how it extended to every possible case—and afforded unlimited hope, and furnished a perfect antidote to despondency—with many other observations, which have escaped my memory. I must ever regret, that the nature of my employment in attending him prevented the possibility of my securing on paper many of his valuable conversations, at those intervals when a ray of divine consolation broke through the cloudy and dark day of disease.

It has been before remarked that Mr. Cecil's views became more and more simply evangelical, particularly during the days of his affliction. In this school he had long been taught: high lessons were here put before him; and, in his own words in his "Visit to the House of Mourning," I may say of him—"The great Husbandman will not fail to adopt the sharpest means for the improve-

ment of his choicest plants:" and, again, from his favourite Leighton—"The Church is God's jewelry—his working-house, where his jewels are polished for his palace; and those he especially esteems and means to make most resplendent, he hath oftenest his tools upon them."—Thus the ever-dear departed passed through many tribulations; and, as the Apostle speaks, *filled up that which is behind of the afflictions of Christ in his flesh, for his body's sake, which is the Church.*" Thus was he conformed to his Saviour—and thus he trod the highway of the cross to the kingdom, there to *receive a crown of life, which the Lord, the righteous judge, will give.*

While it was a most melancholy post of observation to mark the daily progress and depredations made on such a mind by disease; and while his shattered state could not but lead me often to exclaim with the Prophet *How are the mighty fallen!*—yet it was a scene replete with important instruction. I have been deeply impressed on remarking, how he bowed to his dispensation—how submissively he passed through the valley of humiliation; and shone resplendent, even in the ruins of nature. Endless, indeed, would be the instances of dignity and beauty which might be exhibited of this rich and honoured character, were I to retrace the space of near thirty years—privileged with such a guide, companion, and friend!—but my health and spirits fail me, and

only admit me mournfully to complain, with the Prophet, "My father!"—"My father!"—ashamed and confounded while I meditate on my own unworthiness, and the little improvement of so great a talent!

I cannot but remark that Mr. C. possessed opposite points of excellence beyond most men. While he was generous and liberal to others, I have known him much wanting to himself. He has often, after walking in great pain and fatigue, come into his house faint and exhausted, rather than allow himself the accommodation of a coach; and, when I have remonstrated with him upon it, he would reply—"You know I have great demands, and enough to do to meet them." Not that he did not see the mistake, when too late to remedy it; and, had it been for myself or a child, he would have lost sight of the expence, and regarded only our relief: nay, perhaps the very next hour his compassion to others would lead him to give to a poor distressed object at his door. Here was high principle,—humanity, and self-denial. He was neither extravagant nor penurious; but endeavoured wisely to steer between both these extremes. He was abstemious to an unusual extent.

It has been remarked by some, that it was a defect in Mr. Cecil, that he did not lay by something for his family. This objection could only arise in the mind of those, who were not acquainted

with his circumstances; and from a mistaking view of his affairs: the error of which would evidently appear, on a full investigation of both. But it is not my intention to enter into these particulars. The man, who felt it a duty to forego taking a coach, that he might not add to the common demands of his family, sufficiently proves that he had nothing to lay by. Yet I do not speak in respect of *want:* that God, whom he served in his spirit, did not leave him to want; but rather taught him to live by the day in dependance on his gracious providence, which often appeared conspicuous, by timely interferences and most unexpected helps, when he has been reduced to his last resource, and perfectly ignorant by what means he could possibly meet the next demand; and he had serious and delicate objections to borrowing—but, in the mount of the Lord, his arm has been seen.

Indeed if any objections may have been formed to any part of Mr. Cecil's conduct, I must be permitted to believe, that they arise only from a partial knowledge: but, should they, in any case, originate in a want of liberality and charity, I would say,—"Restrain reflection. Go thou, and do like him. Go, like him, and mourn over defects in secret. Go, like him, and pray against them in the closet. Go, like him, and correct, and bring them into subjection. Go, like him, and keep under thy body, thy thoughts, and thy tongue."

It has been well remarked by an old writer—"That nothing softeneth the *arrogance* of our *nature*, like a mixture of some *frailties*. It is by them, we are told, that we must not strike too hard on others, because we ourselves do so often deserve blows: they pull our rage by the sleeve, and whisper gentleness to us in our censures, even when they are rightly applied."

May I be allowed to digress for a few moments, with remarks not altogether irrelative to this narrative; and to explain some points in Mr. Cecil's character and conduct, which have been either LITTLE UNDERSTOOD, or altogether MIS-UNDERSTOOD.

It has been conceived by some, that he possessed a proud independence of spirit; which discovered itself in the refusal of favours offered by generous friends, who not only would gladly have administered to his necessities, but to his comfort. In his single state, his necessities were comparatively few: his ardent mind, and his conceptions of the ministerial character, naturally led him to fall in with the sentiment of the Apostle—Willing to *endure hardship, as a good soldier of Jesus Christ.*

It is to be considered, that, not only when a single man, but AT ALL TIMES, his whole soul was under the influence of a sacred dedication to the grand object which he had in view. He was naturally intrepid, and did not appear to possess with men in common the fears and anxieties attending poverty. There was NOTHING, which he

would not have made a willing sacrifice to his grand object— the Church; with a firm determination to avoid all impediments in the way of his reproving and exhorting *with all authority*, in the midst of a corrupt generation—striving to become a LIGHT, and not a STUMBLING-BLOCK among them. He was, therefore, while gratefully alive to favour and friendship, not to be FETTERED by any —not to be SHACKLED BY OBLIGATIONS TO THE CREATURE, so as to endanger his faithfulness: but, with a DIGNIFIED and CHRISTIANIZED independence, he pursued his course, unconcerned as to what might befal him in the way. Thus he recommended himself to every man's conscience; and proved the reality of his faith, and the integrity of his heart.

With respect to offered favours, he was much influenced by TIME—MANNER—and CIRCUMSTANCES. If he could trace them as arising from any intimations FROM HIMSELF, however accidentally brought out, he felt a noble, as well as delicate recoiling: or, if the persons giving were not in easy circumstances, his benevolence of heart revolted at availing himself of their liberality; and, on SUCH OCCASIONS, he has refused favours, though most kindly offered. On the other hand, where any thing appeared to him to come in the course of providence, and he had sufficient evidence of this, no man more humbly or more willingly accepted whatever was presented to him. For the

smallest gift, he has expressed the greatest satisfaction; and always felt particular pleasure in any thing however small, being presented to him as a token of affection. It was under these impressions that he said, with reference to his accepting a benefit of considerable magnitude afforded him by a friend—"I quiet myself with thinking, it pleases God to quarter me upon helps out of myself, to make me feel my utter dependence." It may, indeed, easily be conceived, that a man so justly beloved, and with so many friends, might have enriched himself, had not some higher principle guided his conduct.

Duty varies with circumstances. Whatever Mr. C. perceived to be a DUTY, he never asked a question upon. When it pleased God rapidly to encrease his family, and thereby his expenses, he readily and thankfully received whatever Providence was pleased to send; and considered it as granted for the express purpose of supplying his need;—THAT being evident he refused no assistance, where he did not see some clear and delicate reason, why it was improper, all things considered, to do otherwise. Herein appeared not only his integrity and his faith, but his SUBMISSION to the will of that God whom he served in his spirit, thus made known to him: he used cheerfully to say, on a child being added to his family, "I now expect an addition to my income, though I know not from what quarter." In the year 1781, he had

married one of his parishioners from Lewes, by whom he had eleven children, six of which are living.

While Mr. C. cautiously avoided the error of enthusiasm, he possessed a faith as simple as it was energetic; and, though he was often in straits, he felt at such times something like a man who has little or nothing in his PURSE, yet is not anxiously careful, knowing that he has at his BANKER'S sufficient for all his wants. The truth is, as a minister of Jesus Christ he aimed, in all situations, *to walk at liberty—worthy his high calling*. Though the principles which actuated his conduct might not appear to the superficial observer, yet they were not the less real and evident to those who knew him intimately, and could trace the purity of his motives.

Mr. Cecil's natural perceptions were quick, and his feelings exquisite. He was most sensibly alive to kindness or unkindness. I have often, long afterward, discovered with astonishment, his having keenly felt the one or the other, when, at the moment, I had no perception of it; as his cast of character led him to think, rather than speak, under such impressions. Indeed his feelings were too acute for his comfort; and his views of rectitude were so high, that they opened perpetual avenues to pain: but this tended to keep his mind more stedfastly fixed on that world, where disorder or deformity have no place—He often quoted the

words of Hooker on his death-bed, who exulted in the prospect of entering a world of ORDER.

I must not omit observing, that HUMANITY was a very prominent feature in Mr. Cecil's character, insomuch as frequently to produce great pain and self-torture. The very contemplation of oppression was intolerable to him. To use his own words—"There is nothing I abhor like cruelty and oppression. Tenderness and sympathy is not enough cultivated by any of us—'There is no flesh in man's obdurate heart!' No one is kind enough—gentle enough—forbearing and forgiving enough. We find throughout our Lord's history the strongest traits of compassion."

He felt exquisitely where he conceived a wife was not treated kindly. He used to say, that so much power was lodged in man, and so much dependence and helplessnes in a woman, that it required a large portion of candour not to believe that they must suffer; especially where grace did not come in aid, and regulate the depraved passions of mankind. This tender susceptibility was delicately, though familiarly expressed by himself, some years since, when speaking of the breaking down of his tabernacle:—"I don't know," said he, "any thing that convinces me of my weak state more, than that I cannot NOW bear to see oppression as I formerly could. Though, when I had better health and more strength, I equally deplored it: yet I was able to view it more

abstractly, and with more Christian Philosophy; and to leave things, which could not be amended, to the great Moral Governor, who is infinite in compassion—notices the oppressor and the oppressed—and, in his own time, will both recompence and deliver: for, *Shall not the Judge of all the Earth do right?* Still, I sink under the very recollection of scenes, which I have witnessed; and sometimes lie sleepless all night, from having seen an instance of cruelty in the day."

These interior impressions could never be discovered in his converse with the world, much less from the pulpit—where, like the eagle, he soared on high, where the object of his high calling filled his whole soul, and wherein his unwearied labours tended to wear away that invaluable life, so willingly spending and spent in that service.

He used to speak of himself as being, by nature, violently passionate. If it were so, much indeed was due to the power and glory of that grace, which subdued his passion. Whenever he spoke of the defects which he thought peculiar to his constitution, which he ever did in the language of the Prophet's roll, with *lamentation, and mourning, and woe*—it appeared to me like romance. I never could attach REALITY to such ideas: and, indeed, it was difficult to discover what his natural defects really were, while they were under perpetual chastisement and controul; insomuch that he ever manifested patience, forbearance, and the

utmost condescension—the most tender sympathy, and the most lively affection. Though his aspect and manner frequently obscured the real kindness of his disposition, and sometimes he might be thought like Joseph to speak roughly, of which he was not only aware, but deeply lamented it; yet his HEART was also like Joseph's, full of love to his brethren: and whatever bore a contrary aspect may be accounted for, from his abstract habits, a love of retirement, a natural quickness of mind, and great energy—and NOT from the ABSENCE OF REAL CHRISTIAN PHILANTHROPY.

Men have been said to resemble animals. Mr. Cecil's resemblance to the Lion—distinguished for his majestic aspect—his dignity, generosity, and superiority—was conspicuous! I remember on going to the Tower, many years ago, seeing one of those magnificent animals, in whose den lived a little Dog, who made very free with his superior; and fawned, or barked, or bit, as his humour turned. The Lion, instead of resenting either the insults or impertinent familiarities received from his companion, still retained his own dignity, and looked on the conduct of the little cur with generosity and complacency: instead of crushing him with his paw, he LET HIM bark, or bite, or play—because, he was a LION! I have often recognized similar conduct in Mr. C.—As the Lion among the brute tribes, was my dearest husband among men. His dignity, liberality, and self-

possession, were most evident in all his dealings with them. Where he discovered any one inclined to impose on him, he would, with Christian forbearance, withdraw; but would studiously avoid giving pain by conveying an intimation that he perceived the attempt—except where he felt himself called to appear as a REPROVER, and THEN, he spoke most freely and openly. Viewing the obliquities of the age, or of individuals, he often quoted Jer. xv. 10. *Wo is me, my mother, that thou hast borne me a man of strife:* and would frequently recur to that remarkable chap. Eze. ii. which was the appointed lesson on the day of his ordination, as descriptive of his arduous and difficult course in his ministry—and which made such a strong impression on his mind at the time, that it continued with him through life.

He had learnt from his Divine Master, to unite the wisdom of the serpent with the harmlessness of the dove; and when any treated MEANLY with him, he never resented it, but always endeavoured to render good for evil. Innumerable instances of this kind I could mention, were it necessary or proper. He was kind to all. His manly affection did not appear in a trifling, frivolous, and disgusting form, but in the beauty of REALITY and MEANING.

Nothing was more striking in his character, than his high PROBITY. If he had raised an expectation in the mind of any one, no *inconvenience*

—no *labour*—no LOSS—could lead him to disappoint such expectation. This sentiment he urged perpetually on the mind of his children; and lamented that human conduct fell so far below that perfect example of our Blessed Saviour, who never failed to meet every expectation which he had raised in the breast of his creatures.—"THIS," said he, "is the high privilege of Christianity, that none, who trust in Him, shall ever be confounded." A perfect description of this part of his character may be found in the xvth Psalm:—*Lord who shall abide in thy tabernacle? Who shall dwell in thy holy hill?—He, that walketh uprightly, and worketh righteousness, and speaketh the truth in his heart. He, that backbiteth not with his tongue, nor doeth evil to his neighbour, nor taketh up a reproach against his neighbour. In whose eyes a vile person is contemned: but he honoureth them that fear the Lord. He, that sweareth* TO HIS OWN HURT, *and* CHANGETH NOT. *He, that putteth not out his money to usury, nor taketh reward against the innocent. He, that doeth these things, shall never be moved.*

Among many other instances of his probity, one, in his early childhood, is singular. His father went on business to the India House, and took his son with him: while he was transacting his business, his son was dismissed, and directed to wait for him at the India House door. His father,

on finishing his business, went out at another door, and entirely forgot that he had ordered his son to wait for him. In the evening, his mother, missing the child, enquired where he was: on which his father, recollecting his directions, said, "You may depend on it, he is still waiting where I appointed him." He immediately returned to the India House, and found him on the spot where he had been ordered to wait. He knew that his father EXPECTED him to wait,—and probity kept him from disappointing expectation.

At no period of Mr. Cecil's life, even at the worst of times, did he ever cease to regulate his actions by a principle of honour. The strong and active mind which he possessed, when a child, put him on many projects, which made great demands on his pocket-money; and, had not a principle of integrity restrained him, he might have supplied himself from his father's bureau, which he saw left open day after day, with considerable sums of money, which his father was in the habit of throwing into it without taking account of it:—While his son knew that any being taken from it would never have been discovered, he felt a horror at the thought of availing himself of the smallest sum, although opportunity and necessity were so combined to form a temptation to so young a subject. It was a great preservation to Mr. C. that while he was under the "reign of sin," he had an utter

detestation of the leading vices so incident to youth:—He equally abhorred the character of the liar, the drunkard, and the epicure.

But I will not detain the reader by enumerating traits. I am aware that persons, not fully comprehending Mr. Cecil's character for want of more interior knowledge of it and opportunity of closer observation, may think that I am influenced by partiality. I can only leave such persons to THINK—while I remain to KNOW, that, as was said by the Queen of Sheba, *The half is not told.* Not that I mean to convey an idea of a PERFECT character, while I slightly glance at qualities little known, in one who stood so high in attainment, as a Man and a Christian, yet was so practically penetrated with a sense of his own deficiences, and so humbled by this view—and where any thing, which he had said or done, could give pain to others, so anxious to render sevenfold back;—so that I wish for no higher pedestal upon which to exhibit his excellencies, than those things which he viewed as his defects. The defects of a husband, however, where they DO exist, it becomes not a wife to discuss, even where they are obvious to herself and others.

I have said, that, in any case, where Mr. C. had caused pain, he was anxious to render back. He had said or done something which he perceived had grieved me: which, however, was so inconsiderable an act, that I have not the least remaining

recollection of what it was. On walking out the same day with his son, then a child, he stopped to buy an article which he conceived I should like. After he had made the purchase, his son said to him, "What do you buy it for, Papa?" He replied, "My dear, I grieved your Mamma to-day, and I want to give this to her in token of my concern and affection."

Mr. Cecil spent almost the whole of his time in his study, and was tenacious of being interrupted in his pursuits: yet there was not one in his family, even the youngest, but had a free (if timely) access to him: on presenting any little wants or misfortunes before him, he would regard them with attention; and, with the most generous kindness, render little offices of reparation, or accommodation.

This temper of mind pervaded all his domestic conduct. I can scarcely open a book, if given by him, but it exhibits an instance, either of his tenderness, his delicate sentiment, or pious admonition. The reader will better conceive than I can describe, with what various emotions of heart I NOW read one of these—which was written on a blank leaf in his "Visit to the House of Mourning," previous to his giving it to me:—"The Author presents a token of his affection to one, who in the 49th page, has (without a name) a pre-eminence of place —— Earnestly praying, that, whenever he MUST quit her hand, he may yet

watch her solitary steps; and sometimes silently administer to the safety and comfort of the beloved pilgrim, by a hint from this little MONITOR."

Very many similar and endearing instances of his kindness might be inserted, were it not that they would lead me to speak too much of myself: they remain, therefore, more properly the subject of my own solitary recollection—the tender remembrancers of a long affection—and to heighten the standard by which I estimate my sad bereavement. If I further refer to Mr. C. as a husband, it shall be by shewing his picture drawn by himself in a series of letters, wherein appears the familiar and affectionate, no less than the melancholic and reflective turn of Mr. C's mind—though, in so doing, I must sacrifice that delicacy, which as being the subject of his correspondence, would lead me to withdraw.*

If I speak of the dear subject of this Memoir as a Parent, it shall be in his own words, dictated by him in his last hours, and addressed to his son in the East: which contain, in a few lines, the essence of the Gospel; and discover a parental solicitude, that his son might become a partaker in the great salvation:—

MY DEAR SON: "June, 1810.

"I HAVE received your letters, and they would have been duly answered; but for the last two

* See his Letters annexed to this Memoir.

years, a severe illness, has so occupied both your mother and me, that we have had no opportunity. I am only able now, in a dying state, to send my blessing, and prayers for your welfare. I have to say that Christ is your all, in time and eternity. I have been in a most affecting state by a paralytic stroke—but Christ is all that can profit you or me—a whole volume could not contain more, or so much. Oh pray day and night for an interest in Him!—and this is all I can say—it being more than having the Indies."

Mr. Cecil's solicitude for the welfare of his children, in all their various interests, was entire, anxious, and unabating. He excited them, by precept and by example; and encouraged the smallest indications, of virtue or piety, which he observed in them—holding up religion to their view, not only as excellent in itself, but as highly ornamental.

No parent could be more benevolent toward his family, according to his power.—He endeavoured to supply what might be wanting in accomplishment, as it is generally understood, by storing their minds with a rich fund of moral reflections: and, in this view, they have received a high education; for as he used to remark, "Mere accomplishment is but a temporary possession; while one maxim of moral wisdom, RECEIVED, and BROUGHT INTO PRACTICE, goes forth and

travels with us through eternity." He frequently said he would have spent largely on the education of each of his children had he been able. He gave his sons this advantage: and he did this on principle, knowing that it was all that he could give them; and, with THIS, he knew they might make their way through life respectably.

He ever laboured to impress on all his children the advantage of industry and effort; of which he was himself their example. He would say—"Do SOMETHING—have a PROFESSION—be EMINENT in it—MAKE YOURSELVES INDEPENDENT." Hints of this kind, were interspersed among a variety of other useful and invaluable instruction to his children; and, in proportion to their high privilege, is their irreparable loss, that such a parent was removed before they could be launched on the dangerous ocean of the world:—the thought of which, were he still a subject susceptible of pain, would hold a place among the tenderest of his sorrows. For although he rejoiced in those promises on which his faith built, as appropriate to a necessarily dependent family, yet he COULD NOT rejoice in their becoming dependent. He was neither indifferent to their welfare, nor improvident respecting their future wants—but, *he lacked opportunity.*

He anxiously aimed to convince his children of the emptiness of the things of time. Anecdotes, enquiries, or sentiments, brought forward by them

in the course of conversation, afforded him matter; and, on these occasions, his children were equally delighted and instructed; for his lively genius and fertile imagination illuminated the whole conversation. Daily occurrences—public events, public sentiments, were opportunities of which he availed himself, to inculcate on their minds important truths: they drew from him reflections and maxims—at once familiar, natural, and interesting. His high attainment in the just estimation of whatever relates to THIS LIFE ONLY, enabled him to speak as one who FELT what he asserted; and to place his sentiments before them in a manner so vivid, that, with the sentiments, he he also communicated a PERCEPTION of the futility of all temporal things, however splendid. He spake of them as "baubles for the children of this world"—"A lying, dying, pageant, which passeth away as a dream."

Mr. C. may have been censured for not letting his children mix more with society: but he used to say "Purity of character is to be preferred to accomplishment;" and he was aware of snares and traps into which young minds might fall. If, however, mixed society was any loss, that loss was amply compensated by HIS OWN, which was always interesting and enriching. His readiness to gratify innocent requests was ever alive. Many instances might be recorded, but one shall suffice. On his daughter's asking him, just as he was going

out into company, to give her words to a tune which she had composed, he did not disregard or forget her request; but, while general conversation was proceeding, he wrote unobserved a few verses which he presented to her on his return.

He used to remark, that a father was not less affectionately mindful of his children, while toiling abroad for them; than the mother, who was fondling them at home. His feelings toward his own children were roused, whenever he heard the cries of any of them; which the discipline and regulations of a young family, with depraved passions, will inevitably sometimes produce. Speaking on such occurrences afterward, he would say, "I perceive, that, if it should please God to remove the mother, my children MUST BE RUINED; for I find, that I could give no one but a MOTHER credit sufficient to maintain proper authority. I can scarcely bear to sit still in my study, and hear them cry out under chastisement even NOW, without rising to make enquiry: but I say to myself 'It is the MOTHER!' and I am quieted." Not that he was wanting or remiss in reproof, where he saw it needful: on the contrary, he highly disapproved the manner of some parents, whose reproof extends only to—*Nay! my sons*—where there ought to be firmness and decision. Yet he possessed also the opposite point of tenderness, in a high degree: and his delicate apprehensions will appear in a few verses which he wrote, and

gave to me with a view to divert and sooth my sorrow, on a child, only one month old, being removed at day-break; whose countenance at the time of departure, was most heavenly:—

Let me go: for the day breaketh.

"Cease here longer to detain me,
Fondest Mother drown'd in woe:
Now thy kind caresses pain me,
Morn advances—Let me go.

"See you orient streak appearing!
Harbinger of endless day:
Hark! a voice the darkness cheering,
Calls my new-born soul away!

"Lately launched a trembling Stranger,
On the world's wild boisterous flood,
Pierc'd with sorrows, toss'd with danger,
Gladly I return to God.

"Now my cries shall cease to grieve thee,
Now my trembling heart find rest:
Kinder arms than thine receive me,
Softer pillow than thy breast.

"Weep not o'er these eyes that languish,
Upward turning t'ward their Home:
Raptur'd they'll forget all anguish,
While they wait to see thee come.

"There, my Mother, pleasures centre,—
—Weeping, Parting, Care, or Woe
Ne'er our Father's House shall enter—
—Morn advances—Let me go.—

"As through this calm, holy dawning
Silent glides my parting breath,
To an everlasting Morning,—
Gently close my eyes in death.

"Blessings endless, richest blessings,
Pour their streams upon thy heart!
(Though no language yet possessing)
Breathes my Spirit e'er we part.

"Yet to leave thee sorrowing rends me,
Though again his voice I hear:
Rise! May every grace attend thee
Rise! and seek to meet me there."

THIS memorial, however, differs materially from that found in Mr. Cecil's "Visit to the House of Mourning." In THAT stroke, the heart is seen not only wounded, but bleeding—while the knife cuts deep. THERE is seen, the struggle of a pious heart with the ties of nature. THERE is seen, submission to divine wisdom, and a steady and overcoming faith. Nor can I ever lose sight of that flood of tears which then poured from his eyes, when reluctant nature was constrained to resign a beloved child to the cold arms of death; and to that world, where he now beholds her, and needs no longer, as he then expressed, to "Wish to leave the world, and go to his Father, that he might enquire into the whole of the case—the reasons—the steps—the issue—Here again the *Gardener* is seen, "cutting the pomegranate tree almost through."—*

On a leaf in an old Common-Place Book, I lately found the following passage; which I insert, as being in harmony with the above.

"Blessed God! how does nature cleave to a family! How shall I leave them destitute—in weakness—in sin—and in the world! Blessed be thy name, 'Thou hast overcome the sharpness of

* See these Memoirs, page 9.

death, and opened the kingdom of heaven to all believers.'—There shall I find all that I wish to find—My wife, if thine, in perfect love INSEPARABLY united—My children, if thine, without cause of anger or grief—My children that are now thine—Our views—joys—and praises—object and state, eternally the same!—Our sins, sorrows, and sighing for ever fled away!"

In our family worship the Scripture was read, in course, by one of his children. While the passage was reading, he frequently interspersed short, pithy, and instructive remarks, in the most easy and familiar manner. Of his prayers, I can only say, that I never did, nor do I ever expect, to hear, any like them, in simplicity, unction, and devotion—and in that filial fear, affection, and reverence, which bespoke much of that nearness and close friendship with his God and Saviour, which he so often expressed and so variously exemplified as the high privilege of a Christian. While his prayers comprehended much, both in their matter and manner, yet they were always short. He aimed to make his family worship useful, without becoming irksome. Latterly they were often alarming, as well as edifying to my own heart, while I discerned him rapidly maturing for that world, where prayer is exchanged for endless praise.

THERE—as described in a consolatory letter from a friend after Mr. Cecil's removal—we con-

template him, without gloom—" To him, the change was inexpressibly glorious. All his friends will truly rejoice, that he was not called longer to suffer in a state which could not but be deeply affecting to all who remembered his great talents, his extensive usefulness, his ardent desire to do good, his fervent piety, his stedfast faith, and his pure conduct. Indeed he possessed such a combination of excellent graces, as are very rarely, indeed scarcely ever to be found in one individual. They have not, however, perished: they are already blooming in another soil; under a genial climate, where they will produce fruits which will flourish through eternity. How truly will you now rejoice in the honourable course which he run! The days of his sickness and infirmity, blessed be God, are now ever terminated: and he is, what he always desired and longed to be—wholly devoted to the will of God."

For HIM, therefore, we weep not: but for ourselves: while we may say of him, as he once said in a letter to a friend after burying a pious member of his congregation*—'After I had put her into the grave, the rest went away. I stood looking in: every body had lamented, and said, 'How sad!' *I*, though I cannot now write for tears, looked in again—and said "*How well!*"

* Mrs. Singleton, of Lamb's Conduit Place: whose remains, at the request of the family, were deposited in St. John's Chapel, till they could be conveniently removed to Ireland.

Still I contemplate him gone: WHITHER he is gone, and to WHOM—silences nature's perturbed spirit—mingles in the bitter cup—and brightens the overwhelming gloom; and the assurance of that prayer being answered, which he so often and so fervently offered up—that when death approached he "might have nothing to do but to die"—opens a bright prospect beyond the grave. I sorrow, therefore, with "a sure and certain hope:" and, though allowed to mourn, let me not FAINT; but cultivate the recollection of that gracious Providence, which so long sheltered a feeble plant as in a hot-house—nor let me COMPLAIN, when the same gracious Providence calls me to feel the chill of a wintry clime in my latter day—

"Yet nature may have leave to speak,
And plead before her God;
Lest the o'erburden'd heart should break,
Beneath its heavy load."

Conscious that any attempt at describing the excellent qualities which my beloved and honoured husband possessed, seems rather to lessen than to display them—yet, as we fondly indulge in speaking of what we love, I venture on the candor of his friends, while thus bearing my testimony, however feeble, to a memory so dear: not without being fully aware, that whatever falls from so inadequate a pen, MUST, like the picture of a consummate beauty, sink far below the original—but, if *one*—who shared so LARGE, SO LONG,

and SO PURE a portion of his affection, should be silent, *The very stones would cry out of the wall, and the beams out of the timber would answer.* FEW, I believe, will be found forming objections to Mr. Cecil's character: while MANY will join me in believing, that no one was more justly beloved, than he who is the subject which has so long detained me in this splendid field of riches and beauty.

It is frequently remarked, that biographers have so much recourse to panegyric, that it is often difficult to obtain an impartial view of the character described. A just statement of FACTS has in this Memoir superseded panegyric. I appeal to those who knew Mr. C. intimately: Do these papers contain panegyric? Do they not contain a simple statement of facts?—a simple description of a character affording a high example? What disinterested generosity and liberality—yet how provident! What zeal and energy—yet how truly affectionate! How alive to evil—yet most forgiving and forbearing! Possessing high attainments —yet glorying in nothing, but the cross, by which *the world was crucified unto him and he unto the world!* Nor, indeed, has man, as such, anything whereof to glory. "GOD makes men great," Dr. Erskine remarks, "by bestowing on them distinguished genius and talents. Some of the courtiers of the Emperor Sigismund, who had no taste for learning, enquired why he so honoured and res-

pected men of low birth, on account of their science. The Emperor replied,' 'In one day, I can confer knighthood or nobility on many: in many years, I cannot bestow genius on one. Wise and learned men are created by God only.' No advantage of education, no favourable combination of circumstances, produce talents, where the Father of Spirits dropped not the seeds of them, in the souls which he made."

Were I to dwell on all the subjects which still rise before my mind, I should extend this Memoir to an undue length. Indeed, while I have been passing from scene to scene and ruminating on the past, I seem to have presented but a mere outline, which it is impossible to fill up with the more interior, affecting, and interesting shades—

> "How dark, though fleeting, are the days of man!
> What countless sorrows crowd his narrow span!
> For what is life?—A groan, a breath, a sigh,
> A bitter tear, a drop of misery,
> A lamp just dying in sepulchral gloom,
> A voice of anguish from the lonely tomb.
> Or wept or weeping, all the change we know;
> Tis all our mournful history below.
> Pleasure is grief, but smiling to destroy;
> And what is sorrow but the ghost of joy?"

To look backward, is but the retrospect of a weary day's journey, or a distempered night's dream: to look forward, is to awaken sorrows more acute—to view a dark prospect and a lonely pilgrimage, which nothing can brighten on this side the grave, but those hopes which stretch be-

yond it, and that faith which penetrates the veil of time and follows the deceased to his blest abode!

Having beguiled my sorrows by paying this tribute to the memory of my beloved husband; and having stated some FACTS in his history and character, with which none can be so well acquainted as myself: and recorded a few singular instances of an ever-ruling Providence, with some of the exercises and effusions of a gracious heart—during a life of labour, pain, and affliction—I now resign my pen, and leave to my kind friend, the Editor of Mr. Cecil's works, the task of speaking largely and justly on his character—while I mournfully remain, esteeming it my highest honour, still to subscribe myself by his dear, and revered name

J. CECIL.

Little James Street,
May 1*st*, 1811.

POSTSCRIPT.

I BEG leave to avail myself of this, as the only public opportunity of acknowledging the continued remembrance of my dear husband, in a subscription opened by his friends, for the support of his family. This answer to his faith in God, and his confidence in his friends' kindness, becomes a subject of my praise to HIM, who is the first cause of every benefit; and of my gratitude both to Him, and to those who "have been forward" on this occasion.

On the review of my irreparable loss, on the one hand, and of my circumstances on the other, I was reduced to cast my burden on Omnipotence, in the hope "That the Lord God of Hosts would be gracious to the remnant of Joseph"—and I may NOW add, "Blessed be the Lord God of our Fathers, which hath put such a thing as this into many hearts."

Though I can render no other recompense than a grateful acknowledgment, yet, while passing my eye over the record of names, still testifying their love to the deceased, it affords me some consolation to recollect, that there is also ANOTHER RECORD—one on high; and a time hastening on,

when those books will be opened,—the contents made public to angels and men—and when no instance of love will either be overlooked or forgotten—but a full reward be rendered to every one, though but for a cup of cold water. In the mean while, may the *Father of the Fatherless and Judge of the Widow* render back a present recompence, equal to all the kindness for which, under God, I am indebted.

Whatever is cast into this treasury, is placed in the hands of trustees: and, whatever be the amount, I desire to regard it with thankfulness, as a token of the mind and will of the God of my husband, respecting those whom —"He has left, *destitute*—in *weakness*—in *sin*—and *in the world*."*

* See these Memoirs, p. 85.

LETTERS

FROM

MR. CECIL, TO MRS. CECIL.

LETTER I.

MY DEAREST LOVE— Bath—1792.

—— I AM settled in comfortable lodgings, and not worse than when I wrote last; but I find I must endeavour to keep business from my mind, particularly that of —— which has already filled me with anxiety; but I shall endeavour to believe, rest, and pray it away. I KNOW God will do best: but still I cannot divest myself of my FEELINGS, which will take some years from my life.

I thank you, my Jewel, for your kindest letter. I had hardly time to read it, because the post goes so early from Bath, and scarcely gives me time to write: but I shall read it several times over; and I hope profit by what you have written, and which I have read with many tears.

If I find difficulties arise about the waters I shall consult Dr. Frazer: for I do not mean to do things by halves. It has cost me something more than money to come hither; and I would have all the benefit.

There is not any thing under the sky I could so well spare as company just now. I am not able to bear any. There is nobody on earth, in my present circumstances, who would not be a burden to me—except yourself. Travelling, no doubt, would be of use to my health; and I could very pleasantly rove about the country for a time, had I ONE PERSON, now in London,

with me——But I must not continue this strain, though I could fill a sheet or two with such things very spontaneously: for I assure you 'tis not difficult to me to write LOVE LETTERS to you; But I think, on many accounts, it is better to know such things EXIST, and offer themselves without force, than to let them run till nobody knows where they may stop.

Ah! my precious Jewel, wives and husbands wont do alone. Let us rightly understand the difference between passion and substance; but substance is not HERE! "He builds too low, who builds below the skies!"

Farewell! and believe me, notwithstanding these truths, to be

Yours most affectionately,

R. C.

LETTER II.

Bath--1792.

I SAID just now, to a young Clergyman who boards in the house, "Ah! Mr. —— I am going to enjoy a satisfaction you are sadly deprived of—I am going to write to my wife"—

I preached some time ago a sermon at St. John's which I am now forced to recollect for myself—*I will bring her into the wilderness.* I am now clearly under a PECULIAR DISPENSATION —like what I then described the wilderness to be. So painful has my stomach been of late, that I thought it my duty to go under the care of Dr. Frazer. He has put me into the bath, and directed the hot-pump to be applied to the pit of my stomach, which is the only thing I have found of service yet.

But this is also a spiritual case, which no man can understand for me, but which I think I understand. I am going down the valley of humiliation, where the Christian's feet are apt to stumble: but I have not LOST MY WAY. I know WHERE I AM; and I know GOD IS WITH ME. So the valley is not so dark as it might be. I could fill twenty letters with reflections like these, but I fear lest I should hurt your feelings by them; and, therefore, I will stop.

I told Dr. F. my history—how I lived—studied—preached—my anxieties—incessant thoughtfulness, &c. In short, that he might not be deceived and thereby mislead me, I gave him the most faithful account of myself. He has however DEEPLY CONVINCED me, that I must lead another life in future; which, on every account, I find it my bounden duty to do, if it please God to recover me, for I do not expect many more warnings. Moreover, I am so sincere (at least under my burden) that I do hereby empower you to watch over me, and to keep me to my most DECIDED and DETERMINED principles: for if I recover here, I am persuaded if I do not alter many things, I shall soon be as bad, and probably worse than ever.

My Dearest Creature, I ought to say MANY KIND THINGS TO YOU; but my spirits are too weak and low now, to say anything that is not very general. Be assured, however, that you are almost the only temporal subject I think of (though I think of that very often.) Worldly matters I have thought very little of indeed: which I esteem a mercy, mixed with my difficulties. I mean to strive very much to keep them more out of my *mind*, on my return, than I have done—and take YOU more into their place. The arrangements you are making, you will find difficult: moreover I am afraid you will hurt yourself in this affair, and then what good will my room do me? At any rate, you must not attempt it yourself. It does not signify: nothing of the sort signifies.

I have no prospect of going round by —— on my return. All undertakings to a sick man are dreadful in contemplation. At present, my highest EARTHLY project and prospect, is to sit quietly down with you in some little country retirement: and yet I know so much of myself, that take away my present pain and weakness, and my old spirit would return; and I should be driving after my point as usual. But NOW—it is *quiet—ease*—and my *wife!*

If I do not gain wisdom by this business, the fool has been brayed in a mortar, but it is clear nothing will drive his foolishness from him.

While I am so poorly, and in this tender state, I shall write to you every day, because I should expect it of YOU, and it will be a satisfaction to you; but then I cannot undertake to write so long a letter as this is, which I began for my own satisfaction as well as yours. I set out with saying that I am in a wilderness; but it is said in the passage, *I will speak comfortably to her, and give her vineyards from thence.* Now you must join with me in praying that this may be my case. I cannot question your affection for me; but this will be the best way of shewing it. I shall not forget you when I call upon my BEST FRIEND; who has often heard me for you, in your trying hours. Oh, that we both might unite with one heart in that high and heavenly pursuit; and thereby soon meet the end of pain, sickness, and sorrow.

But now, if my paper did not, my feelings would put an end to this letter.——

LETTER III.

MY DEAREST LOVE—

I SHOULD have written to you before, but for the accidental time of our arriving at different places after the post was gone, which made it next to impossible. Not that I have anything to write about, being a mere traveller, without a new idea: as it would be no new idea to say I am with very kind and pleasant friends, and that it has been fine weather, &c. The first and second night are generally a time of melancholy with me, after I leave home—and so it has been now. I am sick of the hurry; and see every thing in so futile a point of view, that I turn Indian, and think there is no wisdom but in quiet, and no place eligible but home. Nevertheless I have found prodigious advantage already from the journey.

After being so much alone in the ordinary course of my life, and in the element of REFLECTION, I can scarcely support a behaviour suited to continual society. I have been this morning

so reserved at breakfast and before, that I was forced to make a declaration in my own defence, that I had not met a single unpleasant circumstance since I came out. I felt an unusual desire of solitude, and therefore behaved awkwardly silent; which, in general, is an unpleasant, and has a suspicious appearance. I mention this, that you may the better understand the nature of this part of my character, and which is certainly growing upon me, but which has in it not a single grain of dissatisfaction; but is rather the nest, which a thinking melancholy mind will naturally be forming for its repose—

We yesterday saw Battle Abbey—a wonderful scene, for situation and fine antiquity! I have not met hitherto with anything equal to it. We climbed last night a vast hill to examine the ruins of an old castle; and to-day I feel QUITE SATISFIED. I want to see no more SEA---HILLS---FIELDS—ABBEYS---or CASTLES! I feel VANITY pervading every thing---but ETERNITY and its concerns! and perceive these things to be suited to children very little older than my own. Before I go to —— I am in full determination, so far as I perceive it to be the will of God, not to return back thither the next Sunday. I have accordingly prevailed with my friends to leave me on Monday, that I may devote the whole day to affording spiritual assistance to such as will receive it: and then, on Tuesday, I hope to see Lady ——; and, on the Saturday following, your dear self.

You remember my value and admiration of my beautiful silver pencil given me by —— and this morning, according to VERY OLD EXPERIENCE, I felt the little idol thrown down. I suppose I lost it on the hills. I hope the next I have made will be a bungling job, and then I shall keep it. Let us remember our CHILDREN are PENCILS!

But it is time to stop. There is indeed, something very mean in the spirit's ever exhausting itself about the case which contains it: and, though particulars of this sort are of interesting magnitude to a WIFE, they are insipid and unworthy to others.

I could have wished, however, to shew you a few scenes I have passed, which would have been pleasant varieties for the moment,

and which could you have seen them would have given me double pleasure;—but no matter—they are VANITY—

While I remain, with an affection that is not vain,

Your's,

R. C.

LETTER IV.

MY DEAREST LOVE— Little James Street.

I AM just come home; and, having rested a little, it somehow or other came into my head, that I would sit down and write you a letter: not about NOTHING, as you proposed; but about something, even your very great kindness to me in my late illness. I am, indeed, not very apt to express my feelings, but I HAVE them very keen, both to good and evil; and the last to a great fault, for which I desire to humble myself very low before God, and very sincerely before you and all I know. But alloy belongs to human excellence: even the great GENEROSITY of your temper, and the exquisite TENDERNESS of your affectionate feelings, therefore, sometimes suffer an eclipse, that should very transiently appear in this letter. In THIS respect, I will write a letter about NOTHING.

I think I cannot see you before Sunday, without deranging my affairs; and therefore particularly request you and the children may be in town on Saturday morning. Though I miss your present society, which is always so pleasant to me; yet I rejoice that I part with it so much to the advantage of your health and spirits.——

LETTER V.

MY DEAR LOVE—

As I told you I should write but once a week, I don't know whether you expect a letter so soon; but I always wish to be better than your expectation.

You know I am a very bad out-of-doors man: and therefore have always wanted to come back the first day; and, after that, counted the number of days till I expect to return. It is exactly so now: for, though I have had fine weather, and nothing unpleasant has occurred, and I have spent this day in new and most pleasant company, and we have been seeing fine sights: yet I tell you my dispensation is so far from being at an end, that I still view every thing under a melancholy aspect, and read nothing but a *sentence of death* written on every thing, because deeply impressed on my mind. But nobody here, I am sure, discovers it: yet I feel it some relief to say it to you.

This *sentence of death*, I am compelled to say, works well. It works with me, as the Apostle tells us it did with him---*That we should not trust in ourselves, but in God.* I perceive clearly, that the REFINER sits watching his gold during the process, and makes the fire merely purifying. I am only sorry, that, while I see no end to this process, I should so much wish to see the end. I do not yet take *pleasure* in infirmities and distresses, as St. Paul did; but I am trying to learn.

It was with much difficulty we reached here on Tuesday. At Royston we heard of a curious Cave, which we stopped to see. It was made by a pious Lady, several hundred years ago; who thought, like a pious friend of ours, that it was better to shut herself up in a hole than enjoy the fresh air. She therefore got down by a long ladder into this subterraneous Chapel; and, with her own hands, has carved the walls all round into saints, crucifixes, and scripture histories, and was buried in the midst of them.

Tell brother ——, whom you will see in a few days, I have read the letter. It is a flagrant attack, that has been made upon him; it will disturb him---but labour, want, and pain are the beaten roads to greatness. The Lord said to Abraham, *Get out ---get out, to a land that I will shew thee!*

I have been much with Mr. ——. He is a very extraordinary man---for sense, learning, and piety. He talks away upon the immense satisfaction, which a pleasant wife affords her husband;

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and undertook to say to-day, that I should not hesitate a moment to give up a kingdom to retain mine. Now a kingdom is so poor a thing, that I think he might be right—but what would it have been, have he said a PINE-APPLE?

Thursday morning——I thought it best to leave off last night, when a vein of nonsense was opened; and therefore begin again this morning to add a line before we set off. I have had a good night, and now feel willing to go on. This shews how things are to us, as we are in ourselves. I have been thinking of many expressions of Rutherford's this morning, before I was up. I feel one the burden of the song—"*I lay my head to rest on the bosom of Omnipotence!*" While I can keep hold of this, it shall be a fine day, whether it rains, hails, or shines——

LETTER VI.

MY DEAR LOVE—

I REALLY cannot believe I am under a moral obligation to write on *Wednesday*, that you may read on *Thursday*, when I hope to see you on *Friday*. But, please to remember that this is among many other things, which I have done; not according to mine, but according to your opinion and desire. I say—set this down as one among others, that I may not so much stand in the book as a DEBTOR but CREDITOR.

I got down better than I expected, though not well. I have been to see your sister, who is very thankful that the Gospel is likely to meet her so advantageously in the Church. Indeed I hope it will be highly beneficial to many.

Tell my little daughter I have given her a great character, which she must strive to maintain. Also tell her MAMMA, that I have been describing the lamentable state of idolatry in her heart—old idols—new idols—and which there is now every opportunity of enjoying while I am away to make room. But, while I am away and make room, and leave more leisure, I pray

that you may be able to improve it by praying for yourself and for me. Time is short, and every real and imaginary idol will soon be taken away; and then let us seriously consider WHAT WILL BE LEFT: or, as the Prophet asks, *What will ye do in the end thereof?*

LETTER VII.

MY DEAREST LOVE—

THOUGH you have two letters of mine unanswered, and though I have nothing to say, yet I will take a few moments, which ought to be embraced for RECOLLECTION, to write to you. So that you will do well to recollect, that THIS letter comes neither from a sense of duty, nor a matter of business—but from a pure desire of pleasing you: and you will recollect, that I would rather preach two Sermons, than write one letter.

And now what shall I say?—I think what I began with is the best subject—RECOLLECTION. *Martha—Martha—thou art careful and troubled about many things; but one thing is* NEEDFUL; and that one, needful as it is, will be forgotten, if we do not set aside a portion of our time for the purpose. I feel that all I know and all I teach, will do nothing for my own soul, if I spend my time, as most people do, in business or company—even the BEST company. My soul starves to death in the best company; and God is often lost in prayers and ordinances. *Enter into thy chamber*, said he, *and shut thy door about thee!* Some words in Scripture are very emphatical. *Shut thy door* means much: it means—shut out, not only nonsense, but business—not only the company abroad, but the company at home: It means—let thy poor soul have a little rest and refreshment; and God have opportunity to speak to thee in a small still voice, or he will speak in thunder.

You and I, my Love, ought to understand this, who have heard the loud voice so often, in so many ways. I am persuaded the Lord would have spoken more softly, if we would have

shut the door: nor do I believe the children would have fallen into the fire nor out of the window, in the mean time. Let us, I say, think of this: for who can tell what the next loud call may say? It has called for our children already, and it may next call for us.

But I will not press this subject, for I recollect your spirits are weak. However, go into thy chamber, and shut the door—and pray for me, that, after I have preached so often to this people, I may not be left to undo in private, what I am labouring to do in public.

Be sure, while I ask you never to forget me in your prayers, that you are never forgotten in mine—such as they are (and which I often fear are more calculated to affront God than please him:) but pray I must, and I KNOW that I do not pray in vain, nor can you——

LETTER VIII.

MY DEAR LOVE—

I KNOW you will be most happy to hear that my health keeps improving. You know I am subject, at the best (especially after studying hard) to feel sinkings and distressing depressions, that are quite foreign to my natural animation: but I know nothing of them, since I have been out of town. This is a complete argument, that I am better for coming. This help to my spirits is also increased, by the satisfaction I have in my mind, at all times, that it was the will of God I should come——

This a beautiful place, and has fine air: but as for study, which I promised *myself* in so still a place and with such a good library, it is impossible. My determinations are as strong as most men's, as you know: and, if I lived CONSTANTLY here, I would put them in full execution, whatever was the consequence; but, for a sojourner of two or three weeks, he has but one part or project, and that is to be packing up, and getting off as fast as he can for his poor soul's sake.

Every thing I see every where tends to prove and fix me in my religious views and principles. I see but one difficulty, and that is to determine whether careless men are more fools or madmen. *Verily, that, which is done,* says the Psalmist, *on earth, God doth it himself:* and, verily, that, which he doth, he doth by the Gospel; for where it is not in influence, there is nothing but tearing up the bowels of the earth to cast in the face of heaven. Collieries and Founderies, with the tremendous blasts which they force into them day and night, resemble nothing but Hell; and the men in EVERY respect suit the place, which at night makes the country seem on fire for miles round. The horrid yells they make when an operation takes place, joined to the roaring of the flames and engines, is up to any thing in poetry or imagination; and, therefore, as YOU must understand, met my mind and detained my attention, when the Ladies and some of the Gentlemen were glad to retire. But the worst is, in these scenes and in the chambers of the most delicate work, all—all is wickedness—boys and girls—men and women, mixed and half-naked—corrupt and corrupting. This is a moral stench, as well as a natural one; and I have lived to deplore a great manufactory on many solid grounds. Yet have I plainly discovered some dirty greasy angels—men whose black faces beam with heavenly light. Had I seen these assume wings, and become white as snow, and mount toward heaven, I should not have felt that half so great an act of power had been put forth.

The Lord clothe you with his Divine Power! I will pray earnestly for you: but remember it is our joint work; and it shall prevail, till we shall need to pray no more, and I no more remain your affectionate Husband, but your fellow-Heir, and Brother, in everlasting life.

R. C.

LETTER IX.

MY DEAR LOVE—

PLEASING is a nice art: it requires nice pencilling: daubing wont do. Shade after shade—neither one thing nor another,

but EVERY THING makes a picture. A man must neither be contented, when his wife is absent, nor discontented. His family must be in peace, that his wife may be happy: but she is very unhappy, if it is! Woe betide her, if her servants are well and peaceable, and her children well and asleep—Husband contented with his lot, &c. &c.! Unfortunately for you, this is the case, and you are much to be pitied—but let this be your consolation, that there are unhappier women on earth. To be serious—what I wrote respecting our quietism was to make YOU quiet, happy, and satisfied: it was to make you enjoy better your present moment. We are not so well without you as you seem to think. I can assure you that whatever be the case of servants—or children, who are too young to distinguish between their right hand and left, and to whom friends and enemies are the same—I can assure you, with the greatest truth, that, with you, I have OFTEN wished to share some of my most pleasant moments—and that ought to suffice a wife.——

LETTER X.

MY DEAR LOVE—

I DON'T know if there is not something absurd, in my writing you a letter, which perhaps you will not receive many hours before I should see you myself: but, as I did not write, as I intended, on Friday, I thought you might be uneasy if the post did not deliver one on Monday. I have rode 66 miles to-day; and am too much tired for any company except yours; for that would contribute, at this moment, to my rest, as well as pleasure. Indeed you have become too necessary to me, and sometimes occupy my mind in too vivid a degree; and perhaps it is expedient that this should be abated, and ought to be——

Well—I have said this, to let you see I am capable of meeting your ideas, more than (from the interference of clogs and impediments) some are ready to suppose. However, affliction has made me, under divine influence, a much SOFTER creature than heretofore; and I think others will perceive it, as well as you.

I am sensibly alive to your regard and affection toward me, which has been only too great; and demands a return, which the quantity of bone put into my frame is too apt to prevent me from properly making: this must be my excuse to my sweet wife when I grieve her.

The subject of self-denial has much occupied my mind of late. It is a matter that cannot be too often considered, that real happiness, health, order, peace, and beauty depend on SELF-DENIAL. If nature, in its wild state and wishes and indulgent sensualities, is to be humoured, a dose of poison is brewing---a scourge for the fool's back is preparing---like drunkards, who sit down in good humour to tipple, but soon proceed to black eyes.

> "No man e'er found a happy life by chance,
> Or yawn'd it into being with a wish."

Even *the kingdom of heaven suffereth violence, and the violent* only *take it by force.* So that perfect peace must be won by perpetual war---and the health of the spirit by the DEATH OF THE FLESH. There are, indeed, some who pretend to have discovered a cheaper way of obtaining these things; but I never yet met with one who could show his bargain: so that I have fresh evidence of my old maxim---That religion will cost us something, but the want of it infinitely more.

I say, however, these things, as much to call my own mind to recollection as yours. And we cannot assist one another too much in this way——

LETTER XI.

MY DEAREST LOVE— Little James Street.

WE are all led more by our feelings than our judgments, and sometimes even than our duty: and therefore I gratify mine in writing to you, when I should be otherwise employed; and, even though I think it probable I shall deliver the letter myself to-morrow morning—but I have suffered much last night on your account, or rather on my own. Dr. U. said some things last

night on the danger of such complaints as yours; and, though it was but general conversation, I began to make something out of it. You know what the cruel ingenuity of the imagination is, so that I lay awake last night; or, I may say, stood on a precipice from which I did not dare to look down, and from which, like a man fixed by enchantment, I could not remove.

You must know how fondly we imagine, that, if we were PRESENT with a sick friend, they would, somehow or other, be in less danger. This is constantly my feeling, for my anxiety abates when I see you; especially since you seemed to go forward.

I have always felt, that, if I could see my CHILDREN taken to Abraham's bosom---then I should wish you not so much to call it their death as their ESCAPE---and comfort myself; but I do not feel this respecting YOU. I am too much interested: and always recur to the consideration "What must *I* do? Whither must *I* go?"---and this thought so much affects me, that, considering I ought to prepare for public service, I ought not to write nor think any more at present on the subject.

LETTER XII.

MY DEAREST LOVE---

IN all things that respect your present journey, your health is to be first considered, and then your pleasure. I shall again say, let not my desire to see you prevent your enjoying either to the utmost of your wish or judgment: but, when I say this, do not suppose I therefore am unconcerned whether you come home or no. I have never had such a feeling for a moment since you left me; and I pray God nothing may ever arise to cause it to exist, for any unhappy interval, however SHORT. Come home whenever you see it proper: and, if I can give you another journey with myself this year, I will. You may depend upon it I shall be doubly watchful over the children, and be very faithful to my promise to tell you truly the state of affairs.

Your little daughter goes to Church three times a day, much

in the spirit of too many of my hearers. She, however, behaves very well. I suppose you must be weary, by this time, of looking on the sea. Endeavour, therefore, to turn your eyes to a greater ocean, and

> "Walk thoughtful on the silent, solemn shore,
> Of that vast Ocean you must sail so soon!"

I am highly gratified in hearing from you; but should rather you would come than send. The workmen will have finished very soon, and all things be ready for your reception.

While my house is setting *in order*, I cannot look on any part without thinking of what MUST follow, and may very soon—*Thou shalt die, and not live.* The great Mr. Howe has written a long and fine discourse on "the Vanity of Man:" should we think this necessary? Nor would it be so, were men SOBER; but means must be used to convince drunken men, that they are not only drunken but dying men.

Pray make use of your present leisure for winding up your minds in spirituals. Every thing else (that is not necessary for the pilgrimage) is worse than folly. It is one grand advantage in death, that we shall get clear of these rocks and sands for ever. In the mean time, there is ONE rock here, upon which a man may stand and smile.

The Lord bless you, my Dear Creature, and him, with you, who remains, &c. &c.

LETTER XIII.

——YOU cannot think how much I felt in leaving you in that solitary place, so like exile; and though I wish you to stay as long as you feel it necessary for the child, yet I shall be glad to hear that you feel it no longer so. The children are quite well, and our little son has quite forgotten you and me and the whole world, by reason of a new hoop which he trundles without ceasing. It would be well if new trifles and old ones were confined to children of his age.

I got well soon after I got home: but it was not an unprofitable journey to me; for I had time at Crysal to wind up by reflection.—Life is hurried through in business, and I cannot abstract enough for my soul's health. I advise you when your attention to the child can be remitted, to use your solitude for the same purpose.

The painters finish to morrow. I never think of repairing the house we have, but it occurs that we are but covering our coffin, or making a place to die in. Before we shall need another painting, we shall both be of darker hue than the walls we leave. But, perhaps, this is too gloomy a strain to be continued; and, therefore, let me rather say we shall have left a poor clay tenement, too old to repair, for *a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.*

In short, despair and hope are the fundamentals of Christianity—that is, to despair of keeping or repairing that which MUST FALL, and to hope for that which WILL SATISFY AND NEVER FAIL.——

LETTER XIV.

——I said to myself, last Thursday, when an insect flew between us, and left a slight sting—I said, "I know when I have rode five miles from town the sting will be gone, and nothing but HONEY remain:" and so it was; and therefore, my Dear Creature, make yourself quite happy respecting me. I am as well as when I left town, and have every reason to believe I shall return to town better than I expected. We shall travel slowly. Mrs. —— is pretty well. We rode together very pleasantly, as you may suppose: but clouds threatened the horseman; and, therefore, while the CHRISTIAN conversed very excellently on divine things, I often observed the WOMAN anxious about her husband and child. Several new sights and objects make me daily wish you were with me; for you have EYES, and I could shew YOU what you would enjoy. Yet, after all, beautiful scenes and

beautiful pictures are all trifles that will not last long. Nothing will last, but what is INTELLIGENT. The finest MUTES upon earth soon become nothing: they are a body, but a DEAD one: they want that, which is the soul of every thing---INTELLIGENCE; and the soul of intelligence is RELIGION.

I have made many observations about travelling, which you will one day hear. You ought to be satisfied, that I let YOU into all things in the "CLOSET" that respect myself.

I thank you for your kind letter. I mean to preserve it, and to pray that you may be long preserved to me; for you do not tremble at the idea of losing me, more than I do in return.——

LETTER XV.

MY DEAR LOVE---

I JUST scribble a line to say that I am going on in my journey very well. I have also considerable advantage in travelling with a MAN—for a tender, feeble Lady could not labour so much. I make him read out ALOUD in the chaise, which he also feels an advantage: so that I travel with Pascal---Adam---Maclaurin---and the Bible. Now I say a LADY could not afford this.

But, with all these advantages, I am ready to aeknowledge, that the want of YOUR company makes a terrible void. How many tender things have I lost!---with, now and then, a good thing, *i. e.* a bit of oratory, a scrap of literature, a shred of poetry, and a cup of peculiarities. Some of these peculiars do not so well please alone; but, when MIXED UP, they are not unpleasing to my taste. I assure you I often think of you in the mass as a CHARACTER, (and a character you certainly are) that I am delighted with. For, as in a piece of music which we excessively admire, there are, now and then, some grunting minors; yet, these, mixed up with sweet returning concords, add greatly to the harmony upon the whole. But don't, from what I say here, put in any more minors than usual—as a little goes a great way!

But now I am so angry at the strain of my mind, that I will

write no more. I am quite surprised at myself to reflect (though I have known myself many years too) that, with a weighty concern on my mind, and upon which my heart has sent up many requests, I should be so sportive and gay. But it is my very nature to be gay, as it is some others to be gloomy; and it brings me into many a snare—and I can only say—*The Lord pardon thy servant in this thing!*——

LETTERS

FROM

MR. CECIL TO HIS SON ISRAEL.

LETTER I.

MY DEAR BOY---

I WAS much pleased with your letter to your sister; and indeed it gave great satisfaction to all our family, particularly to your Mamma. We rejoice to see you speak so like a man, and to find that you so rightly estimate the value of your situation at school. For you are now a bee in a garden: nor can you possibly conceive what advantage you will reap from what you now gather; for though this is not the WHOLE of what you are to learn, it is so essential a part that it will add power and lustre to the rest. I have been turning over a great number of books at different shops, to find one to send to you, but I never met with more disappointment.

I wish you to attend to a correct habit of writing.

Thus far respecting literature: but, let me again and again remind you, that, great as that is, both that and every thing else are but *dung and dross* to *the excellency of the knowledge of Christ*. Upon that, all for time and eternity hangs! Pray therefore, my Dear Child, to the Holy Spirit, to give you this life and light in your heart. I have sent you a sermon I have published to the children of St. John's—I wish you to read it carefully——

LETTER II.

MY DEAR ISRAEL— Feb. 1802.

YOUR Mama received your letter at the time I was at ———. She is greatly satisfied that you so tenderly remember what I said to you. The truth is, my Dear, that your mind is greatly improved, and we cannot but notice it and rejoice in it; and you may depend upon it we shall not fail to encourage a right disposition, to the utmost of our power. Your attention to me, particularly, has been marked by every one in the family, as well as myself.

There is a point you should never lose sight of---that, when a youth takes ill courses, he begins to be shy of his parents, that is, of his only true and fast friends: he secretly forms connections with broken, if not dangerous reeds; and often plunges thereby into difficulties and disappointments, that his real friends cannot help him out of. I am rejoiced to see you take the contrary course.

I marked that wise and dutiful confidence, with which you treated me; and that jealousy you had, as to how you stood in my mind. Watch against any thing which may damp and impede this early friendship with your truest friend, and you will prosper. Our family and friends are well, except ——, who is daily getting worse; but then what is that to her?—She has fought the good fight; and is only waiting a little longer for her crown of glory.—

See what a blessed thing it is, to be ready to meet what we all MUST meet. A king is a beggar, compared to a Christian.

Present my kindest regards to Mr. ——. Be careful to keep up your character with that excellent man and friend. Be also assured that I remain,

Your very affectionate Father,

R. C.

LETTER III.

MY DEAR BOY—

NOTHING can lie nearer my heart than your welfare; and nothing rejoices me so much as to observe your mind take a solid turn, and think of the things that belong to your peace.

I hope you have recovered from your childish habits, and are joining in my design of building yourself up for life. I shall rejoice to assist you, but I cannot do it if you do not work at school, and serve yourself——

LETTER IV.

MY DEAR ISRAEL—

WE received your letter; and should have sent you word, had you not written, about coming home.

You know I am very particular about keeping time; and have always seen proper to oppose that vagrant custom of leaving school before it is ended, or going after it begins. But there are some cases which make it as PROPER to break a general rule of expedience, as at other times to keep it; and, therefore, as I wish to see you before I set out on my journey to —— I wish Mr. —— to permit you to come home on the 13th.

I hope you will be careful to conduct yourself with great industry and propriety, while you are at school. Never complain that

your employment is arduous; since I have observed that constant employment, not only stretches the powers, but that, next to the grace of God, it is the best prevention of vice.

Beg of God to give you his blessing, and depend upon my prayers meeting yours,

Who remain, &c.

LETTER V.

MY DEAR ISRAEL—

I WAS glad to hear from you, though no particular business occurred; especially as you could send me an account of your being trusted with the care of others. You may see yourself, what I could not help remarking, that, as people rise in character, every body owns it. A little while ago you were so boyish, that I could not trust you to yourself at —— but was forced to limit you to the view of my window. Now you can be trusted with the care of others; and from a bad rank-and-file, have become a captain.

May you go forward, my Dear Child, in the best progress, till you become an ISRAEL indeed, that is *a Prince prevailing with God.*

I must just mention here, that it must give me always great pleasure to afford you any gratification that is not inconsistent with my plan and views; and, though I am obliged to object to your proposal of going to —— yet my reasons are strong; and I know that the credit you will give me for their being solid will satisfy you.

Both your Mama and myself were much gratified with your dutiful and just remarks on your past life. Indeed, most of us must reflect in the same way, when we reflect justly. But you are young, and I hope and pray that you may begin early to turn away from sin and vanity to the living God—then, of course, you will be closely united to us in this and a better world.

The moment this divine principle, which we call GRACE, begins to work like leaven in the mass, it will refine and exalt, till

the subject rises, not only above his fellows, but above himself. He climbs an eminence, and sees a prospect which sublimes his character; or as the Scriptures express it, *it grows night and day, though a man knoweth not how,* nor to what he is advancing.

There are some surprising instances of it already in this dark and long neglected place. More, I trust, will be added; and, whenever one appears, it is evidently the *Lord's doing, and marvellous* in the discerning eye.

Your Mama and Sisters unite in love—God bless you, my Dear. Forget not to pray to Him for his grace, in which I will join you,

Who remain
Your very affectionate Father.

LETTER VI.

MY DEAR CHILD—

WHETHER you hear from us soon or late, you may always depend upon it you are not forgotten or neglected by us. You have given us additional reasons for wishing to communicate with you; and I assure you that both your Mama and myself think and speak of you with great satisfaction at all times. You see, my Dear, the happiness that always attends right conduct; and, as you live, you will see this more and more. Now, my Dear, let us find that you are making a progress in well doing—that you are daily cultivating Mr. ——'s good opinion. You have this encouragement to attempt it, not only that you will be sure to succeed, if you really try; but, also, that the good opinion of so worthy and pious a man will always be an honour to you.

Above all, my Dear, let it never be off your mind, that *the blessing of the Lord,* only *maketh truly rich.* His good will is happiness in this world, and in that which is to come. *Seek, and you shall find—knock, and it shall be opened.* If all the world were your friends and HE NOT, you must be a miserable wretch,

now and eternally. Therefore *seek the Lord while he may be found: call upon him, while he is near.* Your Mama will write soon. In the mean time, she prays that God may bless and preserve you, in which I heartily join, who

Remain, &c. &c.

LETTER VII.

MY DEAR CHILD—

I RECEIVED your two epistles, which prove you are very important or very importunate. Know, also, that if I wrote the LATTER END of this week instead of the BEGINNING, it would be in full time to settle whether you should come home a day sooner or later than usual. I humbly conceive, therefore, there has been no delay; though much business has pressed on my part.

I should also remind you, that you should never depart from school, in that idle and slabbering manner, in which some scholars, (I mean blockheads) are permitted to do, who think of running from the post of honour and improvement to a Christmas fire and plumb-pudding; but that, instead of this, you should stand the last at your post—or, like an intelligent traveller on a mountain, catch the last glimpse of the prospect, and slightest beam of the parting day.

Then, on the sun of science setting, you retire to your friends at home: who, in SUCH CIRCUMSTANCES, must hail your approach. May you thus finish this stage of your life with reputation, and continue to bring comfort to your Parents and respect and happiness to yourself!

LETTER VIII.

MY DEAR CHILD—

I HAVE been thinking about the occasion of your letter; but I cannot advise you to be confirmed, before you have a more serious sense of religion than I have yet perceived in you.

The mere form of a spiritual benefit received or declaration made, cannot profit before a serious intention takes place in the mind. I hope and pray that this may take place before the next Confirmation; but I have not seen sufficient evidence of it in you yet. Still if Mr. has observed anything of the kind, and therefore advises you to go with the rest, I shall be satisfied: and I shall leave it to stand thus.

But what concerns you more than the being confirmed at this time, is, that your heart should be impressed with the vow you have to take upon yourself therein. Do you, indeed, mean to "renounce the pomps and vanities of this wicked world—the sinful lusts of the flesh"—and the tyranny of Satan? And yet, whether you are outwardly confirmed or not, if you do not in your heart renounce these, you may die young, and must lie under the punishment of the wicked for ever. Pray, therefore, my Dear Child, to God, that he would, for Christ's sake, keep you, and deliver you. Oh, that his grace may reach your heart—that you may be ready to meet death whenever it comes! This, my Dear, is the great secret and discovery. Then it is that a man can properly say, "I HAVE FOUND IT! I HAVE FOUND IT!"—when we can look forward and consider *death* as *our gain*. But, till we attain this by faith in Christ, all we can look at, whether in this world or the next, is LOSS, GUILT, and FEAR.

God bless you, my Dear; and breathe by his Spirit into your heart, till you come out another witness in my family that God is with us——

LETTER IX.

MY DEAR ISRAEL—

SINCE I saw you, I did as I promised—i. e. made what inquiries I could for your future establishment. And a gentleman in Gray's Inn, whom you know not, who has been one of my hearers many years, has promised me to take you in the Term following your return from school.

In the mean time, it will be necessary for you to work with all

your might; for I should not chuse you to leave school till you were a better Latinist. I would have you leave Greek intirely, and attend to Cicero. I wish you to be able to read a Latin Author readily.

Your brother Jesaiah and yourself are graciously provided for, as to a favourable and respectable entrance on the present world; but, even that needs care and industry to prove successful. But, after all is done, and however you may succeed, it is but for a moment; and an ETERNITY of joy unspeakable, or of sorrow unutterable must follow: may God impress this consideration deeply on both your hearts!

Your Mama heartily joins in wishing you every blessing, with, my Dear Child,

Your affectionate Father,

Nov. 1803. R. C.

LETTER X.

MY DEAR ISRAEL,—

YOU have sent to me and to your Mama letters which we cannot but approve; and which must give us pleasure, as specimens of a right mind. I am glad you feel your situation at ——, during our absence from home, so pleasant; and I am only anxious lest you should forget, at certain moments, your own views of propriety, and the necessity of preserving a character. For human nature is prone to err: it not only needs our own incessant attention to keep it erect; but we need the help of a friend's eye, even to know when we err.

I have no doubt of your resolution to be right: but you must watch; and that particularly against the following mistakes—loquacity—sanguine admirations and censures—incorrect hours—assuming sentiments—and a loud and boisterous manner of talking. All these are so remote from the modest behaviour of a young man of real merit, that he might ruin himself by them, though as upright and well meaning as possible. Now I am

thankful you have so bright an example in the contrary respects in Miss M. You cannot do better than study her manners as well as her piety. Desire her earnestly to point out to you where you break down; and depend upon it, you must throw in a good deal to make weight and arrive at the real quantum, on account of her delicacy.

There is another thing I wish to warn you of, which is of great importance to you—I mean the danger of LETTING YOURSELF DOWN. You have written a hymn, which has brought you reputation: all this is well, and this has procured you reputation beyond your ability to keep up without much care and caution. If, however, on the contrary, you scribble at random, and throw about your crudities, you will sink your reputation. A pike, says Æsop, made some successful attempts in the river, which emboldened him to venture into the sea, where he was at once gobbled up.

I have pointed out the danger—now for the REMEDY. It is both simple and safe. *Let nothing go from under your pen, but what passes under my eye.* Beware of saying "It is but a little thing. None but fools have LITTLE THINGS, which touch their characters. Wise men know that a small leak will sink a large ship. Let me, therefore, enjoin it upon you, to write nothing before I see you.——

A

VIEW OF THE CHARACTER

OF THE

REV. RICHARD CECIL.

MRS. CECIL has so well availed herself of the advantages afforded by her near relation to our departed friend, in depicting his more DOMESTIC feelings and habits, that I shall limit my view of him to his PERSONAL and MINISTERIAL character. In doing this, while I shall communicate occasionally the impressions made by him on my own mind, most of which were recorded at the time they were made, I shall endeavour to render him as much as possible, the pourtrayer of his own character, by detailing those descriptions of his views and feelings which I gathered from him.

NATURE, EDUCATION, and GRACE combine to form and model the PERSONAL CHARACTER of every Christian. God gives to his reasonable creature such physical and intellectual constitution as he pleases: education and circumstances hide or unfold, restrain or mature this constitution: and grace, while it regulates and sanctifies the powers of the man, varies its own appearances according to the varieties of those powers. And it is by the endless modifications and counteractions of these principles that the Personal Character of a Christian is formed.

It might have been expected from Mr. Cecil's earliest displays of character, that he was formed to be an instrument of extensive

evil or of eminent good. There was a DECISION---a DARING---an UNTAMEABLENESS in the structure of his mind even when a boy, combined with a tone of authority and command and a talent in the exercise of these qualities, to which the minds of his associates yielded an implicit subjection. Fear of consequences never entered into his view. Opposition, especially if accompanied by anything like severity or oppression, awakened unrelenting resistance.

Yet this bold and untameable spirit was allied to a NOBLE and GENEROUS disposition. There was a magnificence in his mind. While he was scrupulously delicate, perhaps even to some excess, on subjects entrusted to his secrecy, and on affairs in progress: yet he would never lend himself in his own concerns, or in those of other persons, to anything that bordered on artifice and manœuvre: for he had a native and thorough contempt of whatever was mean, little, and equivocating. That "honesty is the best policy" may be a strong or the prevailing motive for uprightness with men of a lower tone of character, but I question if it at all entered into calculation with my great friend. His mind was too noble, to have recourse to other means or to aim at other ends, than those which he avowed; and too intrepid not to avow those which he did entertain, so far as might be required or expedient.

His temptations were to the sins of the spirit, rather than those of the flesh: and he possessed, all his life long a superiority to the pleasures of mere sense not often seen. He was, indeed, TEMPERATE *in all things*---holding his bodily appetites in entire subjection.

SYMPATHY WITH SUFFERING was an eminent characteristic of Mr. Cecil's mind---a sympathy which sprung less from that softness and sensibility which are the ornament of the female, than from the generosity of his disposition. He would have had all men happy. It gratified his generous nature to ease the burdens of suffering man. If any were afflicted by the visitations of God, he taught them to bow with submission while he pitied and relieved: if the affliction were the natural and evident fruit of crimes, he admonished while he sympathized: if the sufferings

of man or brute arose from the voluntary inflictions of others, he was indignant against the oppressor.

Such was the intrepid and noble, yet humane mind, which was trained by Divine Grace, under a long course of moral discipline, for eminent usefulness in the Church of God. Mr. Cecil's intellectual endowments will be spoken of hereafter. At present, I shall trace the rise and the advances of his Christian Character.

He had, as Mrs. Cecil has stated, early religious impressions. These were first received from Janeway's "Token for Children," which his mother gave him when he was about six years of age. "I was much affected by this book," said he, and recollect that I wept, and got into a corner where I prayed that I also might have 'an interest in Christ,' like one of the children there mentioned, though I did not then know what the expression meant."

These impressions of his childhood wore away. He fell into the follies and vices of youth; and, by degrees, began to listen to infidel principles, till he avowed himself openly an unbeliever. He has alluded frequently in his writings to this criminal part of his history, and Mrs. Cecil has touched on the subject; but I shall add some paragraphs on this point partly in his own words.

He was suffered to proceed to awful lengths in infidelity. The natural daring of his mind allowed him to do nothing by halves. Into whatever society he enlisted himself he was its leader. He became even an Apostle of Infidelity—anxious to banish the scruples of more cautious minds, and to carry them all lengths with his own. And he was too successful. In after life he has met more than one of these converts, who have laughed at all his affectionate and earnest attempts to pull down the fabric erected too much by his own hands.

Yet he was never wholly sincere in his infidelity. He has left a most impressive and encouraging testimony to the power of Parental Influence in preserving his mind, under the grace of God from entirely believing his own lie.* He gave me a farther instance of the power of conscience in this respect:—

* See Remains: On the Influence of the Parental Character, pp. 173, 174.

"When I was sunk in the depths of Infidelity, I was afraid to read any author who treated Christianity in a dispassionate, wise, and searching manner. He made me uneasy. Conscience would gather strength. I found it more difficult to stifle her remonstrances. He would recal early instructions and impressions, while my happiness could only consist with their obliteration."

Yet he appears to have taken no small pains to rid himself of his scruples:—"I have read," said he, "all the most acute and learned and serious infidel writers, and have been really surprized at their poverty. The process of my mind has been such on the subject of Revelation, that I have often thought Satan has done more for me than for the best of them; for I have had, and could have produced, arguments, that appeared to me far more weighty than any I ever found in them against Revelation."

He did not proceed in this career of sin without occasional checks of conscience. Take the following instance:—

"My father had a religious servant. I frequently cursed and reviled him. He would only smile on me. That went to my heart. I felt that he looked on me as a deluded creature. I felt that he thought he had something which I knew not how to value, and that he was therefore greatly my superior. I felt there was a real dignity in his conduct. It made me appear little even in my own eyes. If he had condescended to argue with me, I could have cut some figure: at least by comparison, wretched as it would have been. He drew me once to hear Mr. Whitfield. I was 17 or 18 years old. It had no sort of religious effect on me, nor had the preaching of any man in my unconverted state. My religion began in contemplation. Yet I conceived a high reverence for Mr. Whitfield. I no longer thought of him as the Dr. Squintum we were accustomed to buffoon at school. I saw a commanding and irresistible effect, and he made me feel my own insignificance."

For this daring offender, however, God had mercy in reserve! He was the child of many tears, instructions, admonitions, and prayers; and, though now a prodigal, he was to be recovered from his wickedness!

While under the controul of bad principles, he gave into every species of licentiousness—saving that, even then, the native nobleness of his mind made him despise whatever he thought mean and dishonourable. Into this state of slavery he was brought by his sin: but here the mercy of God taught him some most important lessons, which influenced his views and governed his ministry through after life; and the same mercy then rescued him from the slavery to which he had submitted. The penetration and grandeur of his mind, with his natural superiority to sensual pleasures, made him feel the littleness of every object which engages the ambition and the desires of the carnal man: insomuch that God had given him, in this unusual way of bringing him to himself, a thorough disgust of the world before he had gained any hold of higher objects and better pleasures.

It was thus that God prepared him for further communications of mercy. And here he felt the advantage of having been connected with sincere Christians. He knew them to be holy, and he felt that they were happy. "It was one of the first things," said he, "which struck my mind in a profligate state, that, in spite of all the folly and hypocrisy and fanaticism which may be seen among religious professors, there was a mind after Christ, a holiness, a heavenliness, among real Christians." He added, on another occasion, "My first convictions on the subject of religion were confirmed from observing that really religious persons had some solid happiness among them, which I had felt that the vanities of the world could not give. I shall never forget standing by the bed of my sick mother. "Are not you afraid to die?" I asked her: "No." "No! Why does the uncertainty of another state give you no concern?" "Because God has said to me, 'Fear not: when thou passest through the waters I will be with thee: and through the rivers they shall not overflow thee.' The remembrance of this scene has oftentimes since drawn an ardent prayer from me that I might die the death of the righteous."

His mind opened very gradually to the truths of the Gospel: and the process through which he was led, is a striking evidence

of the imminence of his past danger. "My feelings," he said, "when I was first beginning to recover from my Infidelity, prove that I had been suffered to go great lengths; and to a very awful degree, to believe my own lie. My mind revolted from Christianity. God did not bring me to himself, by any of the peculiar motives of the Gospel. When I was about twenty years old, I became utterly sick of the vanity, and disgusted with the folly, of the world. I had no thought of Jesus Christ, or of Redemption. The very notion of Jesus Christ or of Redemption repelled me. I could not endure a system so degrading. I thought there might possibly be a Supreme Being; and if there were such a Being, he might hear me when I prayed. To worship the Supreme Being seemed somewhat dignified. There was something grand and elevating in the idea. But the whole scheme and plan of Redemption appeared mean, and degrading, and dishonourable to man. The New Testament, in its sentiments and institutions repelled me; and seemed impossible to be believed, as a religion suitable to man."

The grace of God triumphed, however, over all opposition. The religion, which began in this disgust with the world and disaffection to the peculiar doctrines of the Gospel, made rapid advances in his mind. The seed sown in tears by his inestimable mother, though long buried, now burst into life, and shot forth with vigour: and he became a preacher of that truth, which once he laboured to destroy! Yet grace did not annihilate the natural character and qualities of the mind; though it regulated and directed them. The Christian's feelings and experience were modified by the constitution of the man. After a long course of spiritual watchfulness and warfare, he spoke thus of himself:—

"There is what Bacon calls a DRY LIGHT, in which subjects are viewed, without any predilection, or passion, or emotion, but simply as they exist. This is very much my character as a Christian. I have great constitutional resistance. Tell me such a thing is my DUTY—I know it is, but there I stop. Talk to me of HELL—my heart would rise with a sort of daring stubbornness. There is a constitutional desperation about me, which was

the most conspicuous feature in my character when young, and which has risen up against the gracious measures which God has all my life taken to subdue and break it. I feel I can do little in religion without ENCOURAGEMENT. I am persuaded and satisfied, tied and bound, by its truth and importance and value; but I view the subject in a DRY LIGHT. A strong sense of DIVINE FRIENDSHIP goes a vast way with me. When I fall, God will raise me. When I want, God will provide. When I am in perplexity, God will deliver. He cares for me—pities me—bears with me—guides me—loves me."

But the energy of Divine Grace was most conspicuous, in the controul and mastery of this resisting and high spirit of which our friend complained. Nay, if there were any one Christian Virtue in which he was more advanced than any other, it appears to me to have been HUMILITY—not that humility which debases itself that it may be exalted, and which is offended if its professions be believed: but the humility which arose from abiding and growing conviction of his infinite distance from the standard of perfection, and the little comparative use which he had made of his many means and helps in approaching that standard—an humility that expressed itself, therefore, in a teachableness of mind,* a ready acknowledgment of excellence in others, and a candour in judging of other persons, which are seldom equalled; and which were rare endowments in a mind that could not but feel its own powers, and its superiority to that of most other men. But God has a thousand unseen methods of forming and cherishing those graces in his servants, which seem most opposed to their constitution, and least to be expected in their circumstances.

Mr. Cecil gave me one day the following remarkable illustration of this subject in his own case:—"It is a nice question in casuistry—*How far a man may feel complacency in the exercise of*

* "A friend, who knew him for thirty or forty years, has informed me," says Mr. Wilton, "that he was more ready to hear of his faults from persons whom he esteemed, than most men. When any failings were pointed out to him, he usually thanked the reprover, and anxiously enquired for further admonitions. I have observed myself, that, when he gave advice, which he did with acuteness and decision, he was quite superior to that little vanity which is offended if the counsel be not followed."

talent. A hawk exults on his wing: he skims and sails, delighting in the consciousness of his powers. I know nothing of this feeling. DISSATISFACTION accompanies me, in the study and in the pulpit. I never made a sermon, with which I felt satisfied: I never preached a sermon, with which I felt satisfied. I have always present to my mind such a conception of what MIGHT be done, and I sometimes hear the thing so done, that what I do falls very far beneath what it seems to me it should be. Some sermons which I have heard have made me sick of my own for a month afterwards. Many ministers have no conception of anything beyond their own world: they compare themselves only with themselves; and, perhaps they must do so: if I could give them my views of their ministry, without changing the men, they would be ruined; while now they are eminent instruments in God's hands. But some men see too much beyond themselves for their own comfort. Perhaps complacency in the exercise of talent, be it what it may, is hardly to be separated, in such a wretched heart as man's from pride. It seems to me that this dissatisfaction with myself, is the messenger sent to buffet me and keep me down. In other men, the separation between complacency and pride may be possible; but I scarcely think it is so in me."*

I have alluded to Mr. Cecil's READY ACKNOWLEDGMENT OF THE WORTH OF OTHERS; and I must add, that he cultivated that discrimination of excellence, which leads a man to discover and esteem it in the midst of imperfections. He had an unfeigned regard to real worth, wherever it was found. The powers of the understanding have often fascinated men of inferior wisdom, and lessened the odiousness of an immoral state of heart too plainly seen in others; but, if the excellencies of the head and the heart must be disjoined, he never failed to value that which

* Mr. Churton has a remark on Dr. Johnson, somewhat of a similar nature to this of Mr. C. on himself. He thinks that "Johnson's morbid melancholy and constitutional infirmities were intended by Providence, like St. Paul's thorn in the flesh, to check intellectual conceit and arrogance; which the consciousness of his extraordinary talents, awake as he was to the voice of praise, might otherwise have generated in a very culpable degree." *Boswell's Life of Johnson, 2d Edit. 8vo. vol. III. p. 564.*

is most truly valuable. He would say—"Such a friend of ours is what many men look down on, as a weak man; but I honour his wisdom and his devotedness. He throws himself out, and all the powers which God has given him, into the service of his Master, in all those ways which seem to him best; and, though perhaps he and I should for ever differ on the best way, and though I see in him many peculiarities and weaknesses, yet I honour and love the man: I revere his simplicity and his piety. He is what God has made him; and all that he is he puts into action for God." If Mr. Cecil was at any time severe in his remarks on others, his severity was chiefly directed against that ignorant vanity and affectation, which push a man forward where great men would retire, and which make him dogmatical where wise men would speak with humility and candour.

Closely allied with his humility, was that OPENNESS TO CONVICTION, which Mr. Cecil possessed in an unusual degree. He had dived so deeply into his own heart, and had read man so accurately—his short sightedness, his scanty span, his pride, and his passions—that he was, more than most men, superior to that little feeling which makes us quit the scholar's form. Many men speak of themselves and of all around them as in a state of pupilage and childhood, but I never approached a man, on whose mind this conviction had a more real and practical influence.

DISINTERESTEDNESS was a pre-eminent characteristic of Mr. Cecil as a Christian. His whole spirit and conduct spoke one language:—"Let me and mine be nothing, so that thy kingdom may come!" His disinterestedness was grounded on his conviction of the absolute nothingness of all earthly good, compared with the glory of Christ and the interests of his kingdom. In all pecuniary transactions, of a private or public nature, he was governed by this principle; and made a free and cheerful sacrifice of what he might have lawfully obtained, if he thought his receiving it would impede his usefulness.

On one occasion of this nature, he explained the noble principle on which he acted:—"A Christian is called to refrain from some things, which, though actually right, yet will not bear a

good appearance to all men. I once judged it my duty to refuse a considerable sum of money, which I might lawfully and fairly have received, because I considered that MY account of the matter could not be stated to some, to whom a different representation would be made. A man who intends to stand immaculate, and, like Samuel, to come forward and say—*Whose Ox or whose Ass have I taken?* must count the cost. I knew that my character was worth more to me than this sum of money. By probity, a man honours himself. It is the part of a wise man, to wave the present good for the future increase. A merchant suffers a large quantity of goods to go out of the kingdom to a foreign land, but he has his object in doing so: he knows, by calculation, that he shall make so much more advantage by them. A Christian is made a wise man by counting the cost. The best picture I know of the exercise of this virtue, drawn by the hand of man, is that by John Bunyan in the characters of Passion and Patience."*

Associated with this disinterestedness of spirit, was a singular

* I cannot but add here a conversation reported to me by a friend, which he had with Mr. Cecil on the subject of his tythes at Chobham, and which most strikingly illustrates his disinterested character :—

"My tythes produce only so much"—.

"Why do you not increase them?"—

"We fixed on a sum, and, as it appeared something like satisfactory to the landholders, I determined not to raise them, though they were at their own price."

"Sir, you are not doing even conscientious justice to your family. I am persuaded, from my experience in tythes, that your parish, from its extent, would yield much more per year in tythe only—exclusively of your glebe, &c."

"So I have understood. But, my dear friend, tythes are an obnoxious property; and every increase creates bitterness of spirit. Why, sir, though my parishioners had them on their own terms, one of them the first year came to me and said he could not pay, pleading some loss with which my tythes were not in the least degree connected."

"But, Sir, why not appoint your friend, Mr. ———, to receive for you?"—

"That would be doing by deputy a thing disagreeable to myself."

"Admitting all the motives clearly implied by your answers, yet, sir, how do you divest yourself of the force of the argument derived from that law, which declares a man censurable, who does not to the utmost of his power take care of those of his own household?"

"I was permitted to go to Chobham to preach the Gospel. Whatever as their Minister I could receive, without heart-burnings, was all well; but, to raise an income by compulsion (whatever I might do with one already raised) I could not. I therefore told them, that, if they would attend to the knowledge of the truth, I would never quarrel about their tythe. If I thought I should make one man step back one pace in his way to the attainment of the truth, through a suspicion that I sought my interest more than their eternal happiness, I would not receive one guinea of them. My dear friend, I have again and again considered this subject, and I am to be content with what is sent me. It will not do for a Minister of the Gospel of Peace to be raising the revenue of the Church and driving the people from it. We have too much of this at this day. If, in the spirit of peace, more was designed for me I should have it. My people seem content, and things must remain as they are with regard to what they pay me. If they will now but hear and receive the truth, it is all I shall ever ask of them."

PRACTICAL RELIANCE ON PROVIDENCE, in all the most minute and seemingly indifferent affairs of his life. He was emphatically, to use his own expression, "a pupil of signs"—waiting for and following the leadings and openings of Divine Providence in his affairs. I once consulted him throughout a very delicate and perplexing affair. In one stage of it, he said to me—"You have not done this thing exactly as I should have felt my mind led to do it. I feel myself in such cases like a child in the middle of an intricate and perplexed wood. Two considerations weigh with me, First—If I could see all the involutions, and relations, and bearings, and consequences of the affair, then I might feel myself able to move forward: but, Secondly—I know not one of them, not even the shadow of one, nay, hardly the probability of such and such issues. Then I am driven to simple reliance. I have never found God fail me in such cases. When I am utterly lost and confounded, I look for openings, clear and evident to my own conviction. I have a warrant for all this. Our grand danger with reference to Providence is that we should walk as men:—*Are ye not carnal, and walk as men?*"

On another occasion he said—"We make too little of the subject of Providence. My mind is by nature so intrepid and sanguine, and it has so often led me to anticipate God in his guidings to my severe loss, that perhaps I am now too suspicious and dilatory in following him. However, this is a maxim with me—that, when I am waiting with a simple, child-like spirit for openings and guidings, and imagine I perceive them, God would either prevent the semblance of them from rising up before me if these were not his leadings in reality, or he would preserve me from deeming them such; and therefore I always follow what appears to be my duty without hesitation."

But the spring of all these Christian Virtues, and the mastergrace of his mind was FAITH. His whole spirit and character were a living illustration of that definition of the Apostle—*Faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen!* He appeared to me never to be exercised with doubts and fears. His magnanimity entered most strikingly into his

religious character. He was convinced and satisfied by all the divine declarations and promises—and he left himself, with unsuspecting confidence, in God's hands.*

I quote Mr. Wilson's testimony to the PATIENCE of our friend UNDER AFFLICTIONS. "He was not only, in opposition to all the tendencies of his natural dispositions, resigned, but chearful under his trials. I have seen him repeatedly, at his Living in the country, return from his ride racked with pain; pale, emaciated, speechless. I have seen him throw himself all along upon his sofa, on his face, and cover his forehead with his hands; and there, without an expression of complaint, endure the paroxysm of his disorder: and I have been astonished to observe him rise up in an instant, with his wonted dignity, and enter upon conversation with cheerfulness and vigour. He has often acknowledged to me, that the anguish he felt was like a dagger plunged into his side, and that through a whole summer he has not had two nights free from tormenting pain. Such were his sufferings for ten or twelve years previous to his last illness. And yet this was the man, or rather this was the Christian, from whose lips I never heard a murmuring word."

It is almost needless to add, that Mr. Cecil possessed REMARKABLE DECISION OF CHARACTER. When he went to Oxford he had made a resolution of restricting himself to a quarter of an hour daily, in playing on the violin; on which instrument he greatly excelled, and of which he was extravagantly fond: but he found it impracticable to adhere to his determination; and had so frequently to lament the loss of time in this fascinating amusement, that, with the noble spirit which characterized him through life, he cut his strings, and never afterward replaced them. He studied for a painter; and, after he had

* Mr. Wilson justly remarks of our friend, that "the determination and grandeur of his mind displayed his faith to peculiar advantage. This divine principle quite realized and substantiated to him the things which are *not seen and eternal*. It was absolutely like another sense. The things of time were as nothing. Every thing that came before him was referred to a spiritual standard. His one great object was fixed, and this object engrossed his whole soul. Here his foot stood immoveable, as on a rock. His hold on the truths of the Scriptures was so firm, that he acted on them boldly and unreservedly. He went all lengths, and risked all consequences, on the word and promise of God."

changed his object, retained a fondness and a taste for the art: he was once called to visit a sick lady, in whose room there was a painting which so strongly attracted his notice, that he found his attention diverted from the sick person, and absorbed by the painting: from that moment he formed the resolution of mortifying a taste, which he found so intrusive, and so obstructive to him in his nobler pursuits; and determined never afterward to frequent the Exhibition.

Nor was his INTREPID AND INFLEXIBLE FIRMNESS less conspicuous, whenever the interests of truth, and the honour of Christ were concerned. The world in arms would not have appalled him, while the glory of Christ was in his view. Nor do I believe that he would have hesitated for a moment, after he had given to nature her just tribute of feeling and of tears, to go forth from his family, and join the "noble army of martyrs" who expired in the flames in Smithfield, had the honour of his Master called him to this sacrifice: nor would his knees have trembled, nor his look changed.

Yet cannot I but add, that this firmness never degenerated into rudeness. He knew and observed all those decencies of life which render mutual intercourse agreeable; and he had that ease of manner, among all classes of society, which bespoke perfect self-possession and a thorough knowledge of the world. His address in meeting the manners and habits of thinking of persons of rank, either when they were enquiring into religion or under affliction, was perhaps scarcely to be equalled.

The associations in our friend's mind were often of a very humorous kind. He had a strong natural turn for associations of this nature, which threw a great vivacity and charm over his familiar conversation---employed as it was, in the main, like every faculty of his mind, for useful ends. He was fully aware, however, of the danger of possessing such a faculty, and the temptations to which it exposed him; prompted and supported as it was by a buoyancy of spirits, which even great and lengthened pain could scarcely subdue. I have looked at him, and listened to him, with astonishment---when, meeting with a few

other young men occasionally at his house, we have found him dejected and worne out with pain---stretched on his sofa, and declining to join in our conversation---till he caught an interest in what was passing---when the question of an enquiring or burdened conscience has roused him to an exertion of his great mind---he has risen from his sofa---he has forgot his suffering---and has left us nothing to do but to admire and treasure up most profound and impressive remarks on the Scripture, on the heart, and on the world!

The mention of his humour and his vivacity of spirits leads me to remark, that I am not writing a panegyric, but drawing a character. No character can be faithful, while the best original is such as he must be in the present state, if it carry no shades. I have no wish to conceal the shades of this extraordinary character. Sternness and Levity were the two constitutional evils which most severely exercised him. They seem to have been the necessary result, in an imperfect being, of the union of that masculine and original vigour with humour and an ardent fancy, which met in the structure of his mind. So far, indeed, had grace triumphed over these constitutional enemies, that the very opposite features were the most prominent in his character; and no one could approach him without feeling himself with a most TENDER and SERIOUS mind. I speak of those occasional ebullitions which tended to remind him, that, though he was invested with a new and triumphant nature, he was yet at home in the body, and subject to the recurrence of his constitutional infirmities.

Yet, though Mr. Cecil felt occasionally temptations to levity, through the buoyancy and spring of his animal spirits, his prevailing temper was of a quite opposite description. A sensibility of spirit, with his view of human nature and of the world, threw a cast of MELANCHOLY over his mind. He was far more disposed to weep over the guilt and misery of man, than to smile at his follies. "I have," said he, "a salient principle in me. My spirits never sink. Yet I have a strong dash of melancholy. It is a high and exquisite feeling. When I first wake in the

morning, I could often weep with pleasure. The holy calm—the silence—the freshness—thrill through my soul. At such moments I should feel the presence of any person to be intrusion and impertinence, and common affairs nauseous. The stillness of an empty house is paradise to me. The man who has never felt thus, cannot be made to understand what I mean.

"Hooker's dying thought," he added, "is congenial to my spirit. 'I am going to leave a world disordered, and a church disorganized, for a world and a church where every angel, and every rank of angel, stand before the throne in the very post God has assigned them.' I am obliged habitually to turn my eye from the wretched disorders of the world and the church, to the beauty, harmony, meekness, and glory of the better world."

On another occasion, he said—"I have been long in the habit of viewing every thing around me as in a state of ALIENATION. I have no hold on my dearest comforts. My children must separate from me. One has his lot cast in one place, and another elsewhere. It may be my particular leading, but I have never leaned toward my comforts without finding them give way. A sharp warning has met me—'These are aliens, and as an alien live thou among them.' We may use our comforts by the way. We may take up the pitcher to drink, but the moment we begin to admire, God will in love dash it to pieces. But I feel no such alienation from the Church. I am united to Christ and to all his glorified and living members by an indissoluble bond. Here my mind can centre and sympathize, without suspicion or fear."

"I feel," he would say, "a congeniality with the character of Jeremiah. I seem to understand him. I could approach him, and feel encouraged to familiarity. It is not so with Elijah or Ezekiel. There is a rigour and severity about them which seem to repel me to a distance, and excite reverence rather than sympathy and love."

In a very interesting case on which I consulted him, he gave me a striking view of this feature in his character—"I should have fallen myself into an utterly different mode of conducting

the affair. But you have not the melancholy in your constitution which I have, and therefore to look for my mode of the thing in you, would be expecting what ought not to be expected. This is a strong alterative in your dispensation. Now I have long been in the habit of viewing every thing of that aspect rather in a melancholy light. You are standing on the justice, the reason, the truth of your cause. I should have heard God saying---'Son of man follow me.' It would have led me into a speculative--mystical sort of way. I should have seen in it the flood that is sweeping over the earth---the utter bankruptcy of all human affairs. Most men, if they had stood by and compared our conduct, would have commended yours as rational, but condemned mine as enthusiastic---as connecting things together which had no proper connection; but this is my way of viewing every alterative in my dispensation."

"The heart, "said he, "must be divorced from its idols. Age does a great deal in curing the man of his frenzy; but, if God has a special work for a man, he takes a shorter and sharper course with him. Stand ready for it. I have been in both schools. Bleeding and cauterizing have done much for me, and age has done much also – *Can I any longer taste what I eat or what I drink?*"

Though the Memoir of Mr. Cecil's life, and the Letters which are subjoined, bear ample testimony to the TENDERNESS OF HIS RELATIVE AFFECTIONS, yet I cannot but add here what a friend wrote on visiting him, many years before his decease, at a time when he was expecting the death of Mrs. Cecil:—"Mrs. Cecil was ill. I called on Mr. Cecil. I found him in his study, sitting over his bible in great sorrow. His tears fell so fast, that he could utter only broken sentences. He said, 'Christians do well to speak of the grace, love and goodness of God; but we must remember that he is a holy and jealous God. Judgment must begin at the house of God. This severe stroke is but a farther call to me to arise and shake myself. My hope is still firm in God. He, who sends the stroke, will bear me up under it: and I have no doubt but if I saw the whole of his

design I should say, 'Let her be taken!' Yet, while there is life, I cannot help saying, 'Spare her another year, that I may be a little prepared for her loss!' I know I have higher ground of comfort: but I shall deeply feel the taking away of the dying lamp. Her excellence as a wife and a mother, I am obliged to keep out of sight, or I should be overwhelmed. All I can do is, to go from text to text, as a bird from spray to spray. Our Lord said to his disciples, *Where is your Faith?* God has given her to be my comfort these many years, and shall I not trust him for the future? This is only a farther and more expensive education for the work of the ministry: it is but saying more closely, 'Will you pay the price?' If she should die, I shall request all my friends never once to mention her name to me. I can gather no help from what is called friendly condolence. Job's friends understood grief better, when they sat down and spake not a word'."

Our departed friend was, at once, a public and a RETIRED man. While his sacred office, exercised for many years in a conspicuous sphere, brought him much before the world, his turn of mind was retired—he courted solitude—he held converse there with God, and his own great spirit mingled with the mighty dead: he had such a practical knowledge and deep impression of the nothingness of the whole world, compared with spiritual and eternal realities, and he had so deeply felt, and so thoroughly despised its lying pretensions to meet the wants and to satisfy the longings of the immortal soul, that it was no sacrifice to him to turn away from the shows and the pursuits of life, and to shut out all the splendour and seductions of the world.

Yet this retired spirit was not unsocial, morose, or repulsive. No one called him from his retirement to ask spiritual counsel, but he was met with tenderness and urbanity. No congenial mind encountered his without eliciting sparks both of benevolence and wisdom. Not a child in his family could carry its little complaints to him, but he would stop the career of his mind to listen and relieve.

His study was his favourite retreat. His station exposed him

to constant interruptions, some necessary, and others arising from the injudiciousness of those who applied to him. It was not unusual with him to make use of his power of abstraction on these occasions. Time was too valuable to be lavished away on the inconsideration of some of those who thought it necessary to call on him. It was generally his practice, not immediately to obey a summons from his study, but when he knew he had to do with a person who would occupy much of his time by a long conversation before the business was brought forward, rather than hurt their feelings he would carry down in his mind the train of thought which he was pursuing in his study, and, while that which was beside the purpose played on his ear, his mind was following the subject on which it had entered before.

Some men are at home in society: the wide world is their dwelling-place: they are known and read of all men: they have a peculiar talent for improving mixed society. But this was not the character of Mr. Cecil. He unfolded himself, indeed, to his friends; but those friends could not but feel, that, when they broke in on his retirement for any other objects than what were connected with his high calling, they were intruders on inestimable time. I had, indeed, the privilege and happiness of free access to him at all times, for a considerable course of years, while I was his assistant in the ministry; but, for the reasons just assigned, though I was a diligent observer of his mind and habits, I feel myself not prepared to speak fully of his more domestic and retired character.

"Retirement," he said, "is my grand ordinance. Considerations govern me. Death is a mighty consideration with me. The utter vanity of every thing under the sun is another. If a man wishes to influence my mind, he must assign considerations; and, if he assigns one or two which will weigh well, I seem impatient to stop him if he is proceeding to assign more. He has given me a Consideration, and THAT suffices. The "Night Thoughts" is a great book with me, notwithstanding its glaring imperfections; it realizes Death and Vanity. And, because this

is the frame and habit of my own mind, my ministry partakes of it; and must partake of it, if I would preach naturally and from my heart."

In surveying the Personal Character of Mr. Cecil, it remains to speak somewhat more fully of his intellectual powers.

His IMAGINATION was not so much of the playful and elegant, as bold, inventive, striking, and instinctively judicious and discriminating.

His TASTE in the sister arts of Painting, Poetry, and Music was refined, and his judgment learned. In his younger days he had studied and excelled in Painting and Music; and though he laid them aside that he might devote all his powers to his work, yet the savour of them so far remained, that I have been witness innumerable times, both in public and private, to the felicity of his illustrations drawn from these subjects, and to the superiority that his intimate knowledge of them gave him over most persons with whom they happened to be brought forward. His taste, when young, was for Italian music; but, in his latter years, he was fond of the German style, or rather the softer Moravian. Anthems, or any pieces wherein the words were re-iterated, he disliked, for all public worship especially, as they sacrificed the real spirit of devotion too much to the music. His feelings on this subject were exquisite. "Pure, spiritual, sublime devotion," he would say, "should be the soul of public music." He often lamented the introduction of any other style of architecture in places of worship, beside that which was so peculiarly appropriate, and which, because it was so, called up associations best suited to the purposes of meeting. He said most strikingly—"I never enter a Gothic church, without feeling myself impressed with something of this idea—'Within these walls has been resounded, for centuries, by successive generations, "Thou art the King of Glory, O Christ!"' The very damp that trickles down the walls, and the unsightly green that moulders upon the pillars, are far more pleasing to me from their associations, than the trim, finished, classic, heathen piles of the present fashion."

His powers of comparison, analogy, and JUDGMENT have been rarely equalled. These had been exercised so long and with so much energy on all the conditions and relations around him—on the word of God—on his own mind—on the history, opinions, passions, prejudices, and motives of men in every age, and of every character and station—on moral causes and effects —on every subject that can come within the grasp of a philosophic mind—that the result was a WISDOM so prominent and commanding, that every man felt himself with a mind of the very first order both in capability and acquirement. In some cases, wherein my wishes, perhaps, formed my opinions; and, trying to hide the truth from myself, I have asked his opinion as a confirmation of my own—he has unmasked my heart to itself, by his wise and searching replies. His decisions were more according to circumstances than in most men: and, when he gave them, it would generally be with a declaration that other circumstances might wholly change the aspect of the thing; and he did this in such a manner—if I may judge by my own case—as often to make a man look about him, and bethink himself what a treacherous and blind party he had to transact with in his bosom.

To those who did not know him intimately, he might sometimes appear to want a quickness of perception. The appearance of this faculty is often assumed, where God has not given it. Where the mind does decide rapidly, its conclusions are generally partial and defective, in proportion to their rapidity. Intuition is not a faculty of the present condition of being, whatever it may be of that toward which we are advancing. He affected no such quality, yet he possessed more of it than most men. When he did not fully understand what was addressed to him, he said so; and his mind was so familiar with the difficulty of discovering truth through the veils and shades thrown over her by prejudice and self-love, that he did not hastily bring himself to think that he possessed your full meaning.

His good sense and wisdom led him to AVOID ALL PECULIARITY AND ECCENTRICITY. He was decidedly adverse to

every thing of this nature. "When any thing peculiar appears," he would say, "in a religious man's manners, or dress, or furniture, this is supposed by the world to constitute his religion. A clergyman indeed is allowed by common consent, and indeed it is but decent in him, to have every thing about him plain and substantial rather than ornamental and fashionable."

THE PERSONAL CHARACTER of Mr. Cecil had a manifest influence on his MINISTERIAL. We find him frequently accounting for those views and feelings which prevailed in his Ministry, by a reference to his constitution and his early history.

HIS SENTIMENTS ON THE MINISTERIAL OFFICE are scattered through his writings, as this was ever present to his mind. Wherever he was, and whatever was his employment, he was always the Christian Minister. He was ever on the watch to *do the work of an Evangelist*, and *to make full proof of his Ministry*.

I have collected together his thoughts on this subject in some sections of his "Remains:" and I think it impossible that any young Minister should read these thoughts without imbibing a higher estimation of his sacred office. More will be found on these points in the following views of his Ministerial Character, gathered from his own lips.

These views were most striking and sublime. "A Minister is a Levite. In general he has, and he is to have, no inheritance among his brethren. Other men are not Levites. They must recur to means, from which a Minister has no right to expect any thing. Their affairs are all the little transactions of this world. But a Minister is called and set apart for a high and sublime business. His transactions are to be between the living and the dead--between heaven and earth; and he must stand as with wings on his shoulders. He must look, therefore, for every

thing in his affairs to be done for him and before his eyes. I am at a loss to conceive how a Minister, with right feelings, can plot and contrive for a Living. If he is told that there is such a thing for him if he will make such an application, and that it is to be so obtained, and so only, all is well---but not a step farther. It is in vain, however, to put any man on acting in this manner, if he be not a Levite in principle and in character. These must be the expressions of a nature communicated to him from God---a high principle of Faith begetting Simplicity. He must be an eagle towering toward heaven on strong pinions. The barn-door hen must continue to scratch her grains out of the dunghill."

He thought that the life of a Minister, with respect to worldly affairs, ought to be, peculiarly above that of other men, a life of faith. It was his maxim, to lay out no money unnecessarily---and, with this principle, he regarded his purse as in God's hand, and found it like the barrel of meal and the cruse of oil. He confessed that he could advise this conduct in no case but in that of a Christian Minister, who was a wise and prudent, as well as a right-hearted manager of his affairs. His habit was, to be the child of simplicity and faith---acting as a servant of God, on those principles which he judged most suitable to his character and station.

He had exalted ideas of ministerial authority---not the authority which results merely from office, but from office united with personal character---not the claims of priestly arrogance; but the claims of priestly dignity. "I never chuse to forget that I am a PRIEST, because I would not deprive myself of the right to dictate in my ministerial capacity. I cannot allow a man, therefore, to come to me merely as a friend, on his spiritual affairs, because I should have no authority to say to him, 'Sir, you must do so and so.' I cannot suffer my best friends to dictate to me in any thing which concerns my ministerial duties. I have often had to encounter this spirit; and there would be no end of it, if I did not check and resist it. I plainly tell them that they know nothing of the matter. I ask them if it is decent that a man, im-

mersed in other concerns, should pretend to know my affairs and duties, better than myself, who, as they ought to believe, make them the study of my life. I have been disgusted---deeply disgusted---at the manner in which some men of flaming religious profession talk of certain preachers. They estimate them just as Garrick would have estimated the worth of players, or as Handel would have ranged an orchestra. 'Such an one is clever---he is a master'---Clever!---a master!---Worth and character and dignity are of no weight in the scale."

These views are just and noble; and they are suited to his own great mind, and the entire hold which his office had on his heart. But---listening with his whole soul to that injunction, *Meditate on these things, give thyself wholly to them*---it may be doubted whether he did not sometimes challenge to his office more respect than the party concerned could be expected to allow due.

Mr. Cecil's PREPARATION AND TRAINING FOR THIS EXALTED OFFICE have been already spoken of in the view of his Personal Character, and may be further traced in the Memoir of his Life. This was, as has been seen, of no common kind.

His QUALIFICATIONS FOR THE DISCHARGE OF THE MINISTRY were peculiar. The great natural powers which God had given him, were moulded and matured by the training and discipline through which he was led, and were consecrated by grace to the service of his Master. It will not be requisite to recapitulate what has been said on this subject. I shall here speak only of those qualifications which were more appropriate to him as a public teacher.

His LEARNING consisted more in the knowledge of other men's ideas, than in an accurate acquaintance with the niceties of the languages. Yet he was better acquainted with these, than many who devote a disproportionate time to this acquisition. His incessant application, chiefly by candle-light, when at Oxford, to the study of Greek, of which he was enthusiastically fond, brought on an almost total loss of sight for six months. He had determined to become a perfect master of the niceties of that refined and noble language. The counsel, however, which he

received from Dr. Bacon, and which is recorded in his "Remains" (pp. 121, 122), put him on proportioning his attention more according to the future utility of his pursuits than he had been accustomed to. "I was struck with his advice," he said. "I had an unsettled sort of religion, but enough to make me see and choose the truth which he set before me."

So solid and extensive was Mr. Cecil's real learning, that there were no important points, in morals or religion, on which he had not read the best authors, and made up his mind on the most mature deliberation; nor could any topic be started in history or philosophy, on subjects of art or of science, with which he was not found more generally acquainted than other men. But while he could lay these parts of learning under contribution to aid him in his one object of impressing truth on man, he was a master in the learning which is more peculiarly appropriate to his profession. He was so much in the habit of daily reading the Scriptures in the originals, that, as he told me, he went to this employ naturally and insensibly. He limited himself to no stated quantity: but, as his time allowed, he read one or two, and sometimes five or six chapters daily.

Mr. Cecil had the POWER OF EXCITING AND PRESERVING ATTENTION above most men. All his effort was directed, first to engage attention, and then to repay it---to allure curiosity, and then to gratify it.

Till the attention was gained he felt that nothing could be effected on the mind. Sometimes he would have recourse to unusual methods, suited indeed to his auditory, to awaken and fix their minds. "I was once preaching," he said, "a Charity Sermon, where the congregation was very large, and chiefly of the lower order. I found it impossible, by my usual method of preaching, to gain their attention. It was in the afternoon, and my hearers seemed to meet nothing in my preaching, which was capable of rousing them out of the stupefaction of a full dinner. Some lounged, and some turned their backs on me. 'I MUST HAVE ATTENTION,' I said to myself. 'I WILL be heard.' The case was desperate; and, in despair, I sought a desperate

remedy. I exclaimed aloud, 'Last Monday morning a man was hanged at Tyburn'—instantly the face of things was changed! All was silence and expectation! I caught their ear, and retained it through the Sermon." This anecdote leads me to observe that Mr. Cecil had, in an unusual degree, the talent of adapting his ministry to his congregation. While he was, for instance, preaching on the same day at Lothbury, at St. John's morning and afternoon, and at Spitalfields in the evening—he found four congregations at these places, in many respects, quite distinct from one another; and yet he adapted his preaching, with admirable skill, to meet their habits of thinking.

But, when he had gained the attention, he was ever on the watch not to weary. He seemed to have continually before his eyes the sentiments of our great critic and moralist:* "Tediousness is the most fatal of all faults: negligences or errors are single and local, but tediousness pervades the whole: other faults are censured, and forgotten; but the power of tediousness propagates itself. He that is weary the first hour, is more weary the second; as bodies forced into motion, contrary to their tendency, pass more and more slowly through every successive interval of space." Mr. Cecil would say, "You have a certain quantity of attention to work on: make the best use of it while it lasts. The iron will cool, and then nothing, or worse than nothing, is done. If a preacher will leave unsaid all *vain repetitions*, and watch against undue length in his entrance and width in his discussion, he may limit a written sermon to half an hour, and one from notes to forty minutes; and this time he should not allow himself to exceed, except on special occasions."

His POWER OF ILLUSTRATION was great and versatile. His topics were chiefly taken from Scripture and from life. His manner of illustrating his subjects by Scripture examples, was the most finished I have ever heard. They were never introduced violently or abruptly; but his matter was so moulded in preparation for them, by a few well-turned sentences, that the

* Lives of the Poets, vol. III. p. 35.

illustration seemed to be placed in the Scripture almost for the sake of the doctrine. The general features of the character or history were left in the back-ground, and those only which were appropriate to the matter in hand were brought forward, and so were presented with great force to the mind. His talent in discriminating the striking features and connecting them with his matter was so peculiar, that the histories of Abraham, of Jacob, of David, and of St. Paul, seemed in his hands to be ever new, and to be exhaustless treasures of illustration.

The turn both of his mind and of his experience seemed to lead him to this method. What he did, therefore, with ease and feeling, it was natural should be done frequently; and, accordingly I have scarcely ever heard a sermon from him in which there were not repeated exercises of this peculiar talent, and in some sermons almost the entire subject has been treated in this manner.

This talent of illustrating his subjects, and particularly of seizing incidents for improvement, gave an edge to his wise admonitions in private; and fixed them deep in the memory. Riding with a friend in a very windy day, the dust was so troublesome, that his companion wished they were at their journey's end where they might ride in the fields free from dust: and this wish he repeated more than once while on the road. When they reached the fields, the flies so teized his friend's horse, that he could scarcely keep his seat on the saddle. On his bitterly complaining, "Ah! Sir," said Mr. Cecil, "when you were in the road the dust was your only trouble, and all your anxiety was to get into the fields: you forgot that the fly was there! Now this is a true picture of human life: and you will find it so in all the changes you make in future. We know the trials of our present situation; but the next will have trials, and perhaps worse, though they may be of a different kind."

At another time, the same friend told him he should esteem it a favour, if he would tell him of any thing which he might in future see in his conduct which he thought improper. "Well, Sir!" he said, "many a man has told the watchman to call him

early in the morning, and has then appeared very anxious for his coming early; but the watchman has come before he has been ready for him! I have seen many people very desirous of being told their faults; but I have seen very few who were pleased when they received the information. However, I like to receive an invitation, and I have no reason to suppose you will be displeased till I see it is so. I shall therefore remember that you have asked for it."

His STYLE, particularly in preaching and in free conversation, was easy and natural. If he ever laboured his expression, it was in search of emphasis, rather than precision—of words which would penetrate the soul, rather than round his period and float in the ear. He considered that vigorous conceptions would clothe themselves in the fittest expressions—

Verbáque provisam rem non invita sequentur:

Or, as Milton has admirably said—"True eloquence I find to be none, but the serious and hearty love of truth: and that, whose mind soever is fully possessed with a fervent desire to know good things, and with the dearest charity to infuse the knowledge of them into others, WHEN SUCH A MAN WOULD SPEAK, his words, like so many nimble and airy servitors trip about him at command, and, in well-ordered files, as he would wish, fall aptly into their own places."

His written style has less ease than that of his conversation or preaching. He excelled rather in strong intuitive sense, than in a train of argument; and more in the liveliness of his thoughts, than in their arrangement. He would put down his thoughts as they arose—often at separate times, and as suggested by the occasion—and was not always nice in rejecting obsolete expressions, or antithesis in sense. This occasioned a want of flow and ease in many parts of his writings, which the warmth of conversation or preaching swept away.

IMPRESSION was the leading feature of his ministry. Perhaps the INFORMATION conveyed by it to the mind was not

sufficiently systematic and minute. He had seen so much the evil of spending the preacher's time in doctrinal statements, that possibly there was some deficiency in this respect in his own practice. When, indeed, he had to introduce religion to his congregation at St. John's or Chobham, on his first entering on those charges, he dealt with them as a people needing information on first principles: but my remark applies to the habit and course of his ministry. For, however true it is, that, when a man becomes a serious reader of God's word he must grow in the knowledge of the truth; yet many will still read the Bible with an indiscriminating mind, unless their Minister's statements give them, not only a lucid general view of doctrines, but somewhat of a systematic and connected view; and not a few—buried in the cares of the world—will derive all their notions of the system of divine truth from what they hear in public.

Mr. Cecil wrote and spoke to mankind. He dealt with the business and bosoms of men. An energy of truth prevailed in his ministry, which roused the conscience; and a benevolence reigned in his spirit, which seized the heart: yet I much question whether the prevailing effect of his preaching was not determination grounded on CONVICTION and ADMIRATION, rather than on EMOTION. When in perfect health and spirits, and master of his subject, his eloquence was finished and striking: but though there was often a tenderness which awakened corresponding feelings in the hearer, yet his eloquence wanted that vehement passion which overpowers and carries away the minds of others.

—si vis me flere, dolendum est
Primùm ipsi tibi——

This is the great secret for getting hold of the heart. But as not much of the impassioned entered into the composition of his nature, and he was at the same time pre-eminent in genius and judgment, it could not but follow that ADMIRATION should affect the hearer more frequently than STRONG FEELING. A friend has told me that he has often lost the benefit of the truth which Mr. Cecil has uttered, in admiration of the exquisite man-

ner in which it was conveyed. And I have again and again detected this in myself; and found I have been watching eagerly for what would fall next from him, not in the spirit of a *newborn babe that desires the sincere milk of the word that I might grow thereby,* but for the gratification of a mental voluptuousness. I desire no one will suppose that I impute to him any of the studied artifices of eloquence. No man sought more than he did, that his hearers' *faith should not stand in the wisdom of men, but in the power of God.* No man more sincerely aimed to have his *speech and his preaching not with enticing words of man's wisdom, but in demonstration of the spirit and of power:* yet, *moreover, because the preacher was wise, he still taught the people knowledge; yea, he* GAVE GOOD HEED, *and* SOUGHT OUT, *and* SET IN ORDER the messages of divine mercy. *The preacher* SOUGHT TO FIND OUT *acceptable words,* yet *that which was written was upright, even words of truth.* He could not but treat his subjects in this exquisite manner while his taste, his genius, and his nature remained; but this could not but be sanctified to his master's honour, while he retained the perfect integrity, the deep conviction, and the singleness of eye which his Master had given him. That it was the farthest possible from trick and artifice might be seen in his most familiar conversation; where his manner, when he was fully called out, was exactly what it was in the pulpit. His mind grasped every subject firmly; his imagination clothed it with images—embodied it—gave it life —called up numberless associations and illustrations: it was realized: it was present to him: his taste and judgment enabled him to seize it in the most striking points of view.

"His apprehensions of religion," Mr. Wilson most justly observes, "were GRAND and ELEVATED. His fine powers, governed by divine grace, were exactly calculated to sieze all the grandeur of the Gospel. The stupendous magnitude of the objects which the Bible proposes to man, the incomparable sublimity of eternal pursuits, the astonishing scheme of redemption by an Incarnate Mediator, the native grandeur of a rational and immortal being stamped with the impress of God, the fall of this

being into sin and poverty and meanness and guilt, his recovery by grace to more than his original dignity in the love and service of his Creator, filled all his soul. He seemed often to labour with an imagination occupied with his noble theme. He felt, and he taught, that no other subject was worthy the consideration of man. In comparison with it, he led his auditors to condemn and trample on all the petty objects of this lower world. Its meanness, its uncertainty, its deceit, its vanity, its vexation, its nothingness, he set fully in their view. He even made them look down with a generous concern on those who were buried in its interests, and who forgot, amidst the toys of children, the real business of life."

Some of his printed sermons are perfect models of simplicity, vivacity, and effect. That, for instance, on the "Power of Faith."

His COUNTENANCE, though not modelled altogether after the artificial rules of beauty, beamed, in animated conversation and in the pulpit, with the beauty of a great and noble mind. Dignity and benevolence were strongly pourtrayed there. The variety of its expression was admirable: nor could any one feel the full force of the soul which he threw into his discourses, if this expression was concealed from him by distance or situation. His ACTION was graceful and forcible: latterly, owing perhaps to his increasing infirmities and almost uninterrupted pain, it discovered, I think, some constraint and want of ease.

There was a FAMILIARITY and an AUTHORITY in his manner, which to strangers sometimes appeared dogmatism. His manner was, in truth, like that of no other man. It was altogether original: and because it was original, it sometimes offended those who had no other idea of manner than of that to which they had been accustomed. Yet even the prejudiced could not hear him with indifference. There was a dignity and command, a decision and energy, a knowledge of the heart and the world, an uprightness of mind and a desire to do good, and all this united with a tenderness and affection, which few could witness without some favourable impressions.

His most striking sermons were generally those, which he preached from very short texts, such as—*My soul hangeth on thee —All my fresh springs are in thee—O Lord! teach me thy way— As thy day is, so shall thy strength be.* In these sermons, the whole subject had probably struck him at once: and what comes in this way is generally found to be more natural and forcible, than what the mind is obliged to excogitate by its own laborious efforts. As the subject grows out of the state of the mind at the time, there is that degree of affinity between them which occasions the mind to seize it forcibly, and to clothe it with vivid colours. A train of the most natural associations presents itself, as one link draws with it its kindred links. The attention is engaged—the mind is concentrated—scripture and life present themselves without effort, in the most natural relations which they bear to the subject, that has full possession of the man, and composition becomes easy, and even interesting.

It was a frequent, and a very useful method with him, to open and explain his subject in a very brief manner, and then to draw inferences from it; which inferences formed the great body of the sermon, and were rather matters of ADDRESS to the consciences and hearts of his hearers, than of DISCUSSION; so that the whole subject was a kind of application. This seems to me to have been his most effective manner of preaching. Take an instance: Matt. xviii. 20. I. EXPLAIN the words. II. Raise from them two or three REMARKS: Contemplate 1. The Glory and Godhead of our Master: 2. The honour which He puts on his house and the assembly of His Saints: 3. The privilege of being one of Christ's servants whom He will meet: 4. The obligations lying on such servants—*What manner of persons ought such to be!*

He was remarkably observant of character. When I have asked his opinion of a person, he has frequently surprised me with such a full and accurate delineation of his character, as he could only have obtained by very patient and penetrating observation. The reason of this appeared, when I learnt that it was his custom in his sermon notes, when he wished to describe a particular character, not to put down its chief features as they occurred to his

mind from the general observations which he had made on men; but he would put down the initial of some person's name, with whom he was well acquainted, and who stood in his mind as the representative of that class of characters. He had nothing to do then, when he came to enlarge on that part of his subject, but strongly to realize to himself the character of the person in question, and he would draw a much more vivid picture of a real character than he could otherwise do.*

Mr. Cecil was not himself led to the knowledge of God through great terrors of conscience: his ministry did not, therefore, so much abound in delineations of the working and malignity of sin, as in those topics which grew out of his course of experience; nor did he enter frequently or largely into the details of the spiritual conflict. He was himself drawn to God, and subdued by a sense of divine mercy and friendship: he was led, therefore, to detail largely the transactions of the believing mind with God, in the exercise of dependence and submission.

He was more aware than most men of the DIFFICULTY OF BRINGING DOWN THE TRUTH TO THE COMPREHENSION OF THE MASS OF HEARERS.

A young Minister may leave College with the best theory in the world, and he make take with him into a country parish a determination to talk in the language of simplicity itself, but the actual capacity to make himself understood and felt is so far removed from his former habits, that it is only to be acquired by experience. Hear how wisely Mr. Cecil wrote to a young friend about to take orders;—"I advised him, since he was so near his entrance into the ministry, to lay aside all other studies for the present, but the one I should now recommend to him. I would have him select some very poor and uninformed persons, and pay them a visit. His object should be to explain to them and

* Lavater somewhere mentions an admirable practice of his own, which carried our friend's principle into constant use in his ministry. He fixed on certain persons in his congregation, whom he considered as representatives of the respective classes into which his hearers might be properly divided—amounting, as I recollect, to *seven*. In composing his discourses, he kept each of these persons steadily in his eye; and laboured so to mould his subjects as to meet the case of every one—by which incomparable rule he rendered himself intelligible and interesting to all classes of his flock.

demonstrate to them the truth of the solar system. He should first of all set himself to make that system perfectly intelligible to them, and then he should demonstrate it to their full conviction against all that the followers of Tychio Brahe or any one else could say against it. He would tell me it was impossible; they would not understand a single term. Impossible to make them astronomers! And shall it be thought an easy matter to make them understand redemption?"

He gave the following account of his HABIT OF PREPARATION FOR THE PULPIT:—

"I generally look into the portions of Scripture appointed by the church to be read in the services of the day. I watch, too, for any new light which may be thrown on passages in the course of reading, conversation, or prayer. I seize the occasions furnished by my own experience—my state of mind—my family occurrences. Subjects taken up in this manner are always likely to meet the cases and wants of some persons in the congregation. Sometimes, however, I have no text prepared: and I have found this to arise generally from sloth: I go to work: this is the secret: make it a business: something will arise where least expected.

"It is important to begin preparation early. If it is driven off late, accidents may occur which may prevent due attention to the subject. If the latter days of the week are occupied, and the mind driven into a corner, the sermon will usually be raw and undigested. Take time to reject what ought to be rejected, and to supply what ought to be supplied.

"It is a favourite method with me to reduce the text to some point of doctrine. On that topic I enlarge, and then apply it. I like to ask myself—'What are you doing?—What is your aim?'

"I will not forestall my own views by first going to commentators. I talk over the subject to myself: I write down all that strikes me: and then I arrange what is written. After my plan is settled, and my mind has exhausted its stores, then I would turn to some of my great Doctors to see if I am in no error: but I find it necessary to reject many good things which the Doctors

say: they will tell to no good effect in a sermon. In truth, to be effective, we must draw more from nature and less from the writings of men: we must study the Book of Providence, the Book of Nature, the Heart of Man, and the Book of God: we must read the History of the World: we must deal with Matters of Fact before our eyes."

In respect to mechanical preparation, Mr. Cecil was in the habit of using eight quarto pages, on which he put down his main and subordinate divisions, with such hints as he thought requisite. These notes, written in an open and legible manner, such as his eye could catch with ease, he put into one of the portable quarto Bibles, of which several editions were printed in the xviith century, in a good type, but, in consequence of the closeness and excellence of the paper, such as bind up in a very compact size. Of these editions there are some * which are printed page for page with one another; and one of these editions Mr. Cecil was in the constant habit of using, both in public and in private, from the mechanical assistance afforded to him in turning to passages from the recollection of the part of the page in which they occurred.

It will be interesting to hear Mr. Cecil's OWN ACCOUNT OF HIS MANNER OF COMMENCING HIS MINISTRY; as it notices mistakes from which he was not only early but most effectually delivered, and his remarks on them may afford a serious caution to others.

"I set out," he said, "with levity in the pulpit. It was above two years before I could get the victory over it, though I strove under sharp piercings of conscience. My plan was wrong. I had bad counsellors. I thought preaching was only entering the pulpit and letting off a sermon. I really imagined this was trusting to God, and doing the thing cleverly. I talked with a wise and pious man on the subject. 'There is nothing,' said he, like appealing to facts.' We sat down, and named names. We found men in my habit disreputable. This first set my mind right. I saw such a man might sometimes succeed: but I saw, at the same time, that whoever would succeed in his general in-

* I have compared four of these Bibles, viz. Field's, London, 1648.-Hayes's, Camb. 1670, and also that of 1677—and Buck's, Camb, without date.

terpretations of Scripture, and would have his ministry that of a *workman that needeth not to be ashamed*—must be a laborious man. What can be produced by men who refuse this labour?—a few raw notions, harmless perhaps in themselves, but false as stated by them. What then should a young Minister do?—His office says 'Go to your books. Go to retirement. Go to prayer.'—'No!' says the enthusiast, 'Go to preach. Go and be a witness!'—A witness!—of what?—He don't know!"

Thus qualified by nature, education, and grace—enriched by his various manly acquisitions—and matured by experience, he appeared in the pulpit unquestionably as one of the first preachers—perhaps the very first preacher—of his time.

He was SINCERELY ATTACHED TO THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND, both by principle and feeling—to her ORDER and DECORUM. He entered into the spirit of those obligations, which lay on him as a clergyman; and, looking at general consequences, would never break through the order and discipline of the Church, to obtain any partial, local, and temporary ends.

In the more PRIVATE exercise of his pastoral office, as a counsellor and friend, he manifested great FAITHFULNESS, TENDERNESS, and WISDOM.

In proof of this I might appeal to what is said in the "Remains," on the subject of "Visiting death-beds:" pp. 89, 95. I shall here subjoin a few more illustrations of this part of his character.

An interview was contrived between him and a noble Lady, by some of her relations. She began to listen to the affairs of religion. Her life had been gay and trifling. She knew that he understood her situation; and she began to introduce her case by saying that she supposed he thought her a very contemptible and wicked creature. "No, Madam, I do not look at you in that view. I consider that you have been a wanderer; pursuing happiness in a mistaken road—an immortal being, fluttering through the present short but important scene, without one serious concern for what is to come after it is passed by. And, while others know what is to happen to them, and wait for it, you are totally igno-

rant of the subject."—"But, Sir, is it possible to arrive at any certainty with respect to a future condition?"—"Why what little trifling scenes would occupy your Ladyship and myself, if we were confined to this small spot of a carpet, that is under our feet! The world is a little, mean, despicable scene in itself. But we must leave it: and can you suppose that we are left to step into another state, as into a dark abyss—not knowing what awaits us there? No—the next step I take from the world is not into a void that no one has explored—a fathomless abyss—a chaos of clouds and darkness—but I know what it is—I am assured of it." He said to me in reporting this conversation, "I rested on this, and left it to work on her mind. I thought it better to defer the subject of this assurance to try her, and I have reason to believe that she feels anxious for our next occasion of meeting, that she may hear how we can make out the grounds of our assurance." This is one among many instances of the wise methods in which he accommodated his instructions to the character.

"Many of my people," he said, "and especially females, talk thus to me—'I am under continual distress of mind. I can lay hold of no permanent ground of peace. If I seem to get a little, it is soon gone again. I am out at sea, without compass or anchor. My heart sinks. My spirit faints. My knees tremble. All is dark above, and all is horror beneath.'—'And pray what is your mode of life?—'I sit by myself.'—In this small room, I suppose, and over your fire?—'A considerable part of my time.'—'And what time do you go to bed?'—'I cannot retire till two or three o'clock in the morning.'—'And you lie late, I suppose, in the morning?—'Frequently.'—'And pray what else can you expect from this mode of life, than a relaxed and unstrung system—and, of course, a mind enfeebled, anxious, and disordered? I understand your case. God seems to have qualified me to understand it, by especial dispensations. My natural disposition is gay, volatile, spirited. My nature would never sink. But I have sometimes felt my spirit absorbed in horrible apprehensions without any assignable natural cause. Perhaps it was necessary I should be suffered to feel this, that I might feel for others; for

certainly, no man can have any adequate sympathy with others, who has never thus suffered himself. I can feel for you, therefore, while I tell you that I think the affair with you is chiefly physical. I myself have brought on the same feelings by the same means. I have sat in my study till I have persuaded myself that the ceiling was too low to suffer me to rise and stand upright: and air and exercise alone could remove the impression from my mind.'"

His taking the charge of ST. JOHN'S CHAPEL is the most important event of his Life, as it appears to have been the sphere for which he was peculiarly raised up and prepared by Providence.

The circumstances attending his establishment of a serious and devout congregation in this place, mark the strength and simplicity of his mind; while they may shew the necessity under which such men will sometimes be brought, of acting for themselves, with perfect independence of the whole body of their brethren.

These circumstances he related to me as follows—"When I married, I lived at a small house at Islington, situated in the midst of a garden; for which I paid 14*l.* a year. My annual income was then only 80*l.* and, with this, I had to support myself, my wife, and a servant. I was then, indeed, Minister of St. John's, but I received nothing from the place for several of the earlier years. When I was sent thither, I considered that I was sent to the people of that place and neighbourhood. I thought it my duty, therefore, to adopt system and a style of preaching, which should have a tendency to meet their case. All, which they had heard before, was dry, frigid, and lifeless. A high, haughty, stalking spirit characterised the place. I was thrown among men of the world, men of business, men of reading, and men of thought. I began, therefore, with principles. I preached on the Divine Authority of the Sacred Scriptures. I dissected Saurin's Sermons. I took the sinews and substance of some of our most masterly writers. I preached on such texts as—*If ye believe not Moses and the Prophets, neither will ye believe though one rose from the dead.* I set myself to explain terms and phrases. My chief

object was under-ground work. But what was the consequence of this? An outcry was raised against me throughout the religious world. It was said, that, at other places, I continued to preach the truth; but that, at St. John's, I was sacrificing it to my hearers. Even my brethren, instead of entering into my reasons and plan, lay on their oars. My protectress turned her back on me. I had hesitated, at first, to enter on so great a risk; but, with grandeur of spirit, she told me she would put her fortune on the issue; if any benefit resulted from it, it should be mine, and she would bear me harmless of all loss. She heard me a few times, and then wholly withdrew herself, and even took away her servants. Some of them would now and then steal in; but, as they reported that they got "no food," the report did but strengthen the prejudices of their mistress. She could not enter into my motives. I was obliged to regard her conduct as Huss did that of the man, who was heaping the faggots round him, *O sancte simplicitas!* She could not calculate consequences, and was unmoved even when I placed my conduct in its strongest light—'Can you attribute any but the purest motives to me? Ought not the very circumstances to which I voluntarily subject myself by adhering to the plan you condemn, to gain me some credit for my intentions? Had I preached here, in the manner I preached elsewhere, you know that the place would have been crowded by the religious world. I should then have obtained from it an income of £00*l.* or 300*l.* a year; whereas I now sit down with little or no advantage from it, though I have a family rising up about me. God sent me hither to preach to this people, and to raise a congregation in this place; and I am proceeding in that system and way, which seems to me best adapted under God to meet the states of this people; and, while I am doing this, I bring on myself temporal injury. I can have no possible motive to sacrifice the truth to a few blind pharisees, who will never while I live become my friends.'

"I laboured under this desertion of my friends for a long time: it was about seven years, before affairs began to wear such an aspect, that my protectress and others allowed that matters had

certainly turned out as they could not have foreseen. Several witnesses rose up of undoubted and authentic character, to testify the power of the grace of God. One circumstance will place the prejudice which existed against me in a strong light. A converted Jewess, who had been driven from her father's house on account of her sentiments, and was a woman of great simplicity and devotion, refused to accompany a friend to St. John's, because, as she said, she could not worship there spiritually, and rather chose to spend the afternoon among her friend's books; in which employment, I doubt not, she worshipped God in the spirit, and was accepted of him. For my own satisfaction, I wrote down at large the reasons on which I had formed my conduct, for I was almost driven into my own breast for support and justification. One friend, indeed, stood by me. He saw my plan and entered fully into it; and said such strong things on the subject, as greatly confirmed my own mind. 'The Church of Christ,' said he, 'must sometimes be sacrificed for Christ.' A certain brother preached a Charity Sermon; and in such a style, that he seemed to say to me 'Were I here, you should see how I would do the thing.' What good he did, I know not; but some of the evil I know, as several persons forsook the Chapel, and assigned his sermon as the reason; and others expressed themselves alarmed at the idea of Methodism having crept into the place. It was ill-judged and unkind. He should have entered into my design, or have been silent."

About the middle of July, 1800, Mr. Cecil entered on the Livings of BISLEY and CHOBHAM in Surry. A few weeks after this I visited him with our dear and mutual friend Dr. Fearon.

Here I saw him in a quite different situation from any in which I had seen him before, and was not a little curious to remark the manner in which he would treat a set of plain and homely villagers. Though he was repeatedly in great anguish during the day which we passed with him, yet his mind, in the intervals, was so vigorous and luminous that I have scarcely ever gathered so much from him in an equal time.

On this occasion, among other things which are recorded in

his "Remains," he stated to us his views and feelings respecting his new charge. "Bisley is a rectory. It is completely out of the world. The farmers are all so perfectly untaught, that, when they met me to settle the business of their tythes, there was not one of them able to write. The farmers in these parts are mostly occupiers of their own land. They crowded round me when I first came, and were eager to make bargains with me for the tythe. I told them I was ignorant of such matters, but that I would propose a measure which none of them could object to. The farmers of Bisley should nominate three farmers of Chobham parish; amd whatever those three Chobham farmers should appoint me to receive, that they should pay. This was putting myself into their power indeed, but the one grand point with me was to conciliate their minds, and pave the way for the Gospel in these parishes. And so far it answered my purpose. I had desired the three farmers to throw the weight, in dubious cases, into the farmers' scale. After we had settled the business, one of the three, to convince the Bisley farmers that they had acted in the very spirit of my directions, proposed to find a person who would immediately give them 50l. a year for their bargain with me. This has given them an idea that we act npon high and holy motives."

What a noble trait is this of his upright and disinterested mind! One might almost with confidence predict that such an introduction into his parishes was a presage of great usefulness. A minister has no right to wanton away the support of his family; but, having secured that, whatever sacrifices he may make with such holy motives as these, will be abundantly repaid; probably in the success of his ministry, certainly in his Master's approbation and the peace of his own bosom. Those sacrifices of what may be strictly his due, which a narrow and worldly man will refuse to make though he entail discord and feuds on his parish, will be trifles to the mind of a true Christian Minister. The reader will here recollect the conversation on this subject before recorded.

"I hardly think it likely that a man could have been received

in a more friendly manner than I have been. About 500 people attend at Chobham, and 300 at Bisley. I find I can do any thing with them while I am serious. A baptist preacher had been some where in the neighbourhood before I came. He seems to have been wild and eccentric, and to have planted a prejudice in consequence of this in the people's minds, who appear to have had no other notion of methodism than that it was eccentricity.

"While I am grave and serious they will allow me to say or do any thing. For instance; a few Sundays since it rained so prodigiously hard when I had finished my sermon at B. that I saw it was impracticable for any body to leave the Church. I then told the people that as it was likely to continue for some time, we had better employ ourselves as well as we could, and so I would take up the subject again. I did so; and they listened to me readily for another half-hour, though I had preached to them three quarters of an hour before I had concluded. All this they bear, and think it nothing strange; but one wild brother with one eccentric sermon would do me more mischief than I should be able in many months to cure."

A very strong instance of personal attachment to him occurred soon after he took Chobham. A stranger was observed to attend church every Sunday, and to leave the village immediately after service was over. Every strange face there was a phenomenon, and of course the appearance of this man led to enquiry. He was found to be one of his own people at St. John's—a poor, working man, whom the advantages received under his ministry had so knit to his pastor, that he found himself repaid for a weekly journey of fifty miles. Mr. C. remonstrated with him on the inexpediency and impropriety of thus spending his Sabbath, when the pure word of God might be heard so much nearer home.

But we must approach the closing scene of this great man's life and labours.

No touches need to be added to the affecting picture which Mrs. Cecil has drawn of his gradual descent to the grave. I will only subjoin here some remarks on his VIEWS and FEELINGS

with respect to that Gospel of which he had been so long an eminent and successful Minister.

His VIEWS of Christianity were modified, as has been seen, by his constitution and the circumstances of his life. His dispensation was to meet a particular class of hearers. He was fitted, beyond most men, to assert the reality, dignity, and glory of religion---as contrasted with the vanity, meanness, and glare of the world. This subject he treated like a master. Men of the world felt that they were in the presence of their superior---of one who unmasked their real misery to themselves, and pursued them through all the false refuges of vain and carnal minds.

While this was the principal character of Mr. Cecil's ministry, for years, at that place for which he seems to have been specially prepared; yet he was elsewhere, with equal wisdom, leading experienced Christians forward in their way to heaven: and, latterly, the habit of his own mind and the whole system of his ministry were manifestly ripening in those views which are peculiar to the Gospel.

No man had a more just view of his own ministry than he had; nor could any one more highly value the excellence which he saw in others, though it was of a different class from his own. "I have been lately selecting," he said to me, "some of C——'s Letters for publication. With the utmost difficulty, I have given some little variety. He begins with Jesus Christ, carries Him through, and closes with Him. If a broken leg or arm turns him aside, he seems impatient to dismiss it as an intrusive subject, and to get back again to his topic. I feel, as I read his letters---'Why, you said this in the last sentence! What over and over again! What nothing else! No variety of view! No illustration!' And yet, I confess, that, when I have walked out and my mind has been a good deal exercised on his letters, I have caught a sympathy—'It is one thing, without variety or relief; but this one thing is a TALISMAN!'—I have raised my head—I have trod firmly—my heart has expanded—I have felt wings! Men must not be viewed indiscriminately. To a

certain degree I produce effect in my way, and with my views. The utter ruin and bankruptcy of man is so wrought into my experience, that I handle this subject naturally. Other men may use God's more direct means as naturally as I can use His more indirect and collateral ones. Every man, however, must rather follow than lead his experience; though, to a certain degree, if he finds his habits diverting him from Jesus Christ as the grand, prominent, only feature, he must force himself to chuse such topics as shall lead his mind to Him. I am obliged to subject myself to this discipline. I frequently chuse subjects and enter into my plan, before I discover that the SAVIOUR occupies a part too subordinate: I throw them away, and take up others which point more directly and naturally to Him."

In his last illness, he spoke, with great feeling, on the same subject: "That Christianity may be very sincere, which is not sublime. Let a man read Maclaurin's Sermon on the Cross of Christ, and enter into the subject with taste and relish, what beggary is the world to him! The subject is so high and so glorious, that a man must go out of himself, as it were, to apprehend it. The Apostle had such a view when he said *I count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord.* I remember the time, even after I became really serious in religion, when I could not understand what St. Paul meant—not by setting forth the glory of Christ, but by talking of it in such hyperbolical terms, and always dwelling on the subject: whatever topic he began on, I saw that he could not but glide into the same subject. But I NOW understand why he did so, and wonder no more; for there is no other subject, comparatively, worthy our thoughts, and therefore it is that advanced Christians dwell on little else. I am fully persuaded, that the whole world becomes vain and empty to a man, in proportion as he enters into living views of Jesus Christ."

His FEELINGS on religion, as they respected his *submission to the divine will*, were admirably expressed by himself:—"We are servants, and we must not chuse our station. I am now called to go down very low, but I must not resist. God is

saying to me, 'You have not been doing my work in my way: you have been too hasty. Now sit down, and be content to be a quiet idler: and wait till I give you leave again to go on in your labours'."

In respect to his PERSONAL COMFORT, he had said—"I have attained satisfaction as to my state, by a consciousness of change in my own breast, mixed with a consciousness of integrity.

Two evidences are satisfactory to me:—

1. A consciousness of approving God's plan of government in the Gospel.
2. A consciousness, that, in trouble, I run to God as a child."

These evidences Mr. C. illustrated even in his diseased moments before his death. On that afflicting dispensation I shall not here dwell, as I think nothing can be added to what my friend, his successor, has so well said in the second of his Funeral Sermons, and which Mrs. Cecil has quoted toward the close of her Memoir.

Such was Mr. Cecil. I sincerely regret that some masterly observer did not both enjoy and improve opportunities of delineating a more perfect picture of his great mind. I have, however, faithfully detailed the impressions which his character made on me, during a long course of affectionate admiration of him: nor have I shrunk from intermingling such remarks, as every faithful observer must find occasion to make while he is watching the unfoldings of the best and greatest of men.

CHRISTIAN PARENTS, and particularly CHRISTIAN MOTHERS, may gather from the history and character of our departed friend every possible encouragement to the unwearied care of their children. While St. Austin, Bishop Hall, Richard Hooker, John Newton, Richard Cecil, and many other great and eminent servants of Christ, have left on record their grateful acknowledgments to their pious mothers, as the instruments under the grace and blessing of God, of winning them to himself, let no woman of faith and prayer despair respecting even her most untoward child.

Mr. Cecil's MERE ADMIRERS should feel what a weight of responsibility his ministry and his character have laid them under. They gave him the ear, but he laboured for the heart. They were pleased with the man, but he prayed that they might become displeased with themselves. They would aid him in his schemes, but he was anxious that they should serve his Master. How soon must they meet him at that judgment-seat before which all must appear, to receive according to what they have done in the body whether good or evil!

His SINCERE FRIENDS are called to imitate his example—to follow him as he followed Christ—to live above this vain world—to sacrifice every thing to the honour of Christ and the interests of Eternity—to bear up under pain and weariness and anxiety, leaning on Almighty Strength: till they join him in that world where weakness shall be felt no more!

JOSIAH PRATT.

Facing p. 167

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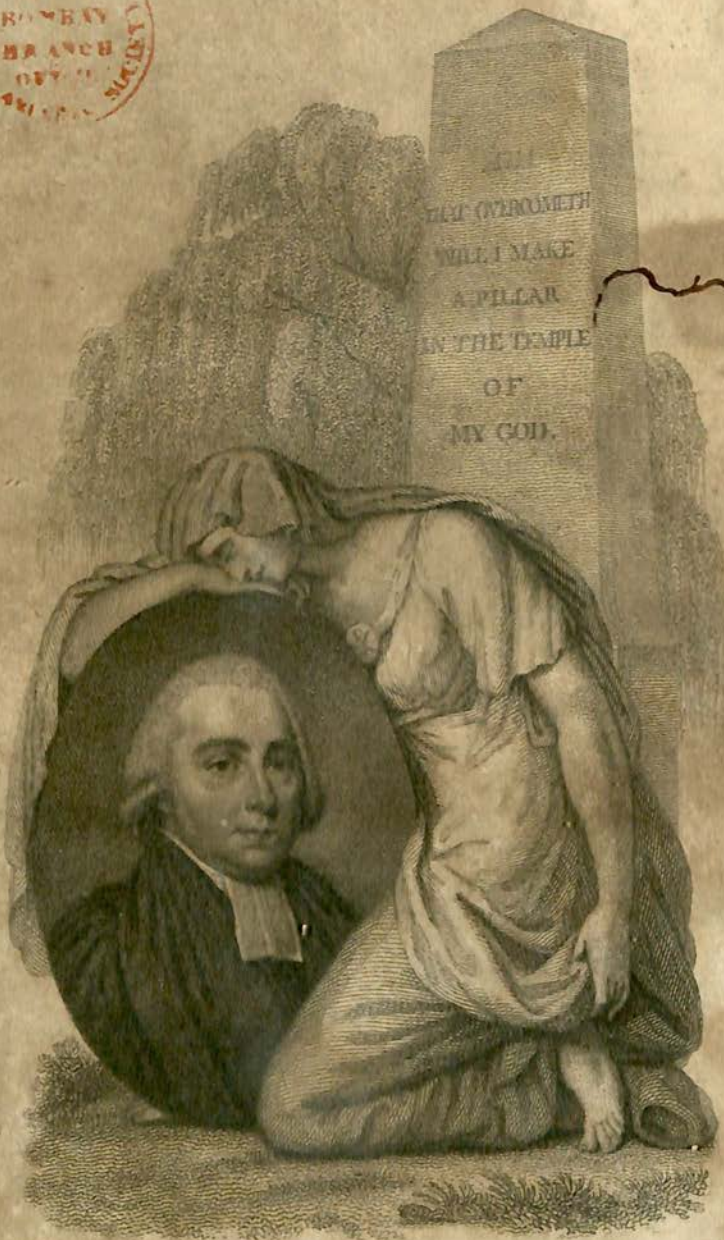

THE HON^BLE. and REV^D. W. B. CADOGAN A.M.

Engraved from a Miniature in the Possession of Mr. Cadogan by J. Collyer

MEMOIRS

OF THE

HONOURABLE AND REVEREND

WILLIAM BROMLEY CADOGAN, M. A.

LATE RECTOR OF ST. LUKE'S, CHELSEA; VICAR OF ST. GILES'S, READING; AND CHAPLAIN TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE LORD CADOGAN.

TO THE

HON. MRS. CADOGAN.

MADAM:

I Know not any one to whom I can present the following Memoirs so properly as to yourself. It was at your pressing request I undertook the relation; and that at a time when, overwhelmed as you were with the recent loss, nothing could be refused by surrounding friends that could meet your wishes, or mitigate your distress.—You have also furnished a great part of the particulars here related.

In endeavouring to execute your commands, I have borne a feeble but faithful testimony—Not to exhibit the excellency of man that is a worm, for wherein is he to be accounted of!—*but* the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus his Lord. *Of the excellency of this knowledge your late Partner was a striking instance. His single aim was,* that Christ might be magnified in his body, whether by life or by death; *and I trust our intention is the same in collecting these Memorials, by which* "HE BEING DEAD YET SPEAKETH."

It only remains for me now to pray in behalf of yourself, and of the affectionate people he has left,

that the deep wound you have lately received (and in which multitudes as well as myself have sympathized) may appear to have proceeded from the hand of that Physician who so often wounds where he intends to heal. I know that you have frequently looked into your Bible, and struggled with your Heart, thus to view the dispensation: and your most intimate friends agree with me in thinking, that your efforts have not been in vain.

That your *path, as well as that of the just man I am about to describe, may be* as the shining light, which shineth more and more unto the perfect day, *is the unfeigned wish and prayer of,*

Madam,

Your faithful and affectionate

Friend and Servant,

RICHARD CECIL.

MEMOIRS,

&c.

THESE Memoirs are drawn up from the scanty materials which the Editor could collect from the disconsolate widow, a few intimate friends of the deceased, and his own observations.

That only a few particulars of so valuable a character can be collected is to be lamented; but the reason seems evident: the life of Mr. CADOGAN, and that of many other laborious ministers, resembles the service of some invaluable domestics in a family. Such bear the burden of the day, and tread the path of their duty over and over again with fidelity and care; but the history of the week is almost the history of their lives. It is thus the faithful labourer in the ministry, who has an appointed station, perseveres in his course: most sedulously employed when least observed. And it often happens that while some, who are doing little to purpose, stun the house with their *bustle*; he, intent on the duties of his station, silently performs the *business*.

Besides which, the man, of whom we are about to speak, was peculiarly uniform.—Almost every enquiry I could make was answered with, "What can we tell more of a man who trod so regularly his course of duty, that the path you found him in to-day, you might be sure of meeting him in to-morrow?" What then am I to say of him? "Why, if you say nothing more, tell the world that the Apostle's words, ONE THING I DO, might serve for his motto, and the text, (with your few incidents) will at least furnish matter for useful remark."

Indeed it will: for though the lives of some eminent men seem but the course of a week repeated, yet steadily to repeat such a week—to persist through *weariness and painfulness and watchings often* with the noblest aim;—to tug up the hill of difficult, laborious, and uniform duty with unwearied perseverance; unrefreshed by variety of road, or intervals of rest:—We must say of such a one, "This was a man." The journal of an itinerant may more forcibly strike the imagination, and furnish larger scope for the biographer, but will not furnish a stronger instance of good-will to men, or of piety towards God.

> .....His state
> Is kingly. Thousands at his bidding speed,
> And post o'er land and ocean without rest:
> *They* also serve who only stand and wait.
>
> MILTON.

The Honourable and Reverend W. B. CADOGAN was the second son of the present Lord Cadogan, who succeeded to the title 1776. His Lordship married, 1747, the Honourable Frances Bromley, only daughter of the late Lord Montfort. They had six sons by this marriage; CHARLES HENRY, who is now living, and who was early introduced into the army. WILLIAM BROMLEY;—THOMAS, brought up to the navy, and Captain of the Glorieux, a seventy-four gun ship, in which he perished by a hurricane in the West Indies, 1779;—GEORGE, an Adjutant-General in the service of the East India Company, and who was killed by a random shot from our lines while we was reconnoitring;—EDWARD, a Captain in the army, who died at St. Lucia, 1781, of a fever;—and HENRY WILLIAM, who died a youth.

Mr. CADOGAN, the subject of this memoir, was born January 22, 1751, at the family town residence in Bruton-street, now inhabited by Lord Roseberry. It was his privilege to have a grandmother and a mother who were both piously disposed, and who instructed him from his infancy in the Holy Scriptures. It is reported by a Mrs. Legge, who was at that time frequently employed in the family, that she heard him read the English Bible into French, and the French Bible again into English, when not more than six years of age. Mrs. Cadogan adds, that while a child he had

gotten by heart the 139th Psalm, which he used to repeat with peculiar satisfaction in later life.

Mr. C. was placed at Westminster School, July 7, 1757. There he distinguished himself by obtaining several prizes, and was for some time what is termed captain of the school. It appears also that he thought seriously at school of the scriptural instruction he had received at home.

I am persuaded, from the impressions made by a pious mother on my own mind, when a child, but which were studiously concealed, as well as from the early impressions of my friend, that very few parents sufficiently *aim*, or sufficiently *hope*, in their religious endeavours with their children.

Mrs. Cadogan (whose information coming immediately from her husband, I can best depend upon) mentions that his religious impressions were strengthened by his sometimes attending a clergyman of eminence in the neighbourhood, to whose ministry he had been led by a Mr. S—, then his school-fellow, and afterwards his curate. Also that our young scholar received many friendly attentions from a Mr. and Mrs. B—, who lived near Westminster School, and who endeavoured to impress upon his mind the nature and importance of vital godliness; a principle which no man possesses, but he desires to communicate it.

Mr. C's. designation to the Church also appears to have originated in part from his own choice,

and that from religious motives, at an early period, as I gather from the following anecdote.

His father took him one day to visit Dr. Ewer, Bishop of Bangor; and after mentioning to the Bishop his son's wish to be a clergyman, he requested his Lordship to give him some general advice: before the Bishop could reply, Mrs. Ewer, who sat with them, said, "Sir, your early and particular inclination for holy orders leads me to hope that YOUR's is a real call of the Holy Ghost to take upon you this office." It is not improbable that something in Mr. C.'s behaviour might lead Mrs. Ewer to make the remark: the effect, however, of her unexpected address, he said, he should never forget.

In the year 1769 Mr. C. left Westminster to enter at Christ Church, Oxford. I can procure but little information respecting this period of his history. It is reported that he was considered as one of the first scholars in his college; and it is certain that he received different sets of books, as prizes in literary contests: that he was the reverse of those who are properly termed *loungers* at the University, I have full evidence; for, besides what appeared in his ministry, his private papers are a strong proof of his early industry.

When Mrs. Cadogan imposed this task upon me, she opened his 'scrutoire, in order to examine if he had left any thing that it might be proper to add to what had been already printed; and I

confess I was surprised at the quantity of paper covered with his university studies. These occupied much room, besides that which contained a great number of written sermons, and what are called skeletons of sermons, as he, latterly, did not *read* his discourses.

When I say I was surprised at this, it was not so much from observing how greatly his character had differed from that of many, who go to universities merely as a necessary introduction into a particular profession, and pay little regard to the other advantages which such seminaries afford; but because, after a long intimacy with him, I had remarked his indisposition to converse on those branches of science which I now found he had so laboriously cultivated. I had imputed the indisposition rather to his having never deeply pursued such subjects, than to what I afterwards found to be the real motive, namely, a habitual delight in, and eager pursuit after sublimer objects; for latterly he counted all things *but* as *dross for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus* his *Lord.*

The serious reader, however, will naturally wish, by this time, to be informed of the rise and progress of this his higher aim.

It has been hinted, that, while at Westminster School, he sometimes attended the ministry of a zealous clergyman at the west end of the town; and even before this, he had seriously discoursed

with his mother concerning the way of salvation. His mind seemed to be early interested upon the subject; and, probably from what he had heard from the pulpit, some of the leading truths of the Gospel had taken root therein. For truth, like seed sown in the earth, will often lie long buried, when it has not perished. Certain it is, that while at Oxford his religious impressions became more deep and lasting. He here suffered very severe conflicts between his own convictions and those impediments which arose from connections in which he was necessarily involved. Thus agitated in his mind, he sought a refuge in retirement, and in the study of his Bible: many sleepless nights did he spend on this account; and, as I am assured, often watered his couch with his tears.

While he reverenced religion, too many of those with whom he was at that time connected despised it: such authors, therefore, as he knew to be worthy of his highest regard, but were misunderstood and rejected by his acquaintance, he was careful should not be lettered on the back; for even at this period it appears that he understood and felt more than he had courage to acknowledge.

An anecdote, which Mr. C. told to his worthy curate Mr. Robinson, will shew at once the natural irritability of his temper, and that the zeal he then had was not *according to knowledge*. He

was dining in college with his friend the Rev. Mr. S—, and was debating with him on some of the peculiar doctrines of Christianity: he was then an opposer of truths, which he afterwards as faithfully preached; but which he so little understood at that time, as to finish the debate by throwing the salt-cellar into the face of his opponent.

It would be well if some who are as raw in these matters *now* as he was then, and who are full as disposed to throw a little salt, and with as little reason, would profit by this anecdote. For while prejudice and passion are wont to decide with a fling and a dash, and think to settle important questions with only hard names and invidious reflections, "Truth," as one observes, "is "is the daughter of silence, of unbroken meditations, and of thoughts often revised and corrected." A wise man, therefore, will know the reason he has to be a learner as long as he lives. And if many have been *ever learning, and* yet *never able to come to the knowledge of the truth*, it has partly been because, like our brother, they took it for granted that they were in full possession of it already.

In the year 1774 Mr. C. was presented (though not yet ordained) to the living of St. Giles's, Reading. It was more than a twelvemonth before he was capable of holding it; but *nullum tempus occurrit regi*, and therefore no lapse was incurred.

The manner of his obtaining this living was so singular, that, though unimportant, I cannot help relating it as I heard it from Mrs. Cadogan.

Earl Bathurst was at that time Chancellor, and used to dress so very plain, that those who did not know his person, could have no suspicion of his rank in life. When the living of St. Giles's became vacant, the Chancellor called one morning upon the present Lord Cadogan, (then Mr. Cadogan) at his house in London. Being informed that Mr. Cadogan was not at home, he desired to leave a line for him. The servants kept him in the hall while he wrote a note, politely expressing his intention of presenting Mr. Cadogan's son, who he had heard was intended for orders, to the living of St. Giles's, as being near the family seat. The note being brought to Mr. Cadogan, he opened it with surprise, and inquired of his servants how it came to be written on such dirty paper? They said they had given the first piece which presented itself to a man who called, and wished to leave his business."—Do you know, replied he in vexation, that that man is the Lord High Chancellor of England? It is needless to say that the servants were thunderstruck, and that every proper apology and acknowledgment were immediately made to the Chancellor.

The living of St. Luke's, Chelsea, becoming vacant in the year 1775, and being in the gift of the family by the late Lord Cadogan's marriage with

the daughter of Sir Hans Sloane, Mr. C. was presented at the age of twenty-four, and came to reside the next year. No rector having resided at the parsonage-house for ten years before, it was greatly out of repair. Mr. C. being encouraged to expect peculiar assistance, began an extensive repair. That it was his intention to reside principally at Chelsea is evident from his expending above 800*l.* in repairing the parsonage-house; but meeting with a disappointment where he had least reason to expect one, he found it necessary to let the house for several years, and make Reading his principal residence.

A friend, who knew him from his first coming to Chelsea, has sent me the following account. "Mr. C. not only laboured hard to instruct and reform his parish, but wished to know every person in it: the most miserable cottage was not neglected. He exhorted them all to come to church, and live like Christians. Where he found children unbaptised, he urged their parents to bring them, that they might be initiated into the Church. He was very attentive to the charity schools, and was for some years their principal manager. He gave notice that he should publicly catechise the children; and, in order that they might understand the meaning of what they repeated, he delivered extemporary lectures upon the Catechism on Wednesdays and Fridays; which custom he retained to the last year of his life. These lectures

he so adapted, as to edify persons of all ages as well as the children.

"The same year he engaged the charity children to attend, giving them Bibles and Prayer Books: during the winter, he gave meat and broth to the poor; and, to prevent their continuing in total ignorance of religion, he insisted upon their first saying the Lord's Prayer, or engaging to learn it against the next time they came. He did not leave the sick to be visited by his curate only, but made it a rule to go often himself. The attention he shewed to a poor woman who laboured under a most melancholy and offensive disorder, will never be forgotten by the writer of this letter, who was a witness to the frequency of his visits to this miserable object. He as generously relieved her temporal wants while he afforded her spiritual relief, till she departed in peace."

By another letter, which I received from Mrs. Cadogan, I learn as follows. "In the years 1775 and 1776, he used to rise at five o'clock of a Sunday morning, and go with his servant about the parish to observe what shops were open; and wherever he found such, after reproving and instructing the owners, he threatened to prosecute them if they offended in future. Several, disregarding his admonitions, were fined; and some of them threatened to murder him, but he pursued his course without fear. Hearing

that a servant of the late Dr. Thomas, Bishop of Winchester, encouraged this traffic on the Sabbath, he went immediately and informed the Bishop of it, who reproved the servant severely, and threatened to part with him if he offended again. By such perseverance this scandalous custom was in a considerable degree repressed."

His zeal also appears from his conduct towards a set of ringers, who used to begin their entertainment early on a Sunday morning. He took his Bible, went up into the belfry, and told them that as some *serious* and some *sick* persons in the parish might find their ringing at such an unseasonable time a great disturbance, he was come to make their early rising more profitable: then opening the Bible, he expounded some suitable scripture for a considerable time. Both the ringing, however, and the expounding ended on that occasion, for the ringers came no more.

Finding the church at Chelsea small and inconvenient for so large a parish, and in a decayed state, he made, as he informed me, a very advantageous proposal for rebuilding it, and thereby assisting hundreds of his parishioners who were prevented from attending at church for want of accommodation. He could not, however, awaken the same zeal in his parish, and accordingly his proposal was rejected.

There are too many places in which any little, dark, damp, and dirty dungeon must continue

to serve for a House of God: for assessments are high, and money cannot now be easily raised, except for—a house of amusement!

While, therefore, our Brother had yet much to learn, and was greatly shackled in his religious pursuits by his worldly connexions, yet such is the light and energy of truth, though shorn of its beams, that he was the instrument of doing good in various ways, and even of awakening some persons who lived in ignorance and carelessness before he came. One instance of which appears in a Mrs. S—, whom he was induced to visit on her requesting by a note the prayers of the congregation. She lay dangerously ill of a rheumatic fever when he called on her: her friends, however, were so prejudiced against his zeal, or fearful lest he should disturb her mind, that they would not at first admit him to her apartment: but being at length admitted, his visits were so useful to her, that she became an exemplary Christian, and is now living at Chelsea as one of the first, and one of the most authentic seals of his ministry.

Those who have attained to clearer views of evangelical truth than Mr. C. then had, may learn from such facts, not to *despise the day of small things*, in an honest man; nor to pronounce hastily on the inefficacy of a teacher of some important truths, because he is not yet made acquainted with all, or does not express them in a

better way. Every man is too fond of his own peculiarities, not considering that, as in nature, so in grace, it is the vigour of life, and not the singularity of feature, that constitutes the healthy and efficient man; and that "Grace," as an old writer expresses it, "can live where we cannot."

At Chelsea, however, Mr. C. was not popular, after the novelty of his coming as the son of Lord Cadogan ceased. The train of coaches that first attended his church soon drew off, and the parish in general did not choose to be disturbed.

No man naturally loves plain scriptural truth plainly delivered: it is directed against his idol, *Self;* and there is also a *strong man, armed,* seeking to *keep his goods in peace,* and fortifying them with prejudices. Till a stronger, therefore, comes, and spoils him of the armour in which he trusted, and enables the captive to commence a determined quarrel with the grand idol and the usurper, there will be a determined quarrel with the zealous preacher who exposes both. It may be added, that the call to *Turn and Live,* will be least welcome in the environs of a great Metropolis, where men retire to enjoy themselves, as they term it; i. e. to say to their souls, *Soul, thou hast much goods laid up for many years, eat, drink, and be merry.* They have, indeed, a gracious invitation to the feast of the Gospel; but they have *bought a piece of ground,* and therefore they cannot come.

Besides which, Mr. C. had not yet fully learned himself, what he afterwards so ably taught to others, that though outward reformation should be attempted in every parish, it is, if alone, but washing the *outside of the cup and platter.* Nor had he yet attained the true secret of producing those fruits of righteousness on which he so strongly insisted. Let us hear from the last sermon he printed, his matured judgment on this point. "Whoever would have fruit, must first plant the tree which is to bear it; and whoever would have the world filled with the fruits of righteousness, must take care to be a preacher of that righteousness which is to produce them." The design of GOD is evidently to honour His Son, as the light of the Gentiles, and the foundation, as well as the builder of their Church. *Even he shall build the temple of the Lord, and he shall bear the glory:* Zech. vi. 13. and till men bow to this plan, they must labour in the fire at real reformation.

One more remark on our brother in this state of his progress: while he *reasoned of righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come,* he is said to have done it in too harsh a tone. He had light enough to perceive that men were far gone from GOD, but he had not himself sufficiently tasted the sweetness of that dispensation of mercy which furnishes the strongest argument for bringing them back again. There is a hard, dry, and repelling mode of reproof, which tends rather to *shut up*

the heart than to *open* it. The tempest may roar and point its hail-shot at the traveller; but he will rather wrap himself closer in his cloak than quit it, till the sun breaks out again.

Let us now accompany him to the scene of his greatest usefulness, and which was, for some years before he died, his principal residence.

Previously to the coming of Mr. C, St. Giles's at Reading had, for a few years, been favoured with a minister of high respectability and distinguished piety, in the Rev. William Talbot. His faithful labours had been blessed with success, and his ministry was attended by a large and devout congregation. The Rev. John Hallward, the present worthy Vicar of Assingdon in Suffolk, was his Curate, having been ordained from Oxford, and licensed upon this title;—a man of the same spirit and views as the Vicar, and who, like him, lived in the hearts of a numerous people. He was called to the mournful office of attending his brother and fellow-labourer to his grave, in the year 1774; was continued in the curacy by the churchwardens under the sequestration occasioned by Mr. C.'s minority; and ordained priest during that period upon the same title, which was readily accepted by the Bishop.

When Mr. C. came to Reading to reside, Lord Cadogan, his father, at that time lived at Caversham, about a mile from Reading. The house is a conspicuous object on the right hand of the Bath

road, going from London; but was sold some years ago by his Lordship, who has resided since at Downham in Suffolk.

Mr. C. spent much of his time at this family seat; and as he had deeply considered the importance of his ministerial work, he was much engaged in preparation for it. His late curate Mr. Robinson tells me, that, when walking with him in Caversham library, he heard him relate how great a part of his leisure had been devoted in that room to religious exercises, and particularly in reading the Scriptures upon his knees. He took down a Bible from one of the shelves in which he had written much, and shewing it to Mr. R. he said, "Thus I spent my time here, while I was despised both by the world and by the church."

Succeeding such a man as Mr. Talbot, and possessing so much integrity, zeal, and general knowledge of Christianity, it might naturally be expected that Mr. C. would feel himself peculiarly happy in retaining a Curate who was at once, so beloved by the people, so useful in his ministry, and of so unblemished a reputation: the Reader, however, may well be surprised to find, that one of the first steps taken by the new Vicar was the dismission of Mr. Hallward. Not that any charge was brought against him: no reason was asked, nor any assigned to him for this dismission; but that Mr. C. intended to do the duty of the parish himself, and had no further occasion for his

services. And this extraordinary step Mr. C. took with so much determination, that, when a considerable number of the most respectable among his parishioners joined in a petition for Mr. Hallward's continuance, he would not so much as read it, but returned it immediately to the churchwardens who presented it.

But, strange as this step might appear to others, it was perfectly understood by the parties concerned. Mr. C. considered Mr. Hallward as a zealot of a certain description;—a Methodist, with whom it was improper to form a connection; and meant to choose a Curate less objectionable to himself: accordingly, he would listen to no proposals respecting his continuance.

Here it may be proper to stop, and examine how far Mr. Hallward justly merited this reproach under which he suffered; and, of consequence, how far Mr. C. was right in dismissing him. And though a full explanation of this matter will detain the reader for a few pages, yet it may help him to form a just estimation of Mr. C.'s character, when he and Mr. Hallward became united in sentiment.

There are two notions annexed to the term METHODIST, in which all others seem to be included. The first of these notions is the more general and accepted one; and, under this, it signifies any man who is more earnest and active about the salvation which is in CHRIST JESUS than

his neighbour. Such an one being a character distinguished from the world, the world has always had a name to mark this peculiarity of character. There was a time in which the term CHRISTIAN was a name of infamy; but when this term no longer distinguished the true follower of CHRIST from the world called Christian, malice or accident produced some new term of distinction, such as that of Wickliffite, Lollard, &c. &c. among us.

METHODIST, however, is the present term for one who has too much vital and practical Christianity for the bulk of professed Christians, and of course for the world at large; and I shall affirm without fear, that whatever be the rank, talents, and general respectability of such an one—however steady and consistent his attachment and conformity to the Established Church—however free from eccentricity and irregularity in his walk—yet let him be in *earnest* and in *action* as a Christian, and he shall be a proof of my remark:

Fœnum habet in cornu, longè fuge ——

Some, indeed, have thought, that by a nice adjustment of their phrases, habits, and connections, they might maintain the *truth*, and yet escape the *term*. I pity from my heart an honest man making such fruitless attempts. He is another Sisyphus*.—He may be wise, but he is not wise

* *Optat supremo collocare Sisyphus*
In monte saxum: sed vetant leges Jovis. HOR.

enough: he does not see, that so far as *he is of the world, the world will love its own,* and no further. Must he, however, from conscience enter his protest?—Let him do it in God's name; but let him know that so far as he does it *in simplicity and godly sincerity*, the world will come forward with theirs.

The reader, however, may be ready to doubt the truth of this statement:—he may be surprised to hear that the world is so ready to brand the real spirit of Christianity with a term of reproach, and treat it as the *reverie* of a particular sect. Time and observation will, perhaps, relieve him under these doubts: in the mean time, the following anecdote, from a witness who cannot be suspected, will prove that I have ground for my assertion.

Dr. Johnson tells us in his life of GILBERT WEST, that he and Lord Lyttelton "had for a while listened to the blandishments of infidelity; and when West's book* was published, it was bought by some who did not know his change of opinion, in expectation of new objections against Christianity; and, as infidels do not want malignity, they revenged the disappointment by *calling him a Methodist.*"

I could mention similar instances which occurred while I was at Oxford, on my appealing to the character and writings of the late Bishop

* On the Resurrection.

Horne, then president of Magdalen; and one directly in point, relating to a Prelate, which I omit merely from motives of delicacy to a living and exalted character. It is, however, curious to remark, that while Mr. C. was thus branding Mr. Hallward at Reading, his own zeal and integrity had already earned for himself the same reproach at Chelsea.

But proofs, which might easily be multiplied, are unnecessary to every man of long and impartial observation; for who, that is acquainted with such characters as Luther, Wickliffe, Latimer, Leighton, &c. &c. can doubt for a moment as to what name would be imposed upon them, were they living among us?

Now if we look at this term in such a vague, vulgar, and invidious application of it, then Mr. Hallward certainly was, and is, a strict Methodist: so was his late Vicar Mr. Talbot: and so, most unequivocally, became the new Vicar who dismissed him: and so I earnestly pray GOD the Writer of these Memoirs may live and die. To use the language of a late celebrated political writer*, "In every accident which may happen through life, in pain, in sorrow, in depression, and distress, I will call to mind this accusation and be comforted."

But I shall be reminded that I mentioned

* Mr. Burke.

another general and accepted sense of the term Methodism, and this is certainly a more *determinate* one. There is a numerous body of people, whose zeal for the propagation of Christianity is not connected with any particular regard to the order and discipline observed by the Church of England, nor even that of the regular Protestant Dissenters. After the example of their first leaders, the *place* or the *form* seems alike indifferent unto them: nor are they much concerned whether the preacher have a competent share of learning to fit him for his office or not; or whether he be regularly ordained to it. Regardless of denomination, and too often of decorum, the *hic labor* and *hoc opus* with them is, to exhibit Christianity in its peculiar doctrines and powerful effects. This has led a learned and ingenious writer of our own Church to define Methodism, as, "Christian godliness, without Christian order*."

The *method* which gave them their name being so lax and immethodical, it might naturally be expected that their zeal would be mixed with enthusiasm, and their efforts debased by extravagance. Where every man may preach that is disposed, raw and desperate Adventurers will intrude; noise will too often be substituted for sense; and a levity bordering upon buffoonery admitted, which must bring Scandal, not only

* Life of Dr. Horne, page 156.

upon the sect, but in some degree upon Christianity itself. It may be added, that, as this sect has obtained weight by its numbers, unprincipled men have come forward to act a part in it; and ambitious men are aiming to employ its influence in accomplishing their secular designs.

Nothing, however, but ignorance or malice would stop here, in giving an account of these people. With all the disadvantages and abuses which attach to their method, they have laboured and not fainted in planting the Gospel among the poor; and that with surprising success, even in the most dark and profligate places. They have exerted themselves in relieving their bodily, as well as spiritual wants. They have extended their endeavours to barbarous regions; and multitudes of genuine Christians could attest, that whatever they have since attained to in Christianity, and under whatever denomination of it they now proceed, they owe their first serious impressions to the labours of these men; many of whom have not only possessed considerable abilities and information, but also apostolic zeal and disinterestedness.

This I believe is a fair statement; but if the reader doubts it, I will tell him that discerning and impartial writers, whose views are the most opposite to those of the people we are considering, agree with me in thinking that the little assemblies of these people, (especially in their rise) are a

representation of Primitive Christianity itself.* Also that from such a mean and despised origin, reformation and happiness have at length been diffused through a whole district.† Should any one take pleasure in recounting the tares only, which have afterwards sprung up with the wheat, we can only pity his malignancy, and reply, *An enemy hath done this*;—and another enemy rejoices at the mischief.

But to return from this digression.—Whatever is to be thought of this description of people, certain it is, that Mr. Hallward was not one of *them*. To dismiss him as a Methodist, in this latter and determinate sense, because he held with these people the necessity of vital Godliness, was to make as gross a mistake as to dismiss him for being a Papist, because he held the doctrine of the

* "After men became Christians, much of their time was spent in prayer and devotion, in religious meetings, in celebrating the eucharist, in conferences, in exhortations, in preaching, in an affectionate intercourse with one another, and correspondence with other societies. Perhaps their mode of life in its form and habit was not very unlike the Unitas Fratrum, or of modern Methodists."

Paley's Evidences, Vol. I. page 38.

† "I am acquainted with no place the manners of whose inhabitants are so unexceptionable (as far at least as a stranger is enabled to judge of them) as Amlwch: and the favourable opinion which I was led to entertain of them in visiting the town last year, is confirmed by what I have observed at present. Not a single instance have I known of drunkenness; not one quarrel have I witnessed during two very crowded market-days, and one of them a day of unusual indulgence, that I passed at this place: and I believe no gaol, or bridewell, or house of confinement, exists in the town or neighbourhood. Most of the miners are *Methodists*, and to the prevalence of this religious sect is chiefly to be attributed the good order that is so conspicuous."

Aikin's Tour through North Wales, page 148.

Trinity. Both in principle and practice he was and is *strictly*, and *only* a conscientious minister of the Church of England; faithfully fulfilling the engagements he had entered into before GOD and the Bishop, and preaching those doctrines, and no other, which he had been called to subscribe at his ordination. How, therefore, it may be asked, could such an orthodox and zealous man as Mr. C. so strongly misapprehend the character of Mr. Hallward, and so rashly dismiss him?

I answer, 1. Mr. C. was a *young* man; and what young man of spirit is not ready to take rash steps, not suspecting at all (what is almost always the case) that in one respect or other, a *rash* step is a *wrong* one?

About the same time Mr. Wesley, hearing of his zeal, presented Mr. C. with all his works, which he burnt in his kitchen as soon as he received them; saying, he was determined to form his opinions from the Bible alone. We cannot but commend his zeal for the Scriptures, and also his refusing to take Mr. Wesley as their interpreter: but surely his immediately consigning so many volumes, without distinction, to the flames, savoured of rashness.

2. Old prejudices, kept alive by *new reports*, are not easily shaken off, even by good men. He listened, where he ought to have suspected; and he suspected, where he ought to have examined. The aspect and common repute of a thing weighs

far more with the generality of mankind than its real nature. The time is not very remote, when to have called some poor old cripple a *Witch*, or some holy reformer a *Heretic*, would have been the signal for roasting them alive.

3. The man of greatest attainments must have his *Novitiate*. Mr. C.'s religious knowledge and experience were then in the *blade*, though advancing to the *full ear:* in this progress he learned to distinguish, between a man who is under reproach, and a man who *deserves* it. This plainly appeared when he wrote to Mr. Hallward, acknowledging his error, and entreating him to return: and when he not only knew the truth as it is in JESUS, and saw the inevitable consequence of bearing a faithful testimony to it, but magnanimously esteemed *this reproach of Christ* as his greatest honour.

But what my friend knew and felt of religion, in beginning his great work at Reading, he honestly declared: and what he knew and felt was more than some good men in his parish suspected, who thought they knew a great deal. A few of these (I hope but a few) became stumbling-blocks in his progress: they remarked upon his mistakes without modesty or respect: and some even presumed to admonish him in his way from church. They had not yet so learned CHRIST themselves, as to imitate his meekness, and his wise *treatment* of men in critical and delicate circumstances.

I put this down for the benefit of those injudi-

cious, though often well-meaning persons, who are so zealous to establish the distinguishing doctrines of the Gospel, that they will often attempt to set them up upon the ruins of common decency and good sense. The reader will not be surprised to hear, what Mr. C. often declared, that such reproofs, or rather *reproaches*, considerably retarded his improvement, and kept alive his prejudices.

For, though at this period Mr. C. was seeking after truth by earnest prayer, diligent study of the Scriptures, and also of such authors as could assist him in his pursuit; yet he had still much to learn, and had mighty impediments in his way. He was the son of a Nobleman then in office and court-favour—his eye had been directed to the worldly prospects which lay directly before him —he had been educated in prejudices against that renunciation of both sinful and righteous *self*, and that determination to glory only in the cross of our LORD JESUS CHRIST, to which the SPIRIT of Truth was conducting him. He had also a natural hauteur, and sturdiness of mind; the *aspect* of which he never quite lost, when the principle itself was corrected:—and, strictly speaking, he had not at this time near him a *real*, i. e. an enlighted friend. To which may be added, that persons who, like Mr. C. have acquired from their education a quick sense of what belongs to decorum and good manners, receive a shock at a conduct like that above mentioned, which others can

scarcely conceive. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that he had at this time the strongest conflicts between the dictates of his conscience and the influence of his habits and circumstances.

Let not those who are removed from circumstances so distinct from ordinary life, say what *he* should have done more, or proudly imagine what *they* could have done better; but rather admire the grace of Him, who, in His own time and way, *hath done all things well.*

But, to return. If a few became impediments in the way of his progress, whose hearts, we hope, were better than their heads, and who were therefore utterly unfit to treat a case like his; Providence, which never wants instruments suited to its purposes, had prepared for him the *Friend*, the *Guide*, and the *Example* he so much needed.

This friend was Mrs. Talbot, the widow of the late Vicar. To the authority of her years, was added that of a pure and fervent piety, joined with the *meekness of wisdom*: she was sensible, polite, tender, and every way fitted to treat a person in his circumstances. Upon the death of her husband, she used the influence she had with his people in comforting and directing them under their distress. She exhorted them to take no hasty steps, but to wait patiently for GOD, who alone could raise them up another faithful minister; and to join with her in prayer continually for that blessing.

As *one sinner destroyeth much good*, so it is seldom believed what extensive good one steady, humble, consistent Christian may effect, who can yield to GOD that *time* and *trust*, in the path of duty, which he so justly claims; *for them that honour* Him he *will honour*.

Mr. C.'s acquaintance with Mrs. Talbot was the hinge upon which his future usefulness turned, as the following extract from the sermon he preached at her funeral will evince: and to which the reader is referred for a further account of that extraordinary woman.

"I felt particular reasons for saying so much of Mrs. Talbot in a place where the Great Head of the Church had made her an instrument of so much good, by her prayers, her advice, and her example. Being dead, she yet speaketh.

"I conceive it to be but a just tribute to her memory; considering her, not only as the best friend I ever had in my life; but as a mother to me in love, in every good office, and in continual prayers for my person and ministry:—considering her as the common friend and parent of the church of GOD committed to my care.—She was a widow indeed, and desolate, but she trusted in GOD, and continued in supplication and prayers night and day: appearances were against her, but *she believed:* she prayed for what she believed GOD was able to perform: she waited GOD's time for the

performance of what she prayed for; and, my brethren, is the LORD's work revived in this place? Are my labours owned and approved among you? Be sure to give all the glory to GOD alone—be sure also to remember that, among other means employed for the establishment of this ministry, were her light shining before me, and her prayers poured forth in secret before the throne of grace. —The love of CHRIST constrained her to take this active part for you and me, and qualified her to be a Mother in Israel.—Her long experience made her wise in the things of GOD, by which she could warn the unruly, comfort the feeble minded, support the weak, and teach the ignorant, with a sweetness of temper and meekness of spirit, quite peculiar to herself."

The truth is, Mrs. Talbot saw, upon Mr. C's. first coming to Reading, that he was a very different character from such as have no other notion of their ministry than that of a mere *profession*, which, like the Physician's or Lawyer's, should be turned to the greatest worldly advantage. She observed in him a serious *aim* to do good, though he had but a very imperfect knowledge of the *means*. She declared afterwards, that, when he first came to her house to examine Mr. Talbot's books, with the intention of selecting such as suited him, she perceived something superior and interesting in his conversation, and which made

her, from that moment, resolve to bear with his defects, and endeavour to draw out and cultivate his excellencies.

He had, indeed, quitted his academical studies for that of the Bible; but, though he was *digging in the field*, he had not as yet discovered all the *Treasure*. There were aspects under which he had never yet viewed the religion of JESUS:—there were humbling acknowledgments of heart, of which, hitherto, he had not *sat down and counted the cost:* there was a life of absolute dependence upon CHRIST for wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption, which it is the most difficult of all sciences experimentally to learn:—and there was a people in his parish which he did not yet *know;* and therefore he as greatly misapprehended *their* real character as they did *his*.

For Mr. C. like too many more, had associated with his idea of their evangelical religion that of the vulgar habits and fanatical weaknesses of some who profess (and sometimes do no more than profess) to embrace it. Persons, who have not the early advantages of Mr. C. and Mrs. Talbot, often attain to true piety, though they cannot so well express or embellish it. But it is the philosopher who also becomes vulgar, when he cannot, or will not, make the distinction*.

* I am happy, however, that I can name a Philosopher, even of the present day, superior to such prejudices: and whose zeal and ability in defence of *real* Christianity are above praise. He remarks on this point,

On the contrary, while Mrs. T. was discoursing with him on the nature of the Gospel, he saw in her the *power* of it: while she enlarged on the doctrine of the cross, he saw in her its healing and comforting *efficacy* on the heart and life: she spake much of the *true Vine*, while he recognised the *living branch* and its fruit; and beheld with irresistible conviction, in her character, *the doctrine* which is *according to godliness.*

Puzzled, therefore, as this honest enquirer had been with the *rough draught* of Christianity, he was charmed with the *finished portrait.* Her judicious treatment, elegant manners, and bright example, formed both a contrast and an antidote to the rudeness he had met with in others: and this should teach us to set a due value upon any talent, natural or acquired, which divine grace employs; though we ourselves happen not to possess it, and though every talent *without* that grace must be employed in vain.

But, thus accomplished and thus assisted, Mrs. Talbot, like the woman in the parable, not only lighted a candle, but swept the house, brought out this piece of sterling value, and, removing the

that though the poor "may express themselves ill, their views may be simple, and their hearts humble, penitent, and sincere. It is as in other cases: the vulgar are the subjects of phenomena, the learned explain them: the former know nothing of the theory of vision or of sentiment; but this ignorance hinders not that they see and think; and, though unable to discourse elaborately on the passions, they can feel warmly for their children, their friends, and their country.

See Mr. Wilberforce's Practical View, page 129.

rust, gave a currency to its worth. Like another *Priscilla*, she often engaged this Apollos at her house, and taught him the way of GOD more perfectly. She saw him, like the noble Ethiopian going on his way, diligently reading the Scriptures; and, justly contemplating the importance of his station, ran to join herself to his chariot: while he, intent to learn their true meaning, stood still to hear; and, having received the truth as GOD was pleased to teach it, he afterwards went on his way rejoicing.

In order to teach, every man must first stoop to *learn;* and to learn, perhaps, from a teacher, who, on every other subject besides that in question, knows much less than himself.

Let the reader stop here to remark, what real Christianity would do, both for ministers and parishioners, were they, like Mr. C. and Mrs. Talbot, under its actual influence: then let him contrast it with the contrary spirit, observable in those parishes, where the minister and the people become at once the scorn and the scourge of each other.

The dawn was now past, and the coming on of a bright day cheered those who had feared and mourned through a night, which the death of their late pastor had brought on. And, as *all things work together for good to them that love God*, I am informed, that it was no small benefit to Mr. C. to observe the difference

between the character of the pious curate he had dismissed, and that of the careless one he had taken into his place.—When *reasoning* upon religious truths will not convince men, GOD often in mercy makes them hear, and feel too, by FACTS.

From this period, to the end of his course, we are to consider Mr. C. in a new point of view: but if the Reader, from a slight acquaintance with this subject, does not yet clearly perceive in what the difference between the former and latter character of Mr. C. consisted, I will endeavour more expressly to inform him.

I learn from his own declarations, as well as from the testimony of those who knew him early, that it cannot so properly be affirmed of our brother, that he had taken up any new *doctrines*, as that he now held these old doctrines in a new *way*. Like some others, who have cordially subscribed our truly evangelical articles, he at all times would have contended earnestly for them, as opposed to the heresies which in one form or other have ever assaulted the Church: "stiff in the letter, but lax in the design," he would have fought for the principles, while he banished those who preached under their influence.—To hold them as articles of the Church, was *orthodoxy**:

* I cannot help remarking here, a capital error in a *modern* sort of orthodoxy. Congregations who assent to the doctrines of our church, who lead virtuous or at least decent lives, and who regularly attend the stated worship, are too often indiscriminately addressed—not only as true members of the Church, but as members of CHRIST; interested in his Atone-

to insist on their full meaning, spirit, and tendency, was *Methodism*.

But that SPIRIT of Truth, who had provided further instruction for his ear, prepared also his heart to receive it; and gave him a more humbling and heart-affecting apprehension than he had before of the various perfections of GOD—the utter apostacy of our fallen nature from Him—the deep malignity of sin—the excellency of that holy law by which the sinner is condemned—the only method of his justification through faith in a Redeemer—and the regenerating grace of the Holy Spirit as the beginning of all real sanctification. Thus, like David, as he *entered the sanctuary of God*, and contemplated more distinctly the things *within*, his views of things *without* became more clear. And thus, with the Apostle, under new convictions, he *conferred not with flesh and blood;* but resolved to break with a corrupt world, though, as we shall see by and by, he had yet to encounter another dangerous and unsuspected attack from it. What is more difficult to attain—he had now learned, with the same Apostle, to place no confidence in *Himself*.

While, therefore, our brother fell down before

ment, influenced by his Spirit, and heirs of his Kingdom: in other words, not only as almost, but as *altogether* Christians. On the contrary, had the Scriptures been made the rule, it would have been found, and inculcated too, that all men, however virtuous, orthodox, or religious in their way, are dead in sin, and under condemnation, till they are awakened to a sense of their condition, renewed in the spirit of their mind, and, renouncing every other hope, *flee for refuge to the hope set before them in* CHRIST.

his great Teacher, confessing that, even in his religious concerns, he had "erred and strayed like a lost sheep, and that there was no health in him," he rose in the Church as a Minister and a Witness of the things he had seen and heard. He now more clearly perceived in how different a way two men may hold the same doctrines. For as, according to the old maxim, *quicquid recipitur recipitur ad modum recipientis*, or, as growth depends not only upon the *seed*, but also upon the *ground;* so, if divine *Grace* does not prepare the heart to receive divine *Truths*, the truth itself becomes but a barren speculation at best; and not unfrequently is the knowledge that puffs a man up, instead of humbling him as a sinner before God, and disposing him *rightly* to embrace his remedy in the Gospel. A man of this class may glory in his Orthodoxy; but will thereby only more deeply deceive himself, and perhaps others too, with *his way* of holding evangelical doctrines. Though accurate in his general positions, and exact in his form of godliness, he may remain as far from the *power* of it as the form in which a dead man is laid out differs from the *feelings* and *functions* of a living one.

Our Brother, however, from his youth, was a different character from that last described: feeling deficiency, he continued to make serious enquiry; and he that reads his Bible on his knees shall not do it in vain. His enquiries and his

prayers were both answered in GOD's time and way. Having long heard of his Maker *by the hearing of the ear*, he at length attained to such a view of his character as led him to abhor himself; and to magnify and depend alone on the redemption which is in Christ Jesus.. Now, instead of giving an indistinct alarm, his trumpet gave a certain sound, and prepared men for the battle.—Instead of coming in so questionable a shape, that good men knew not how to speak to him, even as a *babe* in Christ; his views and his walk became so authentic, that they afterwards looked up to him as a *Father*.

But no man, as has been observed, *can* thus *say that Jesus is the Lord, but by the Holy Ghost*; nor *thus* proceed in the light and power of the truth, but by His special influence. To walk forward from day to day *by faith, and not by sight* —to walk through all ranks in life as the Physician walks through a Hospital, not to consult the fancies of the patients, but with a single aim to heal their disorders—to determinately employ no remedy but the Gospel specific for breaking the hard heart, and healing the broken one—to depend wholly on divine influence for success—to speak from experience—to be willing to be the world's fool for Christ's sake—to expect this—to steadily plan upon it—to embrace it as the highest honour—and to honour those that embrace it—this was to be CADOGAN in his latter years.

I have dwelt the longer on this period of our Brother's life, on account of its importance: and the Reader may, I think, by this time perceive (what will still more fully appear in the course of the narrative) how different his views were now, from those under which he had objected to Mr. Hallward; and not to him only, but, as I learn from the following anecdote, to others of like character.

Mr. Baylis, a worthy and pious man, who is at this time parish clerk of St. Giles's, and had been clerk to Mr. Talbot, as well as to Mr. Cadogan, informs me, that, upon the death of Mr. Talbot, the Rev. Philip Gurdon (at that time Curate of Cookham, Berks,) was preaching one day near Reading, and was attended, among others, by Mr. Baylis. The next day he was thus accosted by our Brother, the new Vicar. "Mr. Baylis, if you expect to remain clerk in my church, you must cease to make one of a mob who run after preachers of a certain description, like Mr. Gurdon."—"Indeed, sir," replied Mr. B. "I know not of any *mob:* a few of us, who had received benefit from Mr. Gurdon's ministry in your church during Mr. Talbot's life, were glad to hear him preach when he came so near us, and had no apprehension of giving you offence."—"Mr. Baylis, I utterly disapprove of this step: if I myself were to throw about my arms, and make a great noise, I could be popular too."

Mr. C. was glad, however, afterwards, to have Mr. Gurdon's valuable services in the pulpit of St. Giles's; and better knew how to estimate, as well as to describe, the expressions of his zeal.

Thus men will talk, till they are further instructed; and absurdly resolve all the faithful and fervent efforts of a sound, solid, and evangelical minister, like Mr. Gurdon, into noise, gesticulation, or something worse.—Prejudice having jaundiced their minds, they are ready to believe every thing but the truth. Like an old papist I have somewhere read of, who standing among the hearers of the celebrated protestant reformer, Junius, crept towards him with an anxious countenance, and drew aside his gown. "What is the matter, friend?" said Junius—"Nothing, nothing," replied he—"I am now satisfied—but *I heard that you had a cloven foot.*"

Since, therefore, the illumination of our Brother's mind (as has been shewn) was not that clear, but *cold*, apprehension of evangelical truth, in which, like the moonshine of a frosty night, much may be *seen*; but nothing *grows;* but was, like the light of the sun, vivifying and expansive; it is not to be wondered at (notwithstanding all his former prejudices against action and vociferation) if this child of the sun himself, now *cryed aloud, lifted up his voice like a trumpet*, and sometimes even *smote with his hand and stamped with*

*his foot**, while he warned men to flee from the wrath to come.

Should the Reader enquire, why a vehement simplicity is so *admired* in Demosthenes, haranguing on the affairs of a mole-hill, and yet is so *despised* in the ministers of God, while treating on life and death eternal—or why men of taste term it a *noble* enthusiasm, if it be directed to politics, painting, or fiddling; but call it *wretched* or *despicable*, if it respect the service of GOD—the answer is easy. The mole-hill is the pismire's world. Here he tugs, and sweats, and swears too, that the ant who creeps to the top has a *noble* ambition. And thus it is with the best of us, till *He, who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, shines into our hearts*, and enables us *practically* to measure all things by that standard of truth which He hath set up in his Word. Then, and not till then, will even wise men cease to dote, like children on their toys, while things of infinite moment are slighted. *When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought* (or reasoned) *as a child; but when I became a man, I put away childish things.*

The Reader will by this time naturally expect that Mr. C. would be desirous of avowing the revolution which had taken place in his mind to his former Curate; and, in order to be correct,

* Exek. vi. 11.

I wrote to Mr. Hallward for particular information. I had determined that nothing should be published that was not first perused and approved by him, as one most capable of correcting any mistake. I shall here insert part of his reply to me, and afterwards the letter sent from Mr. C. to him.

"Mr. Cadogan dismissed me; but it was, as he always behaved to me, like a gentleman. And, indeed, he knew not how to behave to any body otherwise.

"All circumstances considered, I never could wonder at that dismission; nor did I ever feel a wish to reproach him with it: though he afterwards severely reproached himself. Nor could I allow of any thing to pass under my eye to the public that bore too hardly upon him on this account; as I really believe he was even then a sincere enquirer after truth—that (like St. Paul) he verily thought he ought to do what he did; and that he acted according to the light he then had. And, further, I believe that great pains had been taken to prejudice his mind: and that a variety of slanderous reports had been carried to him by persons to whose sentiments and character he then paid the greatest respect. All which, and much more of a similar kind, that might be added, may be pleaded in extenuation of his conduct."

MR. CADOGAN TO MR. HALLWARD.

"*Reading, Sept.* 3, 1780.

"DEAR SIR:

"I FEEL myself somewhat comforted, amidst many pangs of a wounded spirit, in being able to make the best reparation I can for a former injury, in having deprived you of the curacy of St. Giles's, Reading, by now offering you the same curacy again. Mr. S— leaves me at Michaelmas; and I assure you, sir, it has long been my intention, whenever I could settle matters with him, to make you the offer of succeeding him. I can do very well till Christmas without an assistant; but after Christmas I must be at Chelsea. If it will not suit you to come yourself, (which I most ardently wish) I would prefer your recommendation, should you know of any person to whom you think such a thing might be eligible. I suppose you will have no objection to a Lecture, and to an alteration which I propose in the Sunday's duty, viz. to have Evening service on that day also; and in the afternoon, at three, to have prayers read, and the children catechised; when, if we are both here we might take an opportunity of expounding the Catechism. I am persuaded that this, though we should have to read prayers three times a day, would be easier to ourselves, and better for our hearers, than preaching immediately after dinner, when both preacher and

hearer are generally heavy. But, I dare say, we shall not dispute about labouring in the vineyard of that gracious Master whom we serve: and that it will be easy at any time to get such assistance, whether I am here or not, as will make the duty perfectly easy. But *Christ's grace is sufficient*—and we have the testimony of one who knew it, *I can do all things through Christ strengthening me.*

"I should be obliged to you for an answer as soon as convenient, as you may be sure I shall make no other application till I have heard from you. I commend myself to your pity and prayers, of both which I stand in great need; and hope you will believe me, though once a Blasphemer, Persecutor, and Injurious, to be

"Your's most faithfully

"And affectionately in Christ Jesus,

"W. B. CADOGAN."

Though Mr. Hallward could not accept the curacy, being presented by Mr. Gurdon to the living he now holds; yet he readily embraced the opportunity of visiting Reading: where, like another Barnabas, *when he came, and had seen the grace of God, he was glad; and exhorted them all, that with purpose of heart they would cleave unto the Lord,* who had done such great things for them. I scarcely need to add, that this visit, which was

continued for several months, was highly pleasant and profitable both to Mr. C. and his people.

But the Reader may wish to ask, how Mr. C. could speak of his former character in such severe terms as these, considering that he had been both a religious and zealous Minister according to the light he then had: I answer, this will not be fully understood but by those who have felt, as he *now* did, how gradually the mind becomes enlightened; and how much enmity may exist in the *heart* against the humbling spirit of real Christianity and its Ministers, while an orthodox system has full possession of the *head*, and zeal and devotion mark the *steps*. All this he now fully understood, and was not ashamed to confess, like the Apostle, whose strong expressions he here adopted.

And this too his new character proved and illustrated; for he himself was now treated by his former friends as he had once treated Mr. Hallward.—The Pharisaical can join with the Profane when the Minister of vital religion is to be discountenanced. But the Rubicon was now passed;

> Among innumerable false, unmov'd,
> Unshaken, unseduc'd, unterrify'd,
> His Loyalty he kept, his Love, his Zeal;
> Nor number, nor example with him wrought
> To swerve from truth, or change his constant mind,
> Though single. From amidst them forth he pass'd,
> Long way through hostile scorn, which he sustain'd
> Superior———— .. MILTON.

How *determinately* he thus passed, will further appear from part of a conversation which he had with a noble Lord; and which a friend of unquestionable veracity has favoured me with, as occurring about this period, From his letter I transcribe what follows.

"What," said my Lord, "do you mean to do? You have made, or rather marred, your fortune, indeed—all hopes of preferment are quite gone." A stall, I believe, at Westminster was promised Mr. C. and just then given to another, to which my Lord was supposed to allude; and it was well known to both on what account Mr. C. was passed by. Mr. C. replied, "I am endeavouring, my Lord, to gain preferment in another world, where no one fails who attempts it. All worldly preferment is uncertain: we cannot hold it long, nor secure it one hour—I will therefore endeavour to secure a treasure where no moth corrupts, and where no thief can steal."

"As to that world," replied my Lord, "I know no more about it than others who never were there." Mr. C. answered, "*I* never saw it, my Lord: I know likewise but little about it; but my Bible tells me, that *there remaineth a rest for the people of God:* I believe that book to be divine—its evidence appears to me irresistible—I am determined, therefore, to stake my fortune upon what God has promised in his word; and the day will soon arrive that will determine who

is right."—"Well," said my Lord, "you must enjoy your opinion, and *pay* for it."—With all my heart," replied Mr. C. "I have a faithful God to go to, and am not afraid to trust him; nor shall I want preferment while I can commit all that concerns me to Him. I sometimes, my Lord, get a glimpse of that world above, which makes all I see in this *poor indeed.*" Here both were silent: and his Lordship seeming disposed to move, Mr. C. therefore retired.

My friend adds, "I can answer for having given you the conversation *verbatim*, or nearly so."

Speaking of him as disinterested, I ought, perhaps in point of time, to have mentioned before, that the late Earl of Buckinghamshire, when Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, made him an offer to take him as his Chaplain; and intimated his design of giving him the first Bishoprick that fell during his administration. The proposal, however, did not attract his attention. *His* grand object was to make full proof of his Ministry in the station where Providence had placed him, till the same Providence convinced him it became his duty to remove: or, as he expressed it, he had not even the desire of being more or other than he was, excepting as he saw the will of God in it.—*Truly they that say such things*, and in such a way, *declare plainly that they seek a country.*

But the best of men, as has often been observed, are but men at the best: and if it were only to

keep them humble, they must be continually made to feel their weakness, and their absolute dependance upon the grace by which they stand. They must also be taught to know the World much more deeply than those who make it their grand study; and to habitually regard it as enchanted ground, on which a good man will fear to wander without a special call. This was now to make a part of Mr. C.'s experience: so true is the maxim, "that *prayer*, *meditation*, and *temptation*, make a Divine."—His letter to Mr. Newton, on the danger he had escaped, is such a picture of an humble and ingenuous heart, that I cannot forbear transcribing a part of it here.

"To think that *I* should ever be led to heavenly pursuits, is marvellous: to think that I should be kept in them, is more so. I cannot say, like you, that I have been preserved from blots in my outward profession: it was but last year, after having escaped the pollutions of the world through the knowledge of our LORD and SAVIOUR JESUS CHRIST, that I had well nigh been entangled therein, and overcome. I was enticed from the care of souls into Suffolk, with my worldly friends: got into their habits—entered into their spirit—and found how timely it was said of the faithful, *that if they had been mindful of that country from whence they came, they might have had opportunity to have returned.* I was received, caressed, and I may say, that I had

almost been even as they: my treadings had well nigh slipped.

" But (marvellous to tell) thy mercy, O LORD, held me up!—Or rather, by a severe fit of illness, He brought me down, even to death's door.—I called mine own ways to remembrance: I felt the vanity of worldly confidences, and the wretchedness of those who have not CHRIST to trust in; and, O how bitterly do we weep, when JESUS, whom we have denied, looketh on us again! Oh the agonizing look of Him whom we have pierced! —It causeth mourning as for an only son, and bitterness as for a first-born: so that I here stand a second Judas almost—and yet alive, to adore the *long-suffering* of GOD, and enabled, I hope, to count it salvation."

Mr. C.'s ministry had now become so interesting at Reading, that his church could not contain the multitude which attended it. He, therefore, proposed at a Vestry the taking down, and that *entirely at his own charge*, an irregular and decayed part of the church, and rebuilding it so as to correspond with the opposite aisle, and to afford much additional room. It was objected, that, after his death, the additional room might not be wanted (too sadly verified, as I hear), and that the addition would increase the expence of future repairs. He then nobly proposed, that he would not only clear the parish of all expence attending the alteration in the first instance, but

secure an annual sum from his own property, adequate to keeping it in repair:—but all in vain. Man, whether at Chelsea or at Reading, can more easily be made acquainted with any part of his interest, than that which relates to his *Soul.*

This want of room, however, was much remedied by his erecting a very large gallery, which went nearly round the church; for the whole expence of which he made himself accountable, though afterwards it was chiefly defrayed by voluntary subscription. Mr. Marsh writes me word, that " the gallery was erected in the year 1784; but in the year 1789 the congregation was so increased, that the church, with its additional gallery, was found insufficient to contain it: application was therefore made for a further enlargement, the expence of which Mr. C. undertook to defray; but the vestry refused to admit it."

We now come to view Mr. C. as entering into a new relation. And it should be remarked, to his honour, that he was remarkably chaste, even to reserve, in his habits with the female sex. He had, however, formed an early attachment to a beautiful and accomplished lady of the Roman Catholic persuasion. It is natural to suppose, that he spared no pains to convince her of the errors of her Church; and, as she is said to have regarded him with equal partiality, it might have been

expected that the pains he took would have met with some success. But as they did not, he resolved to sacrifice an affection of several years continuance to his conscience, and to his usefulness: and, as she felt herself under similar obligations, they agreed upon the expediency of there being no other union between them excepting that which was founded on the highest esteem and purest friendship; and this was continued uninterruptedly between them until his death.

In December, 1782, Mr. C. married the widow of Captain Bradshaw, of the 78th Regiment, Private Secretary and Aid-de-Camp to General Vaughan, who was then Commander-in-Chief of the Leeward Islands. Her father was Thomas Graham, Esq. of Ballagan, in Scotland. The sentiments with which they came together, and the happiness they afterwards enjoyed, may, in part, be collected from various expressions in the Letters written to herself and others, and placed at the end of the Volume of his Discourses.

From this time, to his death, little more can be marked (and what could be marked better?) than a steady, determined, and uniform course of laborious attention to the charge committed to him. God, who had given him grace to make so *good a confession before many witnesses*, honoured his testimony to the awakening and establishing of a great number; many of whom are now living, and many have died seals of his ministry, and

lively evidences of the power of the Word and Spirit of his God.—A course in which, to copy the words of his and my very amiable friend Mr. Pentycross, " we may admire the beautiful regularity of his conduct, and strict improvement of his time—rising constantly, both in summer and winter, at six in the morning; and, excepting his attendance at breakfast and family-prayer, continuing always in his study till twelve—then riding about two hours, and visiting that part of his flock which was at a distance—in the afternoon he visited the sick and distressed in the town, and on Sundays the Sunday Schools, notwithstanding his three public services."

To this may be added, his regularly preaching a Weekly Lecture in his church; and his admitting such of his hearers as had not the opportunity at home to join his evening family worship. Here, indeed, I have observed him to be particularly edifying. The short remarks he was used to make upon the portion of Scripture he had read were luminous and affecting; and the spirit of prayer in which he afterwards joined, was such as every true Minister would earnestly aspire after, but few can hope to attain.

" The beautiful regularity" of which Mr. P. speaks, had, indeed, so entered into *all* his habits, that, *latterly*, on taking a step, he seemed to keep distinctly in sight each part of that maxim of propriety, *An liceat, an deceat, an expediat.* Some

zealous people, however, of a more sanguine and eccentric turn than himself, hastily objected, it seems, to his claiming that right of private judgment in the choice of *his* steps, which they, on every occasion, claimed for their *own*. I put down what follows for their use; as well as for the use of those, whose irresolution suffers them to be *reproached* into measures, which they cannot fully approve.

Mr. C. one day complained to me, that, at different periods of his ministry, he had to contend with some, whom, in other respects, he highly esteemed: but who, in forming their various schemes for the promotion of religion, (improper here to particularize) had pointed out to him the part which he, as a Minister of Christ, was *bound* to take in them; and who had not only been offended at his sometimes refusing to concur, but also had passed illiberal reflections upon such refusals. "I heartily wished them success," said he, "in *their* way of doing good; but, on such occasions, what it is expedient for *me* to do, I think I ought to be supposed best to know—at least some credit should be given as to the *principle* upon which I act." His manner of speaking on this subject plainly indicated, that, though his mind was fully made up as to resisting such imposed obligations, it was also considerably hurt by the incautious expressions, which had been dropped in urging them.

To suspect unworthy motives, or even a deficiency of right motive, in a man of sound character, because we cannot account for a particular step in his conduct, is, to say the least of it, to make a great mistake; but, to suspect a man who has already made sacrifices to conscience that very few indeed ever have it in their power to make, was a still greater mistake, and which I hope none who knew him could commit. It may, however, be necessary to remark here, that nothing can more effectually frustrate the GRAND PROJECT (which we all ought to have at heart) of reforming the world, than that the very men who, in their different stations, should be aiming at this *only*, should ever be found suspecting and traducing each other.—What should we think of soldiers, who, when one corps was stationed for the defence of a particular town, and another sent out to attack a post or to scour the country, instead of attending to their distinct appointments, should be engaged in weakening and betraying one another, and thereby the Cause itself, into the hand of the Common Enemy?

But it is the Common Enemy, that has a chief hand in these *divisions of heart;* and which those, who are really intent on the success of the Common Cause, should reprobate and watch against as one of his deepest devices. Right views of this subject will be greatly promoted by a close attention to that masterly discussion

of it, 1 Cor. xii.: where the fixed distinction and office, as well as the mutual dependence of the different members of the same body, are pointed out. The truth is, *God hath set the members, every one of them in the body, as it hath pleased him;* and that, in order *that there should be no schism in the body:* and, on the other hand, it is no less clear that Satan will set them at variance, if he can.

Would to God, therefore, that, after we have sufficiently studied this subject in the chapter above-mentioned, we might proceed (as we are all under prejudices of one sort or other) to the chapter which follows it; and there learn *a more excellent way* in that CHARITY, which is "the very bond of peace, and of all virtues;" *which suffereth long and is kind, &c.;* and whose holy flame burns up the briars and thorns of those evil surmisings and perverse disputings, which, even among good men, have long kept the mystical body of Christ bleeding.

It was not, however, at Reading and Chelsea only that the benefit of Mr. C.'s ministry was felt: he was ready, at all opportunities, to stand up for Public Charities at their collection sermons, and to assist such of his brethren as knew how to value his services.

Mrs. Cadogan having but very tender health, he endeavoured to procure her relief by travelling; and, accordingly, in the year 1785, he

made a tour into Wales; in 1786, another into Scotland; and, in 1788, a third to the Isle of Wight.

In looking over his papers, I found a short Journal which he kept during each of these tours. It contains, indeed, little more than the different stages, and some notice of those objects which strike every traveller, with here and there a remark: the few remarks, however, which he makes plainly shew,

1. His fixed design of seeking, wherever he came, opportunities for usefulness: accordingly, when in the Isle of Wight, he preached constantly at one or other of the churches, but principally at Cowes; and, as often as he could, in Scotland and Wales.

2. His attachment to the Church of England; as appears from the following expressions found in his Scotch Tour. "August 12, went to the Kirk to hear their preaching before the sacrament: but heard or saw nothing which did not make me thankful for the Church of England; so much preferable to that of Scotland in the frequency of her Communion, and in her mode of administering it." Again, "August 20. The High-Church" of Glasgow "is the finest piece of antiquity I have almost ever seen:—it is a noble cathedral. O that Episcopacy was established in it!"

3. His resolution not only to preach, but to *take up* the cross on every occasion. I could

mention from his Welsh Tour a deplorable instance or two of ignorance and prejudice, if nothing worse, in the opposition he met with; but I will not render *evil for evil* by inserting names or particulars: his own remarks, however, on one of these occasions, ought to appear. "Tidings were brought of my sermon, and I was forbid to preach any more in ..... but I felt somewhat of the spirit of the Apostles when they departed from the presence of a similar council; rejoicing that they were counted worthy to suffer shame for the name of Jesus."

To this remark of his, I will add another or two of my own. First, for the use of ministers less eminent than Mr. C., who are depressed by the frowns of the world. *Marvel not, my brethren, if the World hate you.* You may observe, that neither the man of high rank, nor the high churchman—neither the finished scholar, nor the disinterested labourer, could excuse the *faithful Witness;* nor procure that reception of *his* testimony, which is refused to yours. Real Christianity must expect often to wander as an unacknowledged stranger, even in Christendom: and, though it has condescendingly courted the attention of mankind by various modes of address, if, *by any means*, it *might win some;* yet we see plainly, it has *piped to them, and they have not danced; it has mourned, and they have not wept.*

Next, I shall repel that gross imposition,

which, in protesting against such witnesses, catches up a vulgar term of reproach, and collects a stale list of acknowledged abuses—for what?—to shew that the best things may be misnamed and abused?—No: but to misname and abuse the best things. What is this but the very imposition played off by Infidels against Christianity itself?—What is this, but that other farce played off by the Church of Rome?—"We will have no new lights," say they:—Right; if the light be really *new:*—but we apprehend your meaning—it is that you will have *no light at all.*

Still, truth will speak for itself; and it often extorts a reverence where it fails to generate an affection. There was an evident integrity in Mr. C. which gave weight and meaning to his religious habits and conversation; and made that appear natural and respectable in him, which, in less authentic characters, would have appeared fanatical or suspicious. I will give the Reader a few instances, illustrative both of his character and manner.

A musical Amateur of eminence, who had often observed Mr. C.'s inattention to his performances, said to him one day, "Come, I am determined to make you feel the force of music—pay particular attention to this piece."—It was played,—"Well, what do you say now?"—"Why just what I said before"—"What! can you hear this and not be charmed? Well! I am quite sur-

prised at your insensibility—*Where are your ears?*" —" Bear with me, my Lord," replied Mr. C., " since *I* too have had my surprise—I have often from the pulpit set before you the most striking and affecting truths—I have sounded notes that have raised the dead—I have said, '*Surely*, he will feel now'—but you never seemed charmed with *my* music, though infinitely more interesting than your's—*I* too have been ready to say with astonishment—*Where are his ears?*"

I do not believe a spark of affectation was suspected in the reply he made to a pious lady whom he visited. She was making many enquiries and remarks relating to his birth, family, and connections: " My dear madam," said he, " I wonder you can spend so much time upon so poor a subject!—I called to converse with you upon the things of eternity."

What, however, affords stronger proof that this neglect of his rank was genuine, and arose from his hold of grander objects, is, that he not only, as we have just seen, turned from the subject; but, as has been remarked by many of his intimate friends as well as by myself, he *never introduced it.*

I believe the late learned Bishop of London, Dr. Lowth, upon whom Mr. C. used frequently to call, did not question the sincerity of his declaration on the following occasion. The Bishop had been long confined with the gout, and said,

as he sat in pain, " Ah, Mr. Cadogan, see what a poor thing it is to be a Bishop of London."— " Truly, my Lord," replied Mr. C. " I always thought it was a *very* poor thing to be a Bishop of London, if a man possessed nothing better."— It may be remarked, that such a reply came with a better grace, as it came from one who in all probability might have obtained a Bishoprick, had he made it his object.

It was to the same Prelate that he mentioned the difficulty he found in the usual mode of administering the Sacrament: the number of his communicants had so greatly increased, that if he pronounced the prescribed words to each of them, the length of time required, not only produced weariness, but many could not return to the Afternoon Service. He therefore proposed to the Bishop administering the elements to more than one at a time, which the Bishop, under such circumstances, judged proper.

His conversation, indeed, was seldom without profit; not only as to his choice of the subject, but as to the concise and pithy mode of his expression.

A Curate of Mr. C.'s has honourably recorded an instance both of his benevolence and manner. In the year 1785, this gentleman was afflicted with a nervous fever, which brought considerable trouble and expence to his Vicar in supplying his church. During his illness, besides the tender-

ness and sympathy with which he was treated in other respects, he continued to receive his full salary. To use his own words, "another quarter was ended with still less service done than the former. The like beneficence was exercised." The Curate, confounded at such repeated and uninterrupted generosity, exclaimed—"Dear sir, I have no demand upon you for this sum of money—I cannot receive it—I have only done duty for a few weeks, and how much trouble and expence have I put you to by my illness!"—With a tender smile, and a noble dignity of spirit, becoming his natural and spiritual birth, Mr. C. replied—"*Take that which is thine own: did I not agree with thee for a penny?*"

From a letter which I lately received from another of his friends, I extract one more instance. "After my being ordained Deacon, and returning from Oxford through Reading, I called on Mr. C. 'So Mr. W—,' said our friend, 'You are in Orders,'—'Yes, sir, and I am frequently distressed, lest I should not discharge my office aright.'—'You have, sir,' replied he, 'but one thing to do:—Exalt Jesus, and the promise is, *I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me.*' The impression which it made on my mind was not transient: I frequently now, (as I have repeatedly done in the course of my Ministry) recollect the hint with profit."

There are some people, who speak well upon

religion; but one feels a wish, that they would talk on any other subject. We can only reply, "True—it is so—you are right"—but all the time we have reason to fear that they themselves are wrong.—Like the serpent, who, the fabulist tells us, came among other creatures to Jupiter on his wedding-day with a present, and brought a rose in his mouth, we are ready to reply, with Jupiter, "The *thing* itself is acceptable, but not the presenter."

The conversation, however, of our Brother was a rose which grew from the root that was in him; and diffused a fragrance, appropriate and distinguishing, as it flourished amidst surrounding thorns.

For *all*, it seems, *who will live godly in Christ Jesus, shall suffer persecution*, in one form of it or other.—A few, who knew nothing of his worth, sent him, not only unkind, but abusive letters; and returned, in various ways, *evil for his good-will:* Mrs. Cadogan thought he should resent some of these things, lest too great meekness should invite more. It was natural for any woman of feeling, united to such a man, and to such a minister, to think the same. She informs me, however, that he always replied, "We must shew these people a more excellent way—we must overcome evil with good—we must pray for them, as Christ did, for they know not what they do." As he was riding with her the day after he

had received one of these insults, he met the man who had sent it; and stopped the chaise to shake hands with him in the most conciliatory manner. When he was told that one had threatened to insult him if he even entered his doors, he went in the most friendly way to his house; at once surprising and disarming the heart of the owner.

From Mr. C.'s attorney, at Reading, I learn, that a person, calling himself a quaker, had from the year 1784 to 1790, resolved to put Mr. C. to the unpleasant necessity of enforcing payment of his tythes by legal process. To render the expences as light as possible, Mr. C. not only chose to proceed on the mildest statute, but forbore proceeding for several years, though insulted and abused by his debtor. A considerable sum, however becoming due, a warrant of distress was about to be issued; and, notwithstanding a letter had been written by this pretended quaker, stating, that it was inconsistent with his religion to contribute to the support of a *hireling Minister;* and adding, that he was willing to undergo whatever a *pretended Zealot* might be permitted to inflict; yet Mr. C. on the solicitation of a friend of this man, not only stayed the execution of the warrant of seizure, but absolutely forgave the whole of the debt.

About the year 1790, Mr. C. was to undergo a trial of another sort. An antinomian preacher attempted at Reading to disseminate his pernicious

principles: of whom I shall take more notice than, perhaps, such characters deserve, in order to place Mr. C. as an example before the eyes of young ministers; especially such, as may have to encounter difficulties of the like kind.

To be intelligible to every reader, it may be necessary first to observe, that Antinomianism is an error, which sets up the *grace* of God in opposition to his *government:* accordingly, it makes light of the evil of sin—the necessity of repentance—and the evidence and excellence of holiness; and all this upon the specious pretence of exalting and glorifying the work of Christ. But the work of Christ was not only to die *for* the sins of his people, but also to save his people *from* their sins; and to fulfil his great evangelical promise of putting *his law into their hearts, and writing it in their minds,* and *causing them to walk in his statutes, and keep his judgments, and do them. The truth,* therefore, *as it is in Jesus,* respects what he does *for* them and what he does *in* them: but as half the truth is a lie, so this is the lie called Antinomianism; that mystery of iniquity of which we are speaking.

Mr. Broughton, in his Dictionary, under the article Antinomians, says, " they were certain heretics, who first appeared in the year 1535," and that " they were so called, because they rejected the Law, as of no use under the Gospel Dispensation." But those, who examine their

principle, will find that this mystery of iniquity, as well as others, began to work even in the Apostles' days. Accordingly, we find St. Paul, after having stated the doctrine of justification by faith, making a stand against this perversion of the doctrine, in the sixth Chapter of his Epistle to the Romans—*What shall we say then? shall we continue in sin that grace may abound? God forbid.* We find him lamenting with tears the Antinomianism which prevailed even in so early a stage of Christianity. *Many walk* (i. e. as professed disciples) *of whom I have told you often, and now tell you even weeping, that they are the enemies of the cross of Christ; whose end is destruction; whose God is their belly; and whose glory is in their shame; who mind earthly things.* Against this error we also find St. James and St. John labouring through their Epistles, and St. Peter and St. Jude in theirs, striving together for the true faith of the Gospel, and proving, with St. Paul, that *without holiness no man shall see the Lord.**

* A sound divine observes, that, "as the Law of God is that perfect standard of holiness from which every deviation is *sin*, so Antinomianism consists in relaxing on *any* pretence, or in *any* way, man's obligation to obey his Maker's commands." And, besides the usual and more generally acknowledged course of this error, as described above, he adds, "Verily, I look on modern *moral* preaching as a refined species of Antinomianism: for it does not refer to the Law of God as the standard, but to some vague notions of right and wrong, which vary according to men's fashions, educations, connections, or even inclinations. It operates to render men Antinomians *sui generis*. Whatever their notions of mercy and salvation are, they use them as a palliation for sin; and to persuade themselves that God will make allowances, and, as it were, sell or give indulgences and dispensations." Certainly, such a persuasion, whether it proceeds under a moral or evangelical form, is the very spirit of Antinomianism

But the holy religion of Jesus will ever be perverted and deformed while man is man, that is, a creature who naturally, like the wild-ass's colt, scorns the rein of his master, and will seek one way or other to shake it off. Pride will lead the Pharisee to object to the humbling tendency of Gospel *doctrines;* and corruption will lead the Antinomian to resist the obligation of Gospel *precepts:* and, so deep and dissembled sometimes is this mystery of iniquity, not only from the multitude, but also from the Antinomian himself, that, while he is ranting about the doctrines of grace, and dealing out vulgar and abusive epithets against every true Minister, who adds the practical part to the doctrinal, he supposes that he is making a *stand for the truth.*—He is, forsooth, the Reformer, the Apostle, the Contender for the pure and unmixed *faith once delivered to the saints:*—he is mistaken by his simple followers for another Paul, and, *no marvel, for Satan himself is transformed into an Angel of light: therefore it is no great thing if his ministers also be transformed as the ministers of righteousness; whose end shall be according to their works.*

But to return to the Preacher who came to Reading: I ought, from the account I have received, to clear him from any attempt at dissembling his principles, as many others have done: he spoke out, and thereby became less dangerous. Nothing, however, that he could say or do

diverted Mr. C. from the straight line and scriptural course he had been pursuing; and my design, in dwelling on this period of his life, is, to call the attention of my Brethren in the ministry to the wise and successful method which he took in subverting error by establishing truth.

I could name more than one honest and zealous minister, who, when he has seen his flock in dangers of this kind, has, indeed, been anxious to secure them from the mischiefs, but has erred greatly as to the *right way*. For, while the Fanatic has been setting aside all practical godliness by his way of establishing two or three doctrinal points, the regular Pastor has endeavoured to counteract the error, by insisting so much on *practical* topics and obligations, as seemingly to abandon the foundation upon which alone they can be successfully built. But this is attempting to remove errors of one kind, by errors of another. The meanest peasant might perceive, that, however firm a hold his minister had taken of the end, or practical part of St. Paul's Epistles, he had delivered up the full possession of the beginning, or doctrinal part, to be mangled by the fanatic. Nothing can establish error, more than such a practice as this: yet this is a mistake into which even men of eminence have fallen.

But He, from whom "all holy desires, all good counsels, and all just works do proceed," preserved our Brother from turning out of the nar-

row path he had to keep, either to the right hand or to the left. Whatever separate part of God's counsel an erroneous teacher was exclusively adopting, Mr. C. wisely determined to preach the *whole* counsel of God. He would not quit the foundation because another was building *wood, hay, stubble,* upon it. He was too well instructed to blindly advance the Arminian error as the only specific to cure the Antinomian. Heresy is not to be cured by heresy, but by truth. He maintained firmly the Doctrines of Grace, though another was perverting them; and ceased not to preach as fully and freely as before, *Redemption through the blood of Christ,* as many hundreds now living can testify. And they can testify too, that he did not stop there: he preached also *Sanctification by the Spirit of Christ,* and the peculiar obligations which the doctrines of grace lay Christians under *to deny ungodliness and worldly lusts, and to walk soberly, righteously, and godly, in this present world.*

Does any sincere Preacher of God's word, now labouring under such difficulties as our Brother had to struggle with, wish to know what success is to be expected from such a steady perseverance in the *doctrine which is according to godliness*— a course which will no more countenance carnal gospellers and mad evangelists, than dead formalists or hardened profligates?—I will endeavour to strengthen his hands, by informing him

that it was attended with the following good effects.

1st. The appeal, which his consistent conduct lodged in the consciences of his people, kept the greater part of them from wandering, and recovered others who had wandered. His congregation increased: God set his seal to his word; and afforded his power and presence to the genuine administration of it. Many were awakened; others established in the whole truth. Such, indeed, was the effect felt by many who were brought under the Minister of St. Giles's, that it reminds us of such assemblies as are described 1 Cor. xiv. 25, where, if *there should come in one that believeth not, or one unlearned, he is convinced of all, he is judged of all: and thus are the secrets of his heart made manifest; and so, falling down on his face, he will worship God, and report that God is in you of a truth.*

2. The effect was felt by the false Apostle. His congregation declined: serious enquirers perceived that this teacher could urge no evangelical doctrine or privilege, which their own Pastor did not as firmly maintain. Mr. C. was none of those, who fear to give the Children bread lest the dogs should catch at it; or, if they give it, give it so sparingly and with so much caution, that the Children are afraid lest it should poison them.—But, like a true Parent, he gave his Children not only their *food*, but their *work* also, and their

medicines too when they needed them. (Oh that every Preacher would consider this!) The Children knew the Father, and crowded round him, till at length the Antinomian not being able (as Mr. M— of Reading informs me) to raise a subsistence, left them in 1796, and the place was afterwards shut up.

3. The good effect of our Brother's conduct was visible throughout Reading. If all did not love him as a faithful witness (and where, and when, did the world love a faithful witness?) yet all had marked the steady and devoted Minister. In walking with him at different times through the town, I could not but observe the kind of respect paid to him; and, though part of this may be placed to the account of his family having resided so long on the spot, yet how many high-born Clerks have droned away their lives in sight of their family mansion, and at length ceased to cumber the ground, without producing a single sigh of *Alas, my brother!*—On the contrary, how many, whose births could scarcely be traced, have, on taking their flight, wrung, like our Brother, the cry from a thousand hearts of *My Father, my Father, the chariots of Israel and the horsemen thereof!*

Among other instances which might be given of his general influence in Reading is, that of the exclusion of those ministers of impiety and licentiousness, Strolling-Players. The Devil, it seems,

has his *Ordinances* and *Ministers* as well as God; by which he plants, waters, and matures evil habits: and these two sorts of Ordinances are contrary the one to the other, as are the ends to which they tend.—The players, I am informed, could not find a support for some years before Mr. C.'s death, but came in again very soon after he departed. Who, when he hears this, can help applying that passage, *And Elisha died, and they buried him; and the bands of the Moabites invaded the land at the coming in of the year?*

I proceed to give what I can further collect of this valuable man: and since the above was written, I have received the following particulars from Mrs. Cadogan; which I shall insert as they stand together in her letter, though evidently intended by her as disjointed hints of his habits and character, to be interwoven where I thought proper.

"My dear husband had so tender a conscience, that it was with difficulty he could bring his mind to the discharging of his servants, till compelled by the greatest insolence; and, even then, he would overpay them both in money and clothes. When also some of the farmers or gardeners were distressed, he remitted half their tythes:—I have known him excuse considerable sums at a time to one person; and, instead of resenting injuries, return some act of kindness. 'Faith,' he used to say, 'turns every thing to Gold;' and, that 'we have nothing to fear but sin.'

"He disliked visiting, except a few select friends, and the sick, the afflicted, and the poor.—He used, on a Saturday, to go among them with his pocket full of silver for their relief; and, before the Sunday-schools were set up, he annually expended from twenty to thirty pounds in putting their children to school.—Latterly, the Sunday-schools were his great concern, which cost him at least thirty pounds a year: he used to visit them almost every Sunday, heard the scholars read, catechised them and the other children of the parish in the church, and gave them a dinner on Christmas-day.

"The poor of the parish had meat and broth every week for three months during the winter, for which purpose we had thirty pounds of beef weekly.

"He used to visit the sick and afflicted in the country when he took his usual morning ride, and those in the town after dinner; nor would he suffer any thing to turn him aside from what he deemed his duty. I remember we went to dine with Mr. —— on that Monday in the month on which he used to meet a Society called the "Sick Man's Visitor:" he forgot the day, and was so unhappy when he recollected it, that he went and gave them a guinea besides his usual subscription.

"If he happened to sleep after six in the morning (which rarely was the case) it used to disturb him during the whole day; though he never went

to bed till after eleven. He esteemed his time as very precious, and used to say, that 'it was a talent for which he must account at the bar of God.'

"He was scrupulously exact in the payment of his debts; and said frequently, that 'we ought to owe no man any thing but love.' Indeed, he seemed to make St. Paul's direction to his son Timothy his constant rule: doing as he would be done by; caring not for the praise of men, concerning which he often said, 'we can do without their approbation, if we have the Lord's; but let us give offence to none if we can possibly help it, and be willing to be reproved by the weakest.'

"The Sabbath was his greatest delight: and if he had been harassed with trials (of which he had many) the whole of the week before, he used to be happy on that day, and often said, 'This is the Lord's own day, and I will endeavour that neither men nor devils shall deprive me of the enjoyment of it.'

"His heart was set upon the welfare of the souls in both his parishes. He used to pray most earnestly for them in private; and he never was comfortable, but when resident at one of them. He often said when he was absent, that he feared he 'was not in the path of duty, and for that reason did not preach so comfortably abroad.' He used to wonder at the taste of those who love running from house to house.

"Though ready to part with his money to those

in want, he was exact in keeping an account of what he received and spent. 'We must be just,' he would say, 'before we are generous:' this led him to be cautious of spending money upon himself.

"I have only to add, that the late Sir James Patty, who was a brewer at Reading, had a servant who was a dreadful swearer, and was accustomed to beat and abuse the horses: it was remarkable, that, at once, he left off these evil practices. This being observed by Sir James, he enquired of him what had occasioned this happy change of conduct. The man replied, that he had been to St. Giles's, and had there heard from Mr. Cadogan what a dreadful thing sin was; and likewise, what were the means of deliverance. He entreated Sir James to attend Mr. Cadogan's Ministry, which he afterwards did."

A parishioner of Chelsea adds, in a letter, that "for several years he resided at Chelsea from January to June, dividing his time between his two livings. The first Sunday in every month he went to Reading; and, when resident at Reading, he came every last Sunday in the month to administer the Sacrament at Chelsea. He established a Lecture for our use every Tuesday evening; and, when at Chelsea, constantly preached himself. In the year 1783, he liberally contributed to a subscription for the relief of poor housekeepers: beginning with a handsome subscription,

he went himself through the parish with the churchwardens to solicit the assistance of others. He liberally subscribed to the poor every Christmas; encouraging the children in reading, and repeating chapters and the catechism. On the Sunday his dinner was always cold, that all the servants might attend divine service twice in the day."

A lady, who constantly attended Mr. C.'s ministry at Reading, has sent me the following Prayer, which he generally used before his sermon, and which frequent repetition had fixed in her memory.

"O Lord! of thine own gift it cometh that we do unto Thee true and laudable service; of thy great grace it is, that we have the Word of Life and Salvation before us; and, of thy still greater grace, that we have the promise of the Spirit of Life that gave it, to bless that word, and to make those means effectual. We are waiting for this loving-kindness of thine, O Lord: we look for it in this Ordinance of thine own appointment: we ask it in the Name of Jesus Christ. Oh send us not empty away!' Open thine Heavens, and come down: stir up thy strength, and come amongst us: bear some fresh testimony to the Word of thy grace this day: carry it, in the demonstration of thy Spirit and power, to the hearts and consciences of this Church and People. Hear us, thou God of our Salvation; and answer and accept us, in the Name and for the sake of the Lord Jesus

Christ! who, in mercy, hath taught us thus to pray. Our Father, &c."

The reader, I think, will agree with me, that even these brief and scattered accounts of such a man ought not to be lost. If, as we observed at the beginning, his life cannot, like the lives of some others, amuse by variety of vicissitude and anecdote, it was because duty fixed his foot, and vigilance his eye, within the limits of his appointment: he gladly, however, secured any and every opportunity *to spend and be spent* as a Minister of Christ. Our Brother differed *toto cœlo* from the timid, who shrink to nothing at the sneer of a fop —the delicate, who can only move where the path of duty is carpeted—or the frigid and half-hearted, who require a thousand reasons to take a useful step. I will not, however, affirm, that he did not sometimes err on the contrary extreme: his last illness is supposed to have originated in the quantity of extra duty, which he undertook upon a particular occasion; and I shall here relate another instance of this, to which I was a witness, though it seems to tell against myself.

Being oppressed with my undertaking as Sunday-Evening Lecturer of Christ-Church, Spital-Fields, I requested Mr. Cadogan to assist me, though he had to come from Chelsea after doing the duty of his own Church. He came, however, with great readiness: but, on ascending the pulpit,

and perceiving the extent of voice necessary to fill the largest Parish Church in London, crowded from end to end, he so exerted himself, as to burst a vein, which filled his mouth and throat with blood: but deeply impressed with his subject, and animated at seeing such a vast multitude hanging upon his lips, he determined, if possible, to sustain the continued inconvenience. Some of us, indeed, perceived by his frequent interruptions, and his putting his handkerchief so often to his mouth, that something was amiss; but his zeal was so unrepressed by the accident, that he reminded us, for near an hour, of the Basils and Chrysostoms of better days—Ministers of whom it was said, that they thundered in the pulpit, and lightened in conversation.

Nor ought I to forget to mention, what I so often have had opportunity for remarking, that his fervent zeal was attended with an unfeigned charity.—"I do not," says the admirable Pascal, "admire a man who has one virtue in perfection, if he does not possess the opposite virtue in an equal degree. This was the accomplishment of Epaminondas, that he had the greatest valour with the greatest humanity.—A man never shews true greatness in being fixed at one end of the line; but he shews it to admiration, if he touches both extremities at once, and fills and illustrates all between."

This is true; and yet, methinks, Mr. Pascal

might have illustrated his rule by a better standard than Epaminondas: that is, by a Character which no man could *invent;* and who exhibited *every* virtue, perfect in kind, and perfect in contrast. He, indeed, by the application of this rule, stands discovered as the *chief among ten thousand, and altogether lovely;* but who besides himself could ever abide the test?

A measure, however, of this excellence, not only in temper but in sentiment, I have often remarked in my friend.—He had been brought up, and certainly remained to the last, what many would call a High Churchman; but I have heard him express the most heartfelt satisfaction at the success of a steady and evangelical Dissenter.—"*Christ is preached,*" he would say, "*and I therein do rejoice, yea, and will rejoice.*" It also as fully appears that he was a decided Calvinist; but he was the reverse of a bitter and contentious one. Firmly as Mr. C. held the more clear and important truths of revelation, and in which enlightened men of all ages have sufficiently agreed, he was, nevertheless, aware how much human explications have obscured others:—points, which have been maintained or opposed by the ignorant and rash with a desperate confidence; but which the learned handle with caution, and the humble study, like pious Hervey, on their knees. But, settled as he was in his own views, he was so far from undervaluing or

weakening the hands of a useful minister on account of what he deemed only an error in his judgment of no very dangerous tendency, that I know some good men, and wise men too, who could not have kept pace with him on the following occasion.

When I recommended to him Mr. Robinson as a curate, he told me he had been treating with Mr. Powel, who had been mentioned to him as a truly pious and useful man, but who had written to him, objecting that their creeds were somewhat different; and that he could not preach Particular Redemption. "I wrote for answer," said Mr. C. "come to me directly, and preach among us Redemption freely, fully, and eternally by the blood of Christ; and cross *general* and *particular* out of your Creed."

The same may be said as to his reading. Thoroughly settled in his mind and determined in his principles, he gave Archbishop Leighton the preference to any human author: but you might have found him remarking with delight on the works of Fenelon or Quesnel, of Baxter or Erskine, of Bishop Horne or his biographer Jones; though, on some points, he could not but wish that they had expressed themselves otherwise.—"They that are not against us," he would say, "are on our side."

It has often been remarked, how much a congregation, in a course of time, is formed by the

character of the minister whom it respects; not only so as to adopt his sentiments, but his very expressions and manner. This should deeply impress a Minister with the importance of *temper* as well as truth; and lead him, while he is anxious to deliver sound doctrine, to be anxiously concerned also as to *what manner of spirit* he is of in the delivery: for that spirit will certainly be adopted and propagated—he will beget children in his own likeness. It is also lamentable to consider, that, through the depravity of our common nature, the *Wasp* of a Church can more speedily multiply his kind than the *Bee*. Who could not teach a hundred to bite and sting, in less time than he could bring even one to prepare honey?

Happy am I in bearing a testimony to the state of those, who might properly be called *his people* at Reading: they were such as one might expect would grow up under the Minister here described. Like his MASTER, he was the plain preacher to the poor; the striking *example* of the rich; the large-hearted friend of all; watching and rejoicing over a flourishing people. As he himself was the reverse of the nibbler or the groveller, so were they. Speaking of them as a body, and that with very few exceptions, they were for a long time strangers to those *morbid symptoms* which precede the spiritual death of a Gospel-Church. You would have heard among them no unhinging disputes about government in Church or State:—no *vain*

janglings whether the private notions of John-a-Nokes were preferable to those of John-a-Stiles: no *strifes of words* about nice points and distinctions, on which the best of men in all ages have agreed to differ. Nor were they anxious to know where a new preacher could be heard, for they heard none with so much pleasure as their own.

Does any young minister, who may read this account, wish to ask how this peace and prosperity was effected? I can tell him, that it was effected by the blessing of God upon the practice of his own rule—SPEAKING THE TRUTH IN LOVE. Mr. C.'s aim was high; his heart warm; and his determination wise, in abandoning inferior considerations in order to carry main points. Taking with their Pastor this superior ground, his people were raised above that low and unhealthy atmosphere, where a kind of moral jaundice, fevers, and consumptions, turn in the end, a Church into a Desert.

The manner in which our Brother laboured, and the prosperity attending his labours, were like those of the farmer in ancient times, who, when accused of witchcraft on account of his crops being so much greater than those of his neighbours, brought to the tribunal his plough, his oxen, and his labourers, crying, "Here are my sorceries!" And I must tell the reader, that such a sorcerer was Mr. C. in this respect, and so truly had he won by truth, love, and labour

the hearts of his people, that, when a minister has mentioned his name in the pulpit, though many months after his death, a great number of his people have burst into tears. This fact I have from his worthy friend Mr. Tanner of Reading, who presented the annexed plate of his monument to the present work.

That a people should be desirous, on the death of such a minister, to inscribe his name and their sorrows on marble, was grateful, but not very uncommon; but to wear it in their hearts as a name

> ..... for ever dear!
> Still breath'd in sighs, still usher'd with a tear!

These are, indeed, funeral honours that belong to no ordinary characters. And may those, who have thus testified their regard to the Truth and its Minister, continue firmly united in the faith and love which they have been taught! May they still proceed under that Great Shepherd, who is *the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever!*—And may their children, to the latest posterity, be partakers with them of the same grace!—I will not cease thus to *pray for the peace of Jerusalem—They shall prosper that love thee.*

But our Lord has forewarned us to expect, that however hard the husbandman may labour, and however good the seed which he sows, there will come a *labourer* of a different character—an *enemy* intent upon mischief, who will sow tares in the

same field. That settled and prosperous congregations may be secured, and their ministers kept awake to prevent as much as possible the attempts of this enemy, I will mention a painful occurrence that took place just before Mr. C.'s death.

After a long and successful ministry at Reading, the mind of my Friend was grieved at observing a disposition in a few of his hearers to separate from him. The Congregation, in general, were such as has been described; and, consequently, continued unshaken in their attachment: but he saw that the departure of even a few had a tendency to destroy that unity which had so long and so happily prevailed. He also feared the effects of a secession; for, though the Father may have a numerous family, his heart will yearn if but one of his children is in danger.

Though no substantial reason could be urged for such a step at that time: yet the case was easily understood by those among us, who had been witnesses to similar separations; and who had also felt the pain and discouragement, which they must give to one who is watching for the souls of his people, whether in the Church, or as a Dissenter.

Whenever the Gospel is removed from a people, they, who know the value of it, will no doubt pray earnestly for its return; and will employ every means in their power, that they may again enjoy this grand Ordinance of God for the enlightening

and healing of the nations. But there is a restless spirit in man, even *while the Gospel remains*, and is administered by a CADOGAN: this, with the charm of a new thing, and the love of being something, somewhere, prompts him to listen to trivial objections, imagined improvements, and specious proposals. He will then stumble at a straw in his former Church or Minister; as if the evil was *without* him, instead of being, where it generally is, *within* him.

Unmindful now of the old device, "Divide and conquer," he will even sometimes be found crawling from the cedar to the bramble, saying, *Rule thou over us.*—I need not remind the reader how the Apostle mourned over needless and pernicious divisions of this sort, and laboured to prevent them. To divide for the *truth's* sake, is the spirit of martyrdom: to divide for *straws*, is the spirit of schism, and stands among the works of the flesh.

But the Apostle assures us, that there must needs be such schisms in the Church, *that they which are approved may be made manifest.* And nothing convinces *good* men, who have been drawn into mistakes of this kind, of the evil of such errors, like the costly experiment of losing such a Minister as Mr. Cadogan.—It is then that they perceive the meaning of that text, *Though ye have ten thousand instructors in Christ, ye have not many* FATHERS: the loss is often found irreparable; and bitter recrimination takes place of

frivolous objection. I dwell on this subject for the benefit of those professors, among whom the light of eternal life still shineth, and a heart of paternal love still watcheth, but by whom neither are duly prized.

Our brother observed the operation of this division with much concern, and expressed it to his intimate friends. I could mention several expressions of his uneasiness on the account, which I wish not to record: but what he mentioned to Lady Catherine Murray discovers so much of the character of a true Shepherd, that I ought not to omit it. After informing her of the above particulars, "I sent," said he, "for some young men, to whom my ministry had been blessed, and who, I suspected, had been tampered with by this faction; and, after discoursing some time with them on the danger of their being drawn aside, and my own distress on their account, they burst into tears: they wept, nor could I refrain from weeping with them."

I have now delivered to the reader such particulars as I could collect, and have delivered them as I received them; omitting nothing that I could consider as authentic, or worth insertion: and I believe that any error which may be discovered can be but slight and circumstantial, at most. In the remarks which I have made, I have studiously endeavoured to cut off occasion of offence from

such as seek occasion: but I know the difficulty, if not impossibility of this; and therefore must repose in a good intention, and the consciousness of having declared what I believe to be the truth.

We now come to that period when the Church felt a shock, which, in some respects, it had not felt for years before. When we thought, from Mr. C.'s age, vigour, and importance, that his splendid lamp would shine for many years to come, and when it was not even known that he had been ill, it was said, "He is dead." Such, indeed, was the shock to myself and other of his intimate friends, that lamentation could only give place to reflections like these:—"Who, after this, can plan upon years to come, from present health or importance of station?—Or who can pretend to be the Interpreter of a Providence that often defies even conjecture?—What is the value of that hope, which could make such a man willing to depart!—and, What an admonition to us all to *work while it is day!*

His last moments, however, are of too decisive and interesting a nature to be slightly marked; and, therefore, after having compared the account published in the Sermon preached at his funeral, with the remarks made by those who attended him, I shall conduct the reader to a scene always affecting, and sometimes highly instructive.

The chamber where the good man meets his fate
Is privileg'd beyond the common walk
Of virtuous life; quite in the verge of heav'n.—
You see the *man:* you see his hold on heav'n.—
Heav'n waits not the last moment; owns her friends
On this side death; and points them out to men.

Mr. Robinson, his curate, having business from home, Mr. C. undertook the whole duty of his Church, on Sunday, January 7, at which he read prayers, and preached three times. It was a severe day; and, after his evening duty, he walked out to baptize a child. By these exertions he appears to have been injured.

On Thursday evening, January 12, he was seized, after preaching upon Psalm lxvii. 1. with an inflammation in his bowels; medical assistance being called in, he was considerably relieved.

On Tuesday, the 17th, about one o'clock in the afternoon, he relapsed, and seemed persuaded that he should not recover; saying, "This is for the grave." Upon his going to bed, Mrs. C. asked him if he could pray: he said, "Yes." She said, "Are you happy in your soul?" he said, "Yes, happy, happy, happy! all is safe: but bring me the Bible and read."—"Where," said she, "shall I read?" He replied, "Where you will." She opened at the VIIIth Chapter of Proverbs; and, when she came to the words *Whoso findeth me findeth life,* he said, "Stop, stop; that is enough for me." Soon after she read to him the XXIIId Psalm, when he began to doze.

About two o'clock he said to his medical attendant, "I shall die; but I bless God all my affairs, temporal and spiritual, are settled." Through the afternoon he continued in great agony, but without the least appearance of impatience.

At eight, he called Mrs. Cadogan, and said, "I don't think I shall recover;" and, after speaking to her about some temporal concerns, he blessed her. She then lay down by him, and he put his arms round her, and said, "I cannot return to you, but you shall come to me.—Set the Lord before you in all your ways, and that will bring you peace at the last."

In the evening he grew easier, and thought himself better; but, at ten o'clock, he felt himself so much worse, that he said to his medical attendant, "I am going—I am dying—it is well—I die in the faith of the Lord Jesus, and in love with all mankind;" and concluded with an expression of peculiar affection towards all christian brethren; but, as his voice faultered and was very low, the precise words could not be ascertained.

About twelve o'clock, he said to the same gentleman, (pressing at the same time his hand very affectionately as he sat by the bed side) "*Trust in the Lord with all thine heart, and lean not to thine own understanding: in all thy ways acknowledge Him, and he shall direct thy paths.*"

During his illness, he was continually uttering

passages of Scripture. At one time he said, with exultation, "*Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of Death, I will fear no evil, for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me:*"—and, probably recollecting the last words of the venerable Minister whom he was following to glory, he cried, "Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty, blessed for ever and ever," and added "AMEN!" with an energy that surprised the hearers.

To one, who stood weeping at his bed, he said, "Grieve not for me: I am taken away from the evil to come:" and soon after added, "*Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation.*"

His deeply afflicted partner, who incessantly watched him with her arm under his head, about two o'clock on the Wednesday morning begged him to pray for her, particularly, that she might follow him whither he was going: he said "Seek the Lord, and be resigned to his will, and you shall."

Perceiving his departure near, he called for a servant who had lived many years with him, and said, "I thank you for all your faithful services: God bless you." From a difficulty of breathing he suffered much, but was observed to be continually praying; repeating, at times, "*Not my will, but thine be done;*" and, praying, departed to begin his work of eternal praise, January 18, 1797, aged 46.

I heartily join the sentiment of my excellent friend and brother, from whose sermon I extract some of these particulars, that, "The multitude who attended his funeral with their sighs and tears, yielded a far more real honour to his memory, than all the empty pageantry of this world could possibly afford."

It may seem unnecessary to enlarge on a Character, which has been already sufficiently described. I shall, however, indulge myself, and the friends of the deceased, in marking more expressly some features that have been but slightly touched, and noticing others which it had not before lain in my way to mention.

To begin with his domestic and familiar habits. He was at all times the affectionate husband of a wife, whose tender health needed great attention, but not greater than she received:—a kind master:—a warm and hospitable friend; to which many besides myself can bear ample testimony.—He had early contracted a scowling sort of aspect, which might have led a stranger to doubt of his being so amiable and benevolent as he really was: and he spoke sometimes with a kind of bluntness, heightened by a rough and deep-toned voice, which concealed, at the moment, a humility which was sterling, and quite distinct from that affectation of meekness—that counterfeit lowliness, which crawls and drivels to be admired, but

which, when opposed and detected, fumes and stings.

But though a man of his plainness, simplicity, and ardour of pursuit, could never stoop to "study the graces," he had that dignity of manners, and attention to the decencies and decorums of good breeding, which might be expected in the son of Lord Cadogan.

Some, however, who were intimately acquainted with his habits till within a few years of his death, thought his temper warm; though grace had greatly corrected these defects. I cannot say that I never observed any thing which might give occasion to such a remark; but I can safely say, that I never observed *any thing*, which tended to invalidate that general character of him given in the present Memoir. Had it passed under his own eye, he doubtless would have added humble confessions of many other defects. I also am ready to acknowledge, that I cannot help writing *con amore* on this subject. It is the fault of every memoir I have seen written by a friend. Impartial biography is to be found only in the Scriptures. After, therefore, telling all I know of his defects as well as of his excellencies, and *that* as I am able, I must be content to fail where others in accounts of their friends could not succeed. I shall only add, that he must possess no common share of malignity, who is capable of abusing such a concession.

Viewing him as a MINISTER, he had set out with all the advantages which one of the first schools and universities could afford: but he seems to have soon discovered how miserably deficient that minister must be, who stops at the learning of the schools. While he could have distinguished himself as a scholar, the following remark, which he makes upon Mr. Romaine in his Funeral Sermon, will as strictly apply to himself: "The errors and vices of the heathen, however ornamented by rhetoric or poetry, were disgusting to a heart purified by faith: he therefore turned from profane to sacred literature."

The simple fact is, that, what he *once counted gain*, he learned afterwards to count but *loss for Christ*. I remember hearing him say, "I have no patience now to read Homer, Virgil, or Horace, whom I used to idolize. To a man who enters into the views of the Bible, they become not only insipid, but often disgusting. In genius, taste, and elegance they never have been excelled; but" as Dr. Horne also remarks, "in almost every thing thing else worth knowing, they were as ignorant as the beasts that perish."

The Scriptures, indeed, he had studied day and night in their original languages: he had studied them critically, and in their connection, till he was familiar with them beyond most of his contemporaries. His mind was a concordance and harmony

of Scripture. He quoted with amazing facility (not at random, as some do, who distinguish not sound from sense, but) whatever tended to explain or illustrate the point before him. To this may be added, that his diction, like that of the original he studied, was so plain and perspicuous, that the meanest of his hearers might clearly understand him.

Learned, like Moses, in all the wisdom of his day, he discovered what far surpassed it all, and became a special *witness* and *example* of the truths which he was sent to teach. To which of us all in the Ministry could those words be so strictly applied? *By faith, when he was come to years, he refused* the honours to which he was born; *choosing rather to suffer affliction with the people of God, than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season; esteeming the reproach of Christ* his greatest *riches?*

The philosopher may declaim on the vanity of human greatness: he may also speculatively perceive the truth of his principle: but, to feel it abiding at heart, and to act upon it humbly and consistently through life, requires a *grace* which our brother actually possessed; and he nobly demonstrated thereby, that *this is the victory which overcometh the world, even our faith.*

His firm and decided adherence to the Government under which he was placed, both in the Church and in the State, will sufficiently appear in

his Discourses; and his readiness to instruct the ignorant, recover the wandering, visit the sick, promote useful institutions, and relieve the distressed, has been already described.

As a WRITER, he certainly did not excel: he thought so himself: a discovery, which much inferior writers seem not to have made. It was probably on this account that he published so little. The pieces delivered to me by Mrs. C. for republication, and printed in the volume of Discourses, will shew the dates and occasions of their first appearing. Besides which, he published a Memoir of the life of the Rev. William Romaine, to whose eminent piety and usefulness he bore a faithful testimony. I cannot help adding, that the reader will see more of him in his Letters, than in any thing he published.

As a PREACHER, he certainly stood high: and I may safely affirm this, though his voice was rough, and his utterance rather indistinct, and at times unpleasantly monotonous. I am also ready to acknowledge, that, like many other useful men, he was more qualified to make the assault than to conduct the siege.—He was more of an Ajax, than a Ulysses; more of a herald, than a casuist. His memory, indeed, was remarkably strong, his mind firm and vigorous, and his discourses studied; but he had not the imagination,

taste, or ear that some have.—Plain and convincing, decisive and commanding, he exhibited truth in the mass, and characters in the general, with great effect; but, to discriminate with accuracy—to touch the strings of the heart with skill—and to meet objection in its different forms, were talents he did not so much possess himself, though he knew how to value them in others.

I fear not, however, again to assert, that he was a Preacher of eminence in point of effect; and such a one as will scarcely be conceived by those, who knew him only by the sermons which he had printed. For, if he had not the Apostle's address, yet, like the Apostle, he had such a deep and evident persuasion of the truths he taught, that he seemed more like a man talking of what he *saw*, what he *felt*, and what he kept firm *hold* of, than of what he had heard or read. He had such a conviction of the reality and importance of Divine Revelation, that he did not treat of it as some do, who seem to doubt whether it would bear them out should they go all lengths with it. These, like children venturing on ice newly frozen, step and step with tender tread, fearing that the next venture should ingulph them: he, on the contrary, having knowledge of the foundation, stood upon it as on the everlasting hills; and from thence, as one bearing the message of Heaven, boldly called the World to account.

In treating of his grand theme, the glory of the

Redeemer, I know not that he has left his equal upon earth. He often spoke upon this subject with such an authority and unction, that unbelief seemed but folly, and vice madness: and thus he proceeded, till a holy sympathy was propagated, and men left him, like ELISHA after the mantle was cast over him, wondering what had so strangely carried them away from the Plough and the Oxen.

To say any thing further of Mr. Cadogan as a Christian seems needless. His piety was not only transparent, but splendid. I doubt not but many, who, "tied and bound by the chain of their sins," could not approach his faithful ministry, said, as he passed their doors, *Let me die the death of the righteous.* His life was a sermon, *known and read of all men* who did not wilfully shut their eyes against the light of it: and I am happy at the conclusion, to add so respectable a testimony as the following, from a sermon preached by the Rev. Dr. Valpy of Reading, on the Fast Day, March 8, 1797, at St. Lawrence's in that town, before Mr. Justice Thompson and Mr. Justice Lawrence, the Judges of Assize.

" 'I am taken away from the evil to come,' were among the dying expressions of a late great and good Pastor of this town:—of whom it may be truly said, that he taught the noblest truths of Christianity with the zeal and fervor of a primitive Father of the Church;—and that he practised, in

spirit and in truth, the lessons that he taught. Like his great master, *he went about doing good.* Raised as he was by birth and connections to claim the highest honours in the Church, he preferred the useful task of preaching the Gospel to the poor, to the splendid scenes of public life. His great object was, to preach the Kingdom of God, and to teach those things that concern the Lord Jesus, with all confidence and boldness. In all things he shewed himself a pattern of good works; and he, who was of a contrary part, had no evil thing to say of him.

"He is 'taken away from the evil to come.' But all things have worked together for good to him. 'He is taken away!' but he still lives in the blessings of the Poor, in the hearts of the Good, in the applause of Angels, and in the rewards of the Almighty."

And now, should any one of my Brethren in the ministry have perused this Memoir, whose doctrines and habits are different from those described in the latter part of it, let me affectionately urge it upon him for his own sake, as well as that of his people, to put the following questions to his heart.

"Am not I, at this time, under those very prejudices against vital religion, and its ministers,

from which Mr. Cadogan is said to have so happily emerged?—And, yet, has my way of preaching succeeded like his?—Has God set his seal to it, in awakening and reforming sinners as he did to his?—Has not my Learning, or Morality, or Orthodoxy, served me for a reputation and a rest short of the true one?—Has not the fear of man proved a snare to my heart, in stifling my convictions, and fettering my efforts?—Whatever I may ingeniously plead in my defence, does not my conscience declare, that, to deny myself, to take up the cross, to follow Jesus Christ, and to confess him and his cause before men, has not hitherto been my plan?"

Let me, however, remind such a one of the admonition of our Master, that except we *thus* follow HIM through an ungodly world, we cannot be even his *disciples*, and much less his Ministers. We may be any thing and every thing in the World, but we shall be nothing, or worse than nothing, in the Church.

Till we Ministers have wrestled with God like Jacob, prevailed with him, and obtained his blessing, can we expect to prevail with men?—Can we be wise to win souls to God, while we reject his counsel as to the *right way*?—Can we answer at his bar, when the cries of perishing sinners, once committed to our care, are witnessing against us? Or will it *there* excuse our negligence, that we could point out the enthusiasm or knavery of some

who were active? On the contrary, the effects often produced by evangelical truth, when found in bad hands, should rouse us to the consideration of what might be expected from it in better.

A weak man may expose the truth, and a bad man may pervert it; yet such honour has God put upon his Gospel, as sometimes to afford it an evidence which the *preacher* of it must otherwise destroy. Folly and craft mixed with the truth, like any foul matter falling into a medicine, may impede its good effect: yet, as there are medicines so potent as to work a cure through all impediments; so the Gospel is found sometimes prevailing through circumstances, which seem completely calculated to render it of no effect.—But, being the true *medicina mentis*, even the empirick that stumbles on this specific will often cure, where the regular physician, pursuing some presumptive theory, may kill. Surely I need not insist, that nothing is further from my intention than to countenance empiricism of any sort! I am endeavouring to shew, in a variety of ways, the efficacy of that remedy which our brother exhibited, and not to extenuate the abuses or absurdities that too often mix with and contaminate it.

And what this remedy will produce, when found in a heart and a hand like Mr. C.'s, we have full evidence before us.—We should enquire, "What had this man discovered?—What valuable *consideration* had he received, that he should so

determinately turn his back upon all other considerations?—What did he *feel*, when, like Moses, he preferred the reproach of Christ to all the honours and emoluments which lay directly before him?—What were the *principles*, which so distinguishingly purified his heart and life, gave efficacy to his labours, bore him up to the last, and made his very name a savour?"—If we are to judge of causes by their effects, surely here is another and a noble proof, that the Gospel is *the power of God unto salvation;* and that HIS was the true knowledge of it.—I thank God for such a testimony to the Truth, in a day of rebuke and blasphemy like the present. May it never be resisted!—May it never rise in judgment against Him that *records*, nor against Him that *reads* it!

I shall mourn if this address, instead of being received in the same spirit as it is written, proves an occasion of offence to any. I would strive, with the Apostle, to avoid giving such offence to any one, so far as I honestly could. I am, however, aware that some, who have patiently passed through the *history*, will be ready, like the auditors of Stephen, to take umbrage at the *application*. But, with the best of causes, the best of examples, and, as I trust, with the best of intentions, I will proceed.

Nor is it to men who are at enmity with these truths that I now speak, though for even such I desire continually to pray. *They are of the*

world: therefore speak they of the world; and the world heareth them; but they themselves will neither hear nor bear the truth.

But, to men of more tender and enlightened consciences let me say, shall we—we Ministers and Stewards of the mysteries of God, not resolve diligently to study and faithfully to inculcate them? In us, even to be unskilful or unresolved, is to be deeply criminal. Shall we not lay it to heart, how many are looking up to us for instruction in the things that belong to their peace?—dependant upon us for it—committed to us—many of them in simplicity taking each of us by the hand, saying, "Lead us: take care of us: direct our steps in the way of life; for THOU art our *Guide?*"—dropping, also, one after another into eternity, before they can have their minds well directed to meet it?—The best, the wisest, and the most laborious ministers of Christ, when they think of these things, tremble at their office:—what then should others do?

I would, therefore, urge it first upon my own heart, and then upon that of every one conscientiously engaged in the sacred office, to go aside and daily revolve, "Is my Bible true? What are the truths it contains? What awful and astonishing prospects does it present of that world, into which ministers and their congregations are hastening! Should not every nerve be strained to bring men acquainted with these truths,—espe-

cially such as are particularly committed to my care? And if, in the faithful discharge of this duty, the reproach of the fearful and unbelieving, as well as of the profane, lights upon me, let me, in such a cause, resolve to be singular—let me dare to be right—let me *become a fool, that I may be wise!*"—Yea, I would add still more, let us, with our late Brother, *rejoice in that day and be exceeding glad, for great is our reward in Heaven, for thus* treated *they the prophets which were before us.*

I go on to speak freely, because I know there are many of my Brethren who are seriously seeking to do good in their parishes, but are discouraged at observing how little fruit appears after many years' labour. I have heard them express it; but I have heard it without surprise. Whoever considers the guilty and grovelling habits of men, and aims to erect their minds to the highest objects, and to implant habits of faith and holiness, should, before he attempts building such a tower, *sit down and count the cost.* He proposes a moral miracle, and should contemplate the *means* as well as the end. Power belongeth unto God; and he has a right to annex the communication of it to what ordinances he pleases. Had Moses, instead of lifting up a serpent, and directing the Israelites to look to that alone as God's ordinance for healing them, been so weak and presumptuous as to have employed remedies which seemed in

themselves more eligible, the Israelites might have concurred with him in the application, but would have died of their wounds.—Had CADOGAN proceeded as he began, some good would have been done among his people, because he knew something of God's remedy, and employed what he knew; but no such extensive benefits as those which followed when he knew the way of the Lord more perfectly, and determinately rejected every other. *Then* it was, that, working with God, he prevailed with men:—like JOSEPH, *the Lord was with him, and the thing that he did, the Lord made it to prosper.*

Some, indeed, may attempt to resist this fact; and what fact, when it bears hard upon men's interests or humours, will they not attempt to invalidate? But a man might as well go about to prove that Robespierre was not outrageously mischievous, as that Cadogan was not eminently useful. Let us not then be deceived by those self-flattering and false statements, with which the profane or the pharisaical attempt to intrench themselves—resisting and misrepresenting true religion by raking together a few ridiculous or scandalous abuses, (rejoicing in evils which we lament) while they wilfully close their eyes to the most cogent facts and arguments. Which of us, if he were so blindly or corruptly disposed, could not, with even feeble abilities, thus decently dress out the carcase of a dead profession, as Michal

did an image, when David himself was gone; till, on the matter being examined, behold! *there was an image in the bed, with a pillow of goat's hair for his bolster?*—Ah! how easy is it, in health and repose, for men to lose sight of the nature and value of true religion; and of that dying pillow, when the mere images of it will yield them no comfort! and much more to lose sight of that day, when such images must be examined and exposed!

Nor let us be imposed upon by the sound of words, as if something *new* in religion was here advanced. Let any one satisfy himself on this head, by turning to the Reformers—the Articles of our Church—or the writings of its most eminent and useful Bishops. Wherein did the principles of Andrews and Davenant, Hall and Usher, Reynolds and Leighton, Hopkins and Beveridge, &c. &c. differ from those of our departed friend? If he differed from others, it was because he so entirely agreed with these. Both they and he were convinced, that till the heart is humbled and animated with the principles and promises of the Gospel, we shall exhort men in vain to the performance of its duties; and till then, even such performances must be undertaken on a wrong principle. It is therefore the good *old way*, that ignorance so frequently mistakes for a *new path*. Mr. C. chose that *old* way for himself and his people: they *walked therein, and found rest for*

their souls. Many of them have accompanied him to glory; and if, after his departure, the rest should so wander and degenerate, as to return to the world from whence they came out (a supposition not to be admitted) still the fact remains: under his ministry they were called out from that world: under the same they walked towards the world above; and there I also trust he will meet them *as his crown of rejoicing in the day of the Lord Jesus.*

Let us then no longer *halt between two opinions!* especially as they lead to two such opposite and important results. Soon will an eternal world open upon us, and the Kingdom of our Redeemer break forth with an unutterable splendour and irresistible conviction, to the honour and joy of his friends, and the eternal confusion of his enemies. He has warned us that the gate of it is strait, the way narrow, and that comparatively few are found walking therein: and if we perceive this, shall men in our predicament consult the taste of a blind, disordered, and perishing world about it?—or ask leave to declare it plainly?—Let us know men better, love them more, and fear them less, that we may *both save ourselves and them that hear us.*

But, whatever zeal we may attain for evangelical principles, let us be no less zealous to follow our Brother as he followed CHRIST, in a parental tenderness and forbearance towards those that

oppose themselves, *if God peradventure will give them repentance to the acknowledging of the truth.* If we would succeed as Mr. C. did, " We must," to use his words, " shew these people a more excellent way:—we must overcome evil with good:—we must pray for them as Christ did, for they know not what they do." We must, like him, shake hands with the man that would insult us; and, by a friendly approach to the house of an enemy, attempt to disarm his heart*. Benevolence of character is a sort of eloquence that is understood in every country, and which every one finds it very difficult to resist: Christian Love is a still higher principle, and has a look and a language even towards its enemies, which have often melted down the most obdurate. *Fas est et ab hoste doceri,* and from one of the worst we may learn that, " the good man alone knows the art of making others so."

The work, indeed, is arduous, and man is weak; but, with the warrant and promise of our God, any thing may be done. His power precludes all despair, in making this grandest of attempts. Whatever has been related of our late Brother is but an exhibition of divine Grace, which wrought in him *both to will and to do.* He was a man of like passions and prejudices with us, and owed all that he was, and all that he did, to its sole

* See page 232.

efficacy: and to illustrate the power and tendency of that grace, is the grand design of these Memoirs, or the writer of them is but *a fool in his folly*.

Let us, therefore, work while it is day, and pray while we work: looking to Him who is able to build us also up, and give us an inheritance among them that are sanctified; that, when our work is done, we may, like our Brother, repose on our dying pillow with a well-grounded consolation that we have "*settled every affair for both worlds*."

MEMOIRS

OF

JOHN BACON, Esq. R. A.

WITH

REFLECTIONS

DRAWN FROM A REVIEW OF HIS MORAL AND RELIGIOUS CHARACTER.

Non sine ratione, sacra est magnarum virtutum memoria: et esse plures bonos juvat, si gratia bonorum no cum ipsis cadat.

SENECA.

ADVERTISEMENT.

SOON after the death of the late Mr. Bacon, his family requested the Author of the present publication to insert a few memorials of their invaluable relative in the Gentleman's Magazine for Sept. 1799. *They have again requested him to publish them in the present form. They wish to preserve, by every means, a memory so revered and beloved, not only by themselves, but also by many who were happy in his acquaintance: they also feel, that the high cause of Religion and Morality may be served by the knowledge and remembrance of such a character.*

A request at once so rational and pious would have been attended to sooner, had not a long course of painful infirmity and disease rendered even a a small undertaking difficult to the Writer.

Some additional facts and anecdotes furnished by the family enable the Author to enlarge the former brief narrative: he has also inserted whatever he could recollect of Mr. B.'s habits in society,

turn of thinking, manner of expression, &c. This addition will not only more distinctly mark his character, but afford a gratification to his friends.

The scantiness of his other materials has allowed the Author to dwell longer on that part of his friend's character which is decidedly the most important; and to add those observations at the conclusion on the nature and effect of true religion, which receive from it so striking an exemplification.

MEMOIRS,

&c.

To encourage real genius, struggling against early disadvantages; to prove the solid benefits of a steady probity; and, above all, to exemplify the divine maxim, that *Wisdom is justified of all her children*, the following short Memoirs of the late JOHN BACON, Esq. are presented to the public.

This celebrated sculptor was descended from an ancient family in Somersetshire: his grandfather, John Bacon, was the son of William Bacon, who possessed a considerable estate near Wincanton, in that county. His father, Thomas Bacon, was a cloth-worker in Southwark, where Mr. Bacon was born November 24th, 1740.

Providence seems to have peculiarly favoured his infancy; for when he was about five years of age, he fell into the pit of a soap-boiler, and would have perished, if a man, who then entered the yard, had not discovered the top of his head, and immediately drawn him out. About the same time he fell before a cart, the wheel of which went

over his right hand, and must have crushed it, had it not fallen between two projecting stones.

There are, perhaps, but few persons who cannot recollect some impending dangers from which they have been snatched by a particular Providence. Such recollections not only become a duty with respect to our great deliverer, but experience confirms the very beneficial tendency they have in affecting the heart, and pointing out its deep and various obligations.

When very young, Mr. B. discovered an inclination for drawing, common to children; but not pursuing it, he never made any great proficiency in that art.

He, indeed, at that time was obliged to seek a support in the humblest station; but, even while a child, seeds of his future growth and eminence appeared. "I have often heard him mention," says his son, "that, when a boy, under the age of ten years, and playing at marbles or other games, his thoughts have been chiefly employed in the enquiry, "whence arose the satisfaction he felt:" and, perceiving the weakness of its principle, his former pleasure has been turned into contempt towards himself and his companions, as the easy dupes of fancy—At this age, he concluded that happiness was in every man's power who could learn to discipline his own mind; and, on this plan, he made a sort of philosophical attempt to command his own happiness.

It, perhaps, need not be said that Bacon, the old Christian, excelled Bacon, the young Philosopher, in his attempt to obtain true happiness; and we may add, that infant Philosophers will attain to the *summum bonum* as soon as aged ones, who are not taught to look to a better resource than themselves.

In the year 1755, and at the age of fourteen, Mr. B. was bound apprentice to Mr. Crispe, of Bow Church Yard; where he was employed, among other things, in painting on porcelain. Mr. Crispe had a manufactory of china at Lambeth, to which Mr. B. occasionally went, and where he assisted. His then occupation, indeed, was but a feeble step towards his future acquirements, as he was chiefly employed in forming shepherds, shepherdesses, and such small ornamental pieces; yet, for a self-taught artist to perform even works like these with taste, and, in less than two years, form (as he did) all the models for the manufactory, was to give an indication of no ordinary powers. But, as goodness of heart excels greatness of parts, a proof of his filial affection ought here to be recorded: at this early period he principally supported his parents by the produce of his labours, even to the abridging himself of the necessaries of life.

Let children learn, not only from God's word, but also from facts like the present, how a dutiful and affectionate regard to their parents is

marked by HIM on whom all events depend: It is sowing the seeds of future blessings—It is laying a good ground of expectation respecting their own children. *Honour thy father and thy mother, that it may be well with thee.*

Mr. B.'s capacity, however, for greater things in his art than he had yet attempted, discovered itself on the following occasion. In attending the manufactory at Lambeth, he had an opportunity of observing the models of different sculptors, which were sent to a pottery on the same premises to be burnt. Small circumstances often give rise to the most important events in our lives. From the sight of these models, Mr. B. first conceived a strong inclination for his future profession. He applied himself to this attainment with the most unremitting diligence: and his progress was as rapid, as his turn for it was sudden and unpremeditated. This will appear from the books published annually by the "Society for the Encouragement of Arts;" where it may be found, that, between the years 1763 and 1766, inclusive, the first premiums in those classes, for which he contended, were no less than nine times adjudged to him. The first of these attempts was made in the year 1758, in a small figure of Peace, after the manner of the antique.

It was during Mr. B.'s apprenticeship that he formed a design of making Statues in Artificial Stone, which he afterwards perfected. By these

exertions, he recovered the manufactory at Lambeth, now carried on by Mrs. Coade, and which, before Mr. B. undertook the management of it, had fallen into very low circumstances.

About the year 1763, Mr. B. first attempted working in marble; and, having never seen that operation performed, he was led to invent an instrument for transferring the form of the model to the marble, (technically called, *getting out the points)* which instrument has since been used by many other Sculptors in England and France*. Its advantage, beyond the instruments formerly employed, consists in its certainty and exactness—in its taking a correct measurement in *every direction*—in its occupying so small a compass as not to encumber the workman—and, in its being transferrable either to the model or to the marble, without having a separate instrument for each, as before was the custom.

At this time, Mr. B. lived in the city, where his family connections were; but, in the year

* Mr. John Bacon has communicated to me an anecdote worth recording in this edition. A gentleman who had been in France, seeing this instrument in use at Mr. B.'s exclaimed with surprise, "So! you have got Mons. Hudon's instrument for taking points! I see you don't object to copying the French in some particulars" Mr. B. replied he was certain it was not a French invention. The gentleman insisted that he had seen it in use in France, in the study of M. Hudon, the Sculptor; who told him, with some self-applause, that it was *his own invention.* The gentleman was not a little surprised, when Mr. B. assured him that M. Hudon had first seen this instrument in Mr. B.'s study, and was so much pleased with its utility and novelty, that Mr. B. made him a present of one of them for his own use! J. P.

1768, he removed to the west end of the town: and it was then (being about twenty-eight years of age) in attending the Royal Academy, instituted that year, that he received his first instructions in his future profession; having never before seen the art of Modelling or Sculpture regularly performed.

In the following year, the gold medal for Sculpture, the first ever given by that Society, was decreed to Mr. B. He became an Associate of that body, in the year 1770. His reputation was now well established by the exhibition of his Statue of Mars: it recommended him to the notice of the present Archbishop of York; who, having designed to place a bust of his present Majesty in the Hall of Christ-Church College, Oxford, presented Mr. B. to the King, who was pleased to sit to him for that purpose.

Mr. J—, an old acquaintance of Mr. B. heard Mr. West, the present President of the Royal Academy, say, when he saw the model of Mars (Mr. B.'s first statue,) "If this is his first essay, what will this man attain to when he arrives at maturity?" The same friend also remembers, that when Mr. B. was modelling the bust of His Majesty, the King asked him if he had ever been out of the kingdom: upon being answered in the negative, his Majesty said, "I am glad of it—you will be the greater honour to it."

Mr. B.'s execution of this work, added to the

fame he had already acquired, procured him the Royal Patronage; and he received an order from His Majesty to prepare another bust, intended as a present to the University of Gottingen. Her Majesty was also pleased to give directions for a third; and Mr. B. has since executed a fourth, which is placed in the meeting room of the Society of Antiquaries. He was soon afterwards employed by the Dean and Fellows of Christ-Church, in forming several busts for them; particularly those of the late General Guise, the Bishop of Durham, and the Primate of Ireland.

In 1773, he presented to the "Society for the Encouragement of Arts," two statues in plaister, which, by a vote of that Society, were directed to be placed in their great room. On this occasion Mr. B. addressed a letter to them in the following terms:

"The honour you have done me, in your acceptance of my statues of Mars and Venus, affords me an opportunity which I gladly embrace, of acknowledging the many obligations I have to the Society. It was your approbation which stimulated, and your encouragements which enabled me to pursue those studies which a disadvantageous situation had otherwise made difficult, if not impossible. Believe me, gentlemen, I never think of the Society without gratitude, and without the highest idea of the principles on which it is

formed: and which justly place it among the institutions that do honour to human nature—raise the glory of a nation—and promote the general good of mankind."—To this letter the Society sent a polite answer, accompanied with their gold medal, on the reverse of which is inscribed EMINENT MERIT.

His first *Work* in sculpture is in Christ-Church College, already mentioned. The first *Figures* he executed in marble, are at the Duke of Richmond's at Godwood. His first *Monument* is that of Mrs. Withers, in St. Mary's, Worcester.

In the year 1777, he was employed to prepare a model of a monument to be erected in Guy's Hospital, Southwark, to the memory of the Founder. It was this work, that chiefly recommended him to the execution of Lord Chatham's Monument in Guildhall. This latter gave such general satisfaction, that he was presented with a handsome gratuity, after the sum agreed for was paid.

The next year, in which he became a Royal Academican, he finished the monument of Mrs. Draper. About the same time he began a marble statue of Mars, from the model which he had before exhibited: the commission was given him by Charles Anderson Pelham, now Lord Yarborough; but it was not completed till the year 1786. Some time in this year (1780) he executed the

two groups for the top of Somerset House, and also the Monument of Lord Halifax, placed in the north transept of Westminster Abbey.

In the year 1781, he began the statue of Judge Blackstone, for All Souls College, Oxford; and, the next year, that of Henry the Sixth, for the Anti-Chapel at Eton.

There was something so singular in the manner in which he received the order for this statue, that I hope to be excused if I mention the detail. A gentleman called upon Mr. B. who appeared like a distressed clergyman applying for relief. The great respect which he had for persons of that description, and the satisfaction he felt in relieving them, induced him, with his usual complacency, to ask this stranger to enter and be seated.—He had not continued long, before he began to ask, "Pray Mr. B. have you been at Rome?"—Mr. B. answered in the negative. "I suppose you have been at Wilton, to see the antiques there?"—No.—After two or three more such questions and answers, he said, with his patience almost exhausted, "Have you ever been at Westminster Abbey?" On Mr. B.'s replying yes, the stranger said, "I may, however, as well walk to your rooms, and look at your works." He examined them attentively, saying, as he passed, "Well—very well—excellent—and all this produced without going abroad!—But I can tell you one thing; and that is, you have no *need* to go." He then

gave an order for a bust of Henry the Sixth for Eton College, and paid down half the price.

After this was executed, he wrote a polite letter of approbation, saying he had but one fault to find with the performance, which was, that it was not carried down to the feet, (or a whole length). Soon after he called again on Mr. B. and informed him, that he had left a sum of money in his will, for a statue of the above-mentioned King, to be placed in the Chapel of Eton College: "But," said he, "upon second thoughts, it seems I had better have it done while I live; and you should set about it immediately, but that I know your custom is to have half the sum paid down at giving the order: now this is not quite convenient to me at present; but I think I could let you have 100l."—"Pray, sir," said Mr. B. "don't let that be a consideration—you have always shown yourself a man of honour—I shall leave every thing to your convenience, and make the design directly."—"I think," said the gentleman, after a pause, "I can let you have 200l.:" after thus demurring, he paid down the whole customary deposit before he left the house.

In the year 1783, the inhabitants of Jersey, having determined to perpetuate the memory of the gallant Major Pierson, who fell in the defence of that island against the French, the execution of the monument was committed to Mr. B.

It may here be remarked, that, in the different

competitions with rival artists, Mr. B. has been almost always successful; there being but *one* exception out of sixteen instances.

Of the works which Mr. B. exhibited at the Royal Academy, the following may be enumerated: statues of Mars and Venus;—a colossal bust of Jupiter:—a colossal statue of the Thames:—several small figures in marble; and a monument, since placed in the Cathedral of Bristol, to the Memory of Mrs. Draper, celebrated by Sterne under the name of Eliza.

When Mr. B. exhibited his statue of the Thames just mentioned, it was noticed by a certain great Personage, who, after having expressed her admiration of it as a work of art, enquired, why he could not "avoid making it so frightful a figure." He replied, "*Art* cannot always effect that which is still within the reach of Nature—the union of beauty and majesty."

But the most important work hitherto presented to the public by Mr. B. is the monument of the Earl of Chatham, erected in Westminster Abbey. This was begun in the year 1778, and finished in 1783. It may perhaps be produced as an instance, not only that true genius is the growth of the British Isle; but that it may be fully ripened in it, unassisted by foreign aid.

When young, Mr. B.'s abilities as an artist were not called in question, except with respect to the Antique; of which some affirmed that he under-

stood nothing. On this occasion, he modelled his large head of Jupiter Tonans, which was inspected by several eminent connoisseurs, and mistaken for a fine antique: they even enquired from what temple abroad it had been brought.

Of his different works, it is not the design of these memoirs to present a regular list, and much less to enter into a critical investigation of their respective merits*. They are before the public,

* I shall here insert some observations of this kind from Dallaway's "Anecdotes of the Arts in England."

"The works of Bacon, Banks, Nollekins, Wilton, and Flaxman, will rescue the present age from being totally indebted to foreigners for perfection in statuary. His present Majesty at Christchurch, a bust, by the *first* mentioned, has the strength of Bernini."

"In the Hall at All Souls is a statue of Judge Blackstone, sitting and habited in his magistratical character, which is indeed full of spirit and dignity. It commands attention, and expresses importance. But the question respecting the costume will occur to most spectators; and Bacon imposed a hard task upon himself when he undertook such a profusion of wig and ermine. Perhaps, so rigid an adherence to verisimilitude may be in most instances relaxed, with happier effect, if not totally dispensed with. Nothing, however, between an exact representation of the dress of the times and the true antique should be admitted in statuary. Kent's fancy dress for Shakspeare in Westminster Abbey, and of the Duke of Somerset at Cambridge, habited as if he had lived in the reign of Charles the First, are incorrect. In St. Paul's Cathedral the statues of Johnson and Howard, both by Bacon, are in opposite styles. The Philosopher is in the habit of an Athenian, gigantic, rather than colossal; whilst the head of the Philanthrophist is dressed like that of a gentleman of our own times——But the full dress of an English Judge has insuperable disadvantages; and few artists would have succeeded so well as Bacon."

"At Christchurch are busts of General Guise, Archbishop Robinson, Bishop Barrington, &c. and at Pembroke College one of Dr. Johnson, all by Bacon, and elaborately finished. For a very memorable improvement in sepulchral statuary we are indebted to him. The idea of representing the virtues of the deceased by symbolical figures, if not original, is well applied."

"Bacon has adopted this mode very happily, though not without repetition of his first thoughts; and has attained to nearly an equal degree of

who hitherto have marked them with a distinguished approbation: and they will be accompanied through future ages with the applause of a Poet*; the productions of whose genius will probably be admired, till that period at which it will be said *Time shall be no longer.*

I was, however, surprised at being assured by Mr. John Bacon, jun. that his father never used to *set his draperies,* as it is termed; at least since the son could remember: but that they were the

perfection in several of his emblematical figures, which are seen in Westminster Abbey, the Abbey church at Bath, and Bristol Cathedral, where his monument to Mrs. Elizabeth Draper (Sterne's Eliza) is exquisitely simple."

"One of Bacon's last works was a monument for Mr. Whitbread, which is a beautiful composition. His figure of Benevolence is again introduced with a variation only in the attitude. It is well worthy the antique.——But another marble, scarcely finished at the time of his death, will secure him a lasting fame for originality and classical taste. It is the Cenotaph lately erected at Westminster Abbey to the poet Mason. A Muse holding his profile on a medallion, reclines on an antique altar, on which are sculptured, in relief, a lyre, the tragic masque, and laurel wreath; all of the most correct form, as seen on ancient sarcophagi of the pure ages—"

"Bacon's monument to the poet Gray is due to the classical design of his friend Mason. That to Lord Chatham certainly displays a very grand group. The Britannia is the Urbs Roma, and the Thames is the Tiber of the Capitol, copied with the appropriate variation of the attributes. The monument to Lord R. Manners exhibits the antique Neptune."

"With the English school of sculpture, founded by Bacon, Banks, Nollekins, and Wilton, no nation, excepting Italy, will offer a successful competition."

* ——————————— Bacon there
Gives more than female beauty to a stone,
And Chatham's eloquence to marble lips.
Nor does the chisel occupy alone
The pow'rs of Sculpture, but the style as much.

COWPER

production of his own feelings; and of the observations which he had made, with scarcely any assistance from artificial arrangements and dispositions of them upon a figure.

Besides the works already mentioned, those which stand among the principal are,-The Bronze Group, in the square of Somerset-House—Lady Miller's, at Bath—Lord Rodney's, at Jamaica—Lord Heathfield's, at Buckland, near Plymouth—Earl and Countess of Effingham's, at Jamaica—Sir George Pocock's and Bishop Thomas's, in Westminster Abbey—Mr. Howard's and Dr. Johnson's, in St. Paul's Cathedral—and the Pediment of the East-India-House.

Mr. B. had under his hand, at the time of his death, the following monuments: that of Mr. Whitbread;—Sir William Jones:—the Poet Mason; and the Rev. Joseph Milner;—with some others of less importance.*

This distinguished artist, and excellent man, was suddenly attacked with an inflammation in his bowels, on the evening of Sunday, August 4th, 1799, which occasioned his death in little more

* In the former edition, other works were here enumerated; as the monument of General Dundas, for St. Paul's; Captains Harvey and Hutt, for Westminster Abbey: a Group for India, containing a colossal statue of Marquis Cornwallis; and an equestrian Bronze of William the Third, for St. James's Square. But I learn from Mr. John Bacon, that these works were not even begun at the time of his father's death, though the commissions were received. In mentioning them, therefore, to Mr. Cecil as works "under hand," he was too scrupulously delicate; and I think it an act of common justice to restore to Mr. John Bacon the credit of these works, since to him it exclusively belongs. J. P.

than two days. During this short illness, he expressed a firm reliance on that Sure Foundation on which he had long and constantly built. He departed on Wednesday morning, August the 7th, in the 59th year of his age: leaving two sons and three daughters by his first wife, and three sons by his last, the surviving widow.

Thus departed a man, who, though one of the most distinguished artists of his day, had a mind capable of esteeming this rank but a small attainment. He grasped at the higher honours and unfading rewards which he now enjoys. Amidst the infirmities and temptations to which our common nature is subject, and under which an enlighted eye and a sincere heart led him often bitterly to complain, he was decided in the grand point, and determinately pursued it. He desired to bear his testimony to it after his death; and therefore ordered, by his will, a plain tablet with the following inscription (after the name and date) to be placed near his grave.

WHAT I WAS AS AN ARTIST
SEEMED TO ME OF SOME IMPORTANCE
WHILE I LIVED:
BUT
WHAT I REALLY WAS AS A BELIEVER
IN CHRIST JESUS,
IS THE ONLY THING OF IMPORTANCE
TO ME NOW.

Mr. B. was about five feet eight inches in stature, of a fair complexion, and interesting countenance, expressive of his natural vivacity, tenderness, and address.

Though in passing through this short narrative, I could not avoid giving some general intimations of the character and sentiments of Mr. B. I shall begin a more particular account of them here, by remarking, that, in communicating his ideas, Mr. B. was sometimes forcible and happy; especially if the occasion and the assembly demanded care and preparation. I am informed, from the best authority, that the observations which he used to make at the Royal Academy, were received with the greatest attention and deference.

In familiar discourse, especially when he indulged the metaphysical turn of his mind, he was frequently circuitous and obscure: what was successful, burst like lightning from a cloud; but unlike that meteor, it remained to enlighten and to warm. He had a habit of illustrating his conceptions by emblems and analogies: the fertility of his mind for these was peculiar. In attempting to convey a full view of any topic, he would sometimes amplify and wiredraw to tediousness; but the hearer was often well paid, at length, for his attention, by some forcible allusion or comparison, without which he seldom spoke long together. The reader will perceive this in the passages,

which, as a specimen of his usual style and manner of speaking, I have put down in these memoirs. So quick, indeed, and lively were his feelings and sympathies, that they were frequently accompanied with his tears.

His talent for illustration, together with his affectionate disposition, made him particularly the friend and favourite of children. He had an equal ability for instructing and for entertaining them.—Taking some story from the Bible with which the child was acquainted, and putting it into a transposed form, he used to express it in so simple, novel, and lively a manner, that the child supposed he was hearing a story entirely new, till he afterwards discovered with surprise that the hero of the story was Joseph, David, &c.

He was naturally irritable; but not at all vindictive: warm in his attachments; but more disposed to lament his wrongs, than to resent them. I do not recollect any one, in whom I have observed so much natural irritability tempered with such meekness and forbearance. I remember to have seen his temper greatly tried in two instances. The first of these was a most unprovoked insult: the exemplary patience with which it was received was remarked with admiration by several persons present. The latter instance produced only a silent grief, being a wound in the house of a friend.

There is another instance told in the family, which, however ridiculous, may serve to mark and

and contrast two characters. While Mr. B. was walking one day in Wesminster Abbey, he observed a person standing before his principal work, who seemed to pride himself on his taste and skill in the arts, and who was exuberant in his remarks.—This monument of Chatham," said he to Mr. B. (whom it is evident he mistook for an ignorant stranger), " is admirable upon the whole, but it has great defects."—" I should be greatly obliged," said Mr. B. " if you would be so kind as to point them out to me."—" Why here," said the critic, " and there—do you not see?—bad—very bad!" at the same time employing his stick upon the lower figures with a violence that was likely to injure the work.—" But," said Mr. B. " I should be glad to be acquainted *why* the parts you touched are bad." He found, however, nothing determinate in the reply; but the same vague assertions repeated, and accompanied with the same violence. " I told Bacon," said he, repeatedly, of this, while the monument was forming.—I pointed out other defects, but I could not convince him."—" What, then, you are personally acquainted with Bacon?" said Mr. B. " O yes," replied the stranger, " I have been intimate with him for many years."—" It is well for you then," said Mr. B. taking leave of him, " that your friend Bacon is not now at your elbow, for he would not have been well pleased at seeing his work so roughly handled."

It is the reward of sound character, that however it may be obscured by calumny or accident, time will bring forth its reality, and oblige even enemies to acknowledge it. This was verified in the probity of Mr. B. Those, who a long time felt it their interest to sink his rising reputation, have afterwards been glad to appeal to his tried integrity.

The following anecdote I received from Mr. B.'s family, authenticated by part of a correspondence now before me.

Not long after the erection of the monument of the Earl of Chatham, a rival sculptor (whose name I desire to omit) requested Mr. B. with other sculptors, to value some work which that artist had executed, as the price demanded had been objected to by his employer. Mr. B. gave an estimate of the value, which much disappointed the expectations of the sculptor. He took such offence at this, as led him to bring the subject into the news-papers; accusing Mr. B. of the highest injustice, and that with the most opprobrious epithets. Nor did this artist stop at representing Mr. B. as a very bad man, but endeavoured also to depreciate several of his public works. Yet, strange to tell, this very man, on a future similar occasion, applied again to Mr. B. begging his pardon for all that had passed, and confessing that he considered Mr. B. as a person

upon whose justice, integrity, and candour, he could rely with the most implicit confidence.

Persons who were utterly averse from Mr. B.'s views as a Christian, yet placed unlimited confidence in him as an honest man. Mr. Ryley was an ingenious draftsman, who used to work principally for engravers; as may be seen by his name at the bottom of many modern plates. He also executed finished drawings of monuments for Mr. B.; but, though a professed Deist, and of course one who held in contempt the religious views of Mr. B., yet, on hearing him accidentally say that he was pressed for a sum of money, Mr. R. stept out, and, presently returning, brought a bag containing about 200 guineas, which he would fain have left for Mr. B.'s use. Mr. B. blamed him for keeping so much cash in his house, and, having often observed him to appear anxious and melancholy, spoke to him about arranging his affairs; particularly, knowing he had property, Mr. B. urged him to make his will. Mr. R. replied, he did not know how.—Mr. B. proposed making one for him, which he accepted. On this, Mr. R. after naming a few legacies to relations, appointed Mr. B. his executor and residuary legatee. Mr. B. however, positively refused this, insisting upon it, that his property should go entirely to his relations: but, at any rate, that nothing should come to himself. The event of Mr. R.'s death proved

that the property, thus honourably refused, was considerable.

I had many opportunities of observing Mr. B.'s integrity and generosity in giving the merits of rival sculptors their just demands. He was sanguine in praising any thing felicitous that came from their hands, and seemed to take peculiar pleasure in expressing it. On the contrary, I do not recollect a single instance of his being severe on the defects that might have afforded ample scope for his criticism or wit.

I remember, in walking with him round Westminster Abbey, that he seemed delighted in pointing out to me such excellencies in the works of different artists as are not commonly noticed. Among such as are, he warmly joined the public opinion in admiring the exquisite expression of Mrs. Nightingale's sinking in death; and the pathos and dignity of the figure of Eloquence, in the Duke of Argyle's monument. The latter, by its attitude, seemed to bid future artists stand at a distance; and he seemed to think this would be obeyed. I ventured to think that his figure of Lord Chatham was a copy of it. He said he was quite unconscious of it when he modelled that statue; but would not affirm that a figure, which he had so long admired, might not have given rise to his idea.

He often remarked on the affectation of many with respect to the antique, who are without

taste for selecting what is really excellent in it: "Call it," said he, "but an antique, and people begin immediately to find some beauty. Look at that figure in the corner of my study—can you see any thing in it?—Yet many who come here, and, at first, take no notice of it, as soon as they hear it is a cast from the antique, begin to admire!—Had I made it a few years ago, it would not have produced me a shilling."

He frequently discovered a very modest opinion of his own abilities. I have heard him repeatedly say, "I cannot grasp, much less *arrange*, at one time, several ideas.—If I have any thing distinguishing, it is a knack at expressing an idea, single and detached. I stick to my mistress NATURE, and she often lends me her hand."—"He knew," observes his son, "where his forte lay. I have heard him often compare himself to the cat in the fable, that had but one sure trick by which to save herself. He used continually to inculcate the importance of a man's attending to that one point, in which he discovered his chief talent to lie; and produced himself as an instance of the success attending this principle."

His favourite topic was, the Character of Man; and he often discoursed upon that utter dependance, yet intolerable pride, which is so observable in human nature. "We are all beggars at best," said he, "but are ready to forget it; and that is one source of our pride. Two beggars stand at

a door: the one receives a penny, the other a guinea: it is well if the latter does not begin to imagine some reason for the distinction: it is well if he does not swell upon it, and turn in contempt upon his fellow. Yet this is but a picture of a man's admiration of his gifts." This view of the matter led him to be ever suspicious of himself, and glad of any hint from his friends.

The reader has, perhaps, observed in some eminent character, that his credit and usefulness have been greatly lessened by a peculiar habit or false sentiment, which either length of time, or the flattery of fond admirers, or a temper indisposed to receive animadversion, has at last rendered almost inveterate. The real friends of such a character have therefore despaired of bringing him the common report: or, if such a friendly resolution to serve him had been determined upon, they have been at a loss (like the mice of Æsop proposing a bell for the cat's neck) who should venture to make the desperate experiment.—Nothing of this sort of difficulty, I can fully aver, ever discouraged remark on the character before us: he seemed to feel the reproof of a friend as a token of peculiar friendship. Mr. J—, an old and very intimate acquaintance of Mr. B. says, that his "deceased friend was remarkably grateful, when told of his faults or deficiencies"—that, "he laid a particular injunction" upon Mr. J— "to mark his conduct and behaviour in business or com-

pany"—that, Mr. J— "sometimes complied with this request in as severe a manner as possible"—that, he "always met with expressions of gratitude for his strictures; and could perceive that Mr. B. seldom received his observations in vain."

He was, indeed, so exquisitely sensible in point of self-suspicion, that it not only occurred on subjects were he naturally bowed to the superior knowledge and judgment of a friend, but on those where he had himself a decided superiority. Once walking through his pieces, as I passed a statue nearly finished, I hastily said, "Mr. B. that leg is too short." He replied, "Stop, stop:—look again: for it never occurred to me."—"Phoh!" said I, "I know nothing of the matter: no doubt but you are quite right."—"I don't know that," answered he: "I have taken no other rule of proportion than the measure of my eye, and the remark of a *fresh* eye is always matter of serious consideration with me."—I could give other instances of a weightier kind, which I avoid on account of being myself so personally concerned in them; and wish here to confess the pain I feel in being obliged to speak so frequently in the first person.

Mr. B.'s habits were frugal, but not penurious. This statement I feel warranted to assert, though I am sensible it has been, and probably will be, denied. Being favoured by the public with the execution of most of the principal pieces which have been done of late, he could not but acquire

considerable property: but the prudence, which, as the father of a large family, and in a precarious profession, he deemed it necessary to observe—the plain and careless style of every thing about his house—the envy of some interested cotemporaries—and, above all, the motives of his conduct being greatly misunderstood, gave occasion to the objections which have been brought against his liberality.

Far be it from the writer to attempt the extenuation of a vice so odious as covetousness. If it really existed in his friend, or should it be found in his own bosom, he trusts he should appear among the first to expose and condemn it. But, after the strictest investigation, he is convinced that Mr. B.'s memory has suffered injustice in this respect; and therefore he feels it a duty to regard the old admonition,

> ——— Absentem qui rodit amicum,
> *Qui non defendit, alio culpante—*
> Hic niger est.

That there was sometimes the appearance of parsimony cannot be denied; and, also, that he has been known to lament a disposition towards it while he dilated, as he frequently did, on the odiousness of the vice. "He has," says Mr. B. jun. "been thought hard and irritable when little mistakes have been made: but, if he was at any time *little*, it was in *little things*; for, in

greater affairs, he always manifested a noble character of mind. In the year 1793, when public suspicion brought ruin upon many of the Country Banks, and shook, to their foundation, several substantial ones in town, Mr. B. ventured the greatest part of his property in the support of one of them; refusing to take such a kind of security as he knew would put his friend to an extraordinary expence. He would give a considerable sum of money to some pious or charitable design, on that very day in which he would burn his fingers by sparing paper in lighting a candle." It is also well known to some of his friends, that he positively refused to execute monuments, whenever he judged that the design or the inscription would have an unchristian tendency.

As I write from conviction, and think it my duty to endeavour to remove what may have been injuriously imputed; so, on the other hand, I am ready to concede, that Mr. B. did not possess that splendour of bounty proportioned to his means, by which some religious characters have distinguished themselves, and put a dignity upon their profession. But a man may have general benevolence, and even largeness of heart, who is still not a THORNTON.

Add to this, Mr. B.'s original circumstances had begotten close habits: they had become even natural to him; and he had, from sentiment and upon principle, a disapprobation of the expensive

habits of the present day. His manner of living was that of the last age; and he thought such an example best for a large family, among whom his property was to be divided. I, however, mention on the best authority, that, as he observed his own infirmities and those of the tender part of his family to increase, he had determined soon to enlarge his expences for ease and retirement, as far, perhaps, as christian prudence, and its charitable requirements, would admit.

I just said "he *had* determined;" and so, probably, have many who will read these Memoirs, and who, like him, have proceeded to opulence by industry: but let them, before it is too late, learn at least from facts which press upon them daily, that the *present* moment only belongs to man.—*Now*, if ever, he can rationally propose to be wise; for

"Where is to-morrow? In another world."

While, therefore, Mr. B. employed every method to preserve his family from mixing with a dissipated and dangerous world, he strove by every means to render their home delightful, and spared no expence that could make it so. He was in his family, not only the pious Father, but also the pleasant Friend and Companion. While he instructed, he entertained: while he restrained, he soothed. In a word, those knew him not who did not know that he was a truly affectionate Husband,

a tender Parent, a steady Friend, a loyal Subject, an honest Man, and a real Christian.

I have been able to collect nothing further concerning him as a man and as an artist; but, the character of a real Christian last-mentioned being as rare as it is superior, and the author having known him well in this respect, he feels himself bound to speak more largely on this part of his subject.

It does not appear at what time, or by what means, Mr. B. received his first religious impressions. It is said that he descended from pious ancestors. His Father was remarkable, even at that day, for his piety: he seldom sat down to a meal without opening his Bible. But, though the son does not seem early to have trod in his father's steps, it is more than probable the father's instructions and example had made a lodgement in the mind of the son.—Children of a real Christian receive more conviction than they generally express. I speak from the experience of my own childhood. There is something forcibly impressive in the course of a godly man: it silently, and at times irresistibly, attacks the heart, when no direct address is made to the ear.

But, though I can learn nothing of the history of his mind as to its religious commencement or earlier progress, certain it is, that, for many years before his death, Mr. B. was a bright example to his family and to the world. Whatever defects

incident to man might sometimes be observed, *this* man's character was unequivocal. His virtues were *real:* they grew from a root: and that root was Christianity. In this he was decided. Religion, with him, was not the Sunday coat of a formalist; much less was it the vile cloak of a hypocrite. It was neither a system of mere opinions, nor the cant of a party; but a change of heart, and hope full of immortality, grounded alone on the *work of a Redeemer.* Occupied with business, exalted by favour, and tempted with wealth, Religion still was his grand concern. Animated by this, his family dwelt in a house of daily prayer and spiritual instruction. He even used to visit his workmen when sick, and discourse with them on the important subject that lay nearest his heart: in some instances, where he deemed it proper, he prayed with and for them at their bed-side.

For though he plainly foresaw that vital godliness must bear those stigmas with which the thoughtless or the formal agree to brand every man who dares to differ from themselves; and, though he knew that one rising into publicity must especially lay his account for them,—(a consideration, however, which has made some to shrink, and even tremble, who might have been supposed quite superior to the ignorance and malevolence of such attacks): yet, feeling the alternative before him extreme, and the object infinite, he determined to yield up no essential

truth, nor to make any temporising concession, in order to humour the blind or flatter the proud. As the reader may wish to enquire what truths he deemed so essential, take a specimen of the manner as well as the matter of them.

"I find I can know but little of even the world before me; nor can I, independently, take a single step in it safely: what then can I do with respect to the next world without my Bible? I find myself, indeed, in the midst of a system of deep moral disorder, and perpetual vicissitude:—If I listen to the philosophers, I hear them obtruding ten thousand opinions, which only tend to prove each other fools. Besides which, none of them offers any thing that *meets*, and much less that *relieves*, my case. One cheering light only shines into this our moral darkness. It shews me the holy law I ought to obey, and declares my true character as a transgressor from the womb. I feel that very depravity and weakness in my nature which it describes. I have erred and strayed like a lost sheep, and feel no health in me. In such a state, dare I venture my soul upon conjectures and probabilities? Once, indeed, I was *driven* to *lay hold on the* only *hope set before* me in the Gospel, from imperious necessity: but, since, I feel drawn to embrace it for its excellence. If infinite wisdom, holiness, power, and love, unite in appointing my ransom only through a Saviour on his cross, God forbid that I should glory save in that alone.

There I see the perfections of God harmonized—his law magnified—the evil of sin exposed. I see the worth of the soul—the vanity of the world—and the grace and grandeur of the Gospel. With a dispensation so suited to my condition, can I hesitate? I tremble at the thought of being found negligent under a constitution in which God the Father is willing to become my father; God the Son my redeemer; God the Spirit my guide, sanctifier, and comforter. Besides which, in this high and warranted friendship, I find not only *motive* but *strength* for proceeding soberly, righteously, and godlily in this present world, and confidence to assuredly wait for a better.—I have, as well as others, looked around me for some other standing, but find I can abide possible consequences upon no lower ground. I will, therefore, neither be frowned nor flattered out of a privilege of which I am so distinctly conscious. A man may as well tell me I never received nourishment from bread, nor light nor warmth from the sun! Verily it is Christianity or nothing, or worse than nothing.*"

Mr. B.'s sabbaths were consecrated to God. On those days, if any particularly *insisted* upon seeing him, they were admitted: but commonly they went away, whatever their rank in life, in a short time; finding the only business they could transact

* More of his sentiments of this kind may be seen in the Letters placed at the conclusion.

with him then was to obtain part of a sermon. This, however, he managed with such address, that his friends generally left him in perfect good humour. For, though he often expressed his high disapprobation of some religious characters, who mistake their disgusting rudeness for godly zeal, and their savageness of manner for faithful dealing, he was firm and inflexible in the defence of the truth upon every proper occasion. Two or three authentic anecdotes will help me to convey a more exact idea of his sentiments and conduct on such occasions.

A Baronet, who is still living, and who was examining his works, perceived among them a bust of the late Rev. Mr. Whitfield. "Mr. B." said he, "after all that has been said, this was a truly great man—he was the founder of a new religion." —"A *new* religion, sir!" replied Mr. B.—"Yes," said the Baronet, "What do you call it?"—Nothing," replied Mr. B. "but the *old* religion revived with *new* energy, and treated as if the preacher really *meant* what he said."

While Mr. B. was remarkably pleasant in society, he was often mortified at meeting the insipid and trifling turn which conversation generally takes, even in what is called the best company.—This, indeed, is a general confession; yet few have courage or ability sufficient to stem the shallow, babbling torrent in its unmeaning course. Mr. B. however, generally kept upon the watch

for an opportunity at which some rational, if not religious, subject might be introduced. Upon such an occasion, he made (but quite opportunely) a religious remark to a lady who sat next him. "As to that, Mr. B." said she, "my religion is to fear God and keep his commandments; so we will talk no more of such matters."—"But, madam," replied Mr. B. "you will recollect that it is said, *They that* FEARED *the Lord* SPAKE OFTEN *one to another.*"

At the time he was putting up the monument of Lord Chatham, a minister, to whom Mr. B. was an utter stranger, was walking through the Abbey; and coming unseen, tapped Mr. B. on the shoulder, saying, "Take care what you are about—you work for eternity," (alluding to the story of Zeuxis.) It happened the next morning, that Mr. B. heard this gentleman deliver a discourse from the pulpit, and, watching him in his passage to the vestry, he came behind him, and tapping him in a similar manner, said, "Take care what *you* are about—you work for eternity."

But Mr. B. was a Christian upon a larger scale than many, whose piety is too much confined to their own heart, and to their family and friends. His mind was continually on the wing to counteract the desperate attempts made, particularly for years past, to overturn Church and State, Order and Godliness. For though, from violent publications which he had read, he feared that the indiscrimi-

nation and misrepresentation of some loyalists would tend more to bring a good cause into disgrace than the craft or violence of its bitterest enemies; yet he still abhorred from his heart the spirit of the Jacobins, "These fellows," said he, "are famous at the pick-axe—They can quickly pull down a palace, but cannot build so much as a shed.—They affect to illuminate the world; but it is by the light of a conflagration, which discovers nothing but the desolation it spreads. Their disorder is treated as *new*, but it was always in human nature; and, under new circumstances, this disease, which formerly lay more hid, is now *come out upon the skin:* or, like a thief in the house, the villain *filched* before; but being joined to a band, he says, *'Will ye go with us and rob?* —Wise men, however, may learn much from this evil: among other things, they may see what sin is when it is ripe:—it may be nipt in its growth by a frost; but in its season, it is rank. It will in the end shew, that, however this Philosophism may serve for *talking*, it is nothing for *doing*—except mischief."

Above all, he lamented that persons, making a serious profession of religion, should be found attempting even to palliate that spirit of insubordination, which had already taken such portentous strides, and still threatens to overturn Europe: or that such persons should not perceive how utterly the genius of Christianity opposes such a restless

spirit; and, calling the attention of its children to nobler objects, leaves *the potsherds to strive with the potsherds of the earth.*

His warm attachment to the cause of real religion led him also to grieve, and sometimes to *burn*, at the offences and impositions which occasionally arise in connection with the religious world. Infidels insist upon it, that we are a motley group of knaves and fools; and the freaks of some wild or false characters, which are found among us are brought forward in proof of it. They choose to forget, that, of the purest society which ever appeared upon earth, it could be said, *Have not I chosen you twelve, and one of you is a devil?* It must needs be that offences come: and wherever religion spreads, imposters and fanatics of various sorts will take advantage, as mountebanks do from the gathering of a crowd.

Mr. B. however, keenly felt such abuses. He wished a religious profession to be kept sober, clean, and transparent.—"What," said he, speaking of a modern imposition, "What have Christians to do with things suspicious or equivocal?—We have too much to do with substantials to dabble in every *hocus pocus* that knaves are ready enough to invent, and of which even good men are sometimes the dupes!—'Turn aside,' says one, 'and I will shew you a thing!'—No;—it is not worth while—I have seen too many punches and puppet-shows already.—"there," added he, "is

that Brothers with his prophecies! Should one have thought that any body could have been found weak enough to attend to the nonsense of such a man?—But the truth is, it is *any thing* with the world, and *any thing* with the devil, but faith and repentance."

Thus, while too many were increasing the national troubles by ill-timed charges and complaints, Mr. B. felt grateful, and sometimes expressed admiration, that things were found upon the whole so well; and that, when, on account of abounding wickedness under special privileges, so much heavier a scourge might have been expected, it fell so comparatively light. He accordingly joined liberally in the public subscription for the use of Government at the Bank, and armed his sons and workmen. He was, indeed, ever ready by his influence and property, to institute and support whatever tended to secure and to promote the best interests of mankind. Hence, the strenuous and successful effort he made at the institution of the Sunday Schools to preserve the Lord's Day from secular employments, and which he deemed the most important thing he ever did. Hence, his prompt attention to the various applications made to him for assistance in religious and charitable designs—and hence, his employing his leisure moments in composing popular moral and religious pieces, by which the public mind might be corrected or improved.

I well remember his being deeply interested in promoting a favourite design which he had conceived just before his death: it was the forming of a literary society, whose object it should be to oppose works of an irreligious and erroneous tendency by a periodical publication. "

An extract from a letter which I received from him at that time will best describe his zeal in this design.

" I feel myself incompetent to the scheme my head runs upon, and especially the last with which I have been amusing my friends. I am so completely humbled, that I seem to be ready to teach the horn-book with the old woman's knitting needle. Mr. *****, who sees much further than I can, seems to have dropt it, I conclude, as impracticable, for I cannot doubt that his spirit is congenial to the design. I see I have grasped at too much, but I am willing to let go my hold to take up what may be more practicable.—I am exceedingly low spirited about it: full of the design, my imagination painted a scene which my dim sight almost took for real architecture; but I soon recollected how vain every contrivance was without the divine sanction and blessing."

As to his literary attainments, it is rather to be admired, considering his early disadvantages and arduous professional occupations, that he arrived at mediocrity in letters, than that he should not attain to excellence. Yet, whoever reads what

he wrote under the article SCULPTURE in Dr. Rees's edition of Chambers's Dictionary, will form no mean opinion of his attainment in this respect*.

* As few possess that large work, I shall add the ingenious disquisition which follows there the History of the Art.

"It is probable that *Sculpture* is more ancient than Painting: and, if we examine the style of ancient painting, there is reason to conclude, that *Sculpture* stood first in the public esteem; as the ancient painters have evidently imitated the statuaries, even to their disadvantage; since their works have not that freedom of style, more especially with respect to their composition and drapery, which the pencil might easily acquire to a greater degree than that of the chisel: but, as this is universally the case, it cannot be attributed to any thing else besides the higher estimation of the works on which they formed themselves.

"Which is the more difficult art, has been a question often agitated. Painting has the greatest number of requisites; but, at the same time, her expedients are the most numerous: and, therefore, we may venture to affirm, that, whenever *Sculpture* pleases equally with a painting, the sculptor is certainly the greatest artist. *Sculpture* has, indeed, had the honour of giving law to all the schools of design, both ancient and modern, with respect to purity of form. The reason, perhaps, is, that, being divested of those meretricious ornaments by which painting is enabled to seduce its admirers, it is happily forced to seek for its effect in the higher excellencies of the art: hence elevation in the idea, as well as purity and grandeur in the forms, is found in greater perfection in *Sculpture* than in painting.

"Besides, whatever may be the original principles which direct our feelings in the approbation of intrinsic beauty, they are, without doubt, very much under the influence of association. Custom and habit will necessarily give a false bias to our judgment: it is therefore natural, and in some measure reasonable, that those arts which are temporaneous, should adapt themselves to the changes of fashion, &c. But *Sculpture*, by its durability, and consequent application to works of perpetuity, is obliged to acquire and maintain the essential principles of beauty and grandeur, that its effect on the mind may be preserved through the various changes of mental taste.

"It is conceived, that it will scarcely admit of a question, whether the ancients or moderns have most excelled in this art; the palm having been so universally adjudged to the former. To determine in what proportion they are superior, is too difficult an attempt. Wherever there is a real superiority in any art or science, it will in time be discovered; but the world, ever fond of excess, never stops at the point of true judgment,

He was also the author of several anonymous pieces respecting the Arts—of several well written prose epitaphs, one of which was preferred by the King for Lord Chatham's monument, and on which his Majesty complimented him—and of a poetical tract, calculated, from the familiarity of its manner, to correct and allay the political ferment that prevailed a few years ago among the common people. To say something popular to this class was the principal ambition he seemed to

but dresses out its favourite object with the ornaments of fancy, so that even every blemish becomes a beauty. This it has done by ancient *Sculpture* to such a degree, as not to form its judgment of *that* by any rules; but to form an opinion of *rules* by the example. As long as this is the case, modern art can never have a fair comparison with the ancient.

"This partiality to the ancients is so strong as to prevent almost all discrimination; and is the sole reason, why many antiques, that now stand as patterns of beauty in the judgment of most connoisseurs, are not discovered to be copies. This is not more important than it is easy to be perceived by a judicious eye; for wherever there is a grandeur or elegance to an eminent degree in the idea and general composition of a statue, and when the execution of the parts (called by artists *the treating of the parts*) betrays a want of taste and feeling, there is the greatest reason to conclude that the statue *is* a copy, though we were ever so certain of its antiquity. And, surely, if evidence of a picture's being a copy proportionably diminishes its value, the same rule of judgment may be no less properly applied to a statue.

"Modern and ancient art can never, therefore, be fairly compared, till both are made to submit to the determination of reason and nature. It may be observed, that the ancients have chiefly confined themselves to the sublime and beautiful; and whenever a pathetic subject has come before them, they have sacrificed expression to beauty. The famous group of Niobe is one instance of this kind; and, therefore, however great our partiality to the ancients may be, none can hesitate to affirm, that, whenever the moderns shall unite great expression with great beauty, they will wrest the palm out of their hands."

Dr. Rees adds, "The Editor is indebted for the preceding ingenious remarks to Mr. Bacon, an artist of very distinguished eminence in his profession."

have in using his pen. He amused himself in putting down hundreds of epitaphs, which he hoped might more usefully meet the public eye in a church-yard, than those trite and often ridiculous ones that are usually observed. With the same view he composed a great number of fables, as the ground of moral and religious sentiments with which he meant to accompany them. They were, however, written in such haste—generally put down at the moment the thought occurred, and often conceived as he walked the streets—that they are not fit, in their present state, to appear in print: but as a specimen of each will oblige his friends, they will find it in the note below *.

A long and intimate acquaintance with the deceased enables the Writer of these Memoirs to speak thus of a once invaluable friend, the loss of whose counsel and example he must deeply feel

* THE MIRROR AND THE PICTURE.

A FABLE.

A mirror, placed in a painter's study, thus vaunted itself against a DESIGN on the easel: "Can you," says the mirror, "covered with blots and scratches, pretend to vie with ME, who exhibit so precise an image of every thing that comes before me? and where the variety is as great as the resemblance is exact?"—"I grant," replies the canvas, "that all my excellence consists in faithfully returning whatever is committed to my charge; but it might serve as a check to your pride to consider, that, after you have been the companion of the wisest and best of characters, you are ready to admit a fool, or embrace a harlot."

MORAL.

The same objects and events which the superficial suffer to pass without a trace left behind, become a fund of knowledge to the diligent; who,

through life. In his intercourses, he observed the Philosopher and the Sculptor lost in the Believer and the Philanthropist: he heard the *Artist* discourse, but he saw the *Christian* glow: and he now views, with heartfelt satisfaction, the blessings of this eminent character descending upon his children.

being enriched with principle and fixed by habit, stand among mankind a repository of all that is wise, and an example of all that is good.

EPITAPHS.

ON ONE WHO HAD BEEN A PROFLIGATE.

Satan's captive, long enchain'd,
All the viler passions reign'd;
From this tyranny releas'd,
Say not, "*Miracles are ceas'd.*"

ON A PIOUS YOUTH.

Precious plant of heavenly grace,
Waiting here a little space,
While the wintry months forlorn
Pass, and spring's sweet gales return;
Then beneath propitious skies,
Thou in living bloom shalt rise.

ON ———

Why write we Genius, Truth, or Sense,
Or Taste, or Wit, or Eloquence,
Or Christian Virtues on this Stone?—
Thy Name includes them every one.

THE two following Letters, written to Miss Bacon, I gladly insert; as they will not only serve to confirm the account already given of the subject of these Memoirs with respect to his feelings as a Parent, but will also more fully exhibit his sentiments as a real Christian. I make no apology here for any want of accuracy that may be observed in them; since, to examine a private correspondence, like this, with criticism, would betray an inconsideration which it seems vain to attempt correcting.

LETTER I.

MY VERY DEAR CHILD:

I HAVE been seeking for a moment of leisure to acknowledge your very acceptable letter, and now I am resolved to seize it. Much I cannot say: much I *need* not say. The Redeemer is soon mentioned, but that Redeemer comprehends all things. I bless his name for what he has done for you, and all my future expectations are from *Him*. Though Mr. ———, &c. are withdrawn, HE, who made them what they were, can fill their place with others, or can do without them. I desire to rejoice in your behalf for the comforts you are favoured with; and, perhaps, I ought to rejoice at your *conflicts* too. Sure I am, you would have less evidence of the reality of a divine

work, if you were entirely without them. God obtains honour in supporting you under them; and you acquire patience, experience, &c. by the exercise.

My Dear Child, all mankind have their conflicts. He, that is entirely of the world, finds it a world of conflicts, and cannot escape many a wound from it: but the worst of his case is, that he has no physician to apply to, though *the sorrow of the world worketh death.* What a blessed thing it is to fight for the *Truth*—for the honour of God—for everlasting Life—to strive for the noblest Prize—to wear celestial Armour—to have free access to that Tree, whose *leaves are for the healing of the nations,* and which heal every wound upon the immediate application—to fight with the Captain at our side, and to be *sure* of the victory at last!

Certainly we have a foe, subtle and powerful; but, in both these respects, he is a conquered enemy. It is impossible for me to describe a thousandth part of his stratagems. One general hint I will suggest to you: take the Armour of Righteousness on the *right* hand and on the *left.* There is scarce a temptation, but has an opposite one as dangerous. Who can tell which is to be most dreaded, presumption or despair?—either for us to think that God will never punish sin, or that he will never pardon the penitent? If we in any degree gain the victory over sensuality, Satan

will then tempt us to pharisaism or spiritual pride. There is no end of these opposite temptations. If he cannot keep us from the conscientious performance of duties, he will urge us to a performance beyond our strength, that he may tempt us to despair. From the fatal effects of all which contrary snares, may the blessed Saviour of sinners, my Dear Girl, deliver you!

This is precarious weather for riding—There is no place, my Dear, but Heaven, where it *always* shines.—Well, it is not far off: let us congratulate one another.

Adieu! adieu!

J. BACON.

LETTER II.

Dec. 12, 1792.

MY DEAR CHILD:

I do indeed most heartily concur with you in the sentiment, that "there is no subject so proper for a letter" from one sinner to another, "as that of *Immanuel*, God with us." Every other subject depends on the fabrick of our imagination for its importance. Still the votaries of pleasure say, "at least it has a reality, for we feel an interest in it every hour." We grant it: pleasure is pleasure, from whatever source it arises: and let them make the most of the concession. Truth must allow that the colours in the rising bubble are brilliant,

and its motion pleasing; but it has a quality which mocks the joy of its possessor. I should have said *had* mocked, for it is gone before I finish the sentence. Yet, short as its existence is, it had a lesson of immense import: while he has been gazing at it, opportunity, which is ever on the wing, has seized the critical moment and passed by.

I remember to have heard a sensible person say, that he "could never covet the honour of the City's Chief Magistrate, because that honour continued only one year." Alas! why had he not risen to grandeur of character sufficient to have made him say the same of seventy years? With what a low ambition is man satisfied! It is enough if he is not the *greatest* fool in the company. But why did I say seventy? When does his felicity last seven? While the animal spirits move briskly, the vision may subsist. *The spirit of a man may sustain his infirmity*, but a small wound in that spirit annihilates all. This is the moment, and *many such moments there are*, when nothing can apply to our case but the Gospel.

We see the firmest friendship and the fondest affection often exerting their utmost efforts in vain: but who can communicate to the spirit of man but he who made it? He, that searches the heart, alone knows the depth of the malady; and he, that probes the wound, alone knows what will

cure it. The Balm may be found in Gilead, where the Physician also is, *The Spirit, the Water, and the Blood,* all bear their record in heaven.

O how happy am I, my Dear Child, that you have *tried* this cordial specific, and that I am not writing to inform you! I write, not because you know not these things, but because you do. This is the wine, the value of which increases with its age: none, having drank it, desire new, for they say the old is better. This, therefore, is only fit for immortal beings, whose state admits of no other means of satiety.

A fortnight ago, I felt an alarm in my breast, arising from the state of public affairs; and my mind was ruminating upon various means to stem the increasing tide of popular discontent: but, suddenly, I recollected David's most powerful resource. In the calculation of politicians, all hope was over with David: that army was most numerous which was with Absalom; and he had, besides, stolen the hearts of the people: he had also a deep and subtle revolutionist in his camp. David had but one seemingly poor manœuvre left, (one that I believe is never mentioned in all the books of tactics) *Lord, turn the counsel of Ahithophel into foolishness.* Was ever so simple a step! It seemed less efficient to meet a powerful enemy with, than even the sling and the stone; yet it was the very thing, and the only thing too,

that effected David's deliverance. Such a prayer as this was my best confidence; and I have not yet been confounded.

You say not a word about returning; and I know it is not easy for *such* friends to part. Let even your friendship afford a motive for securing a joint inheritance, from which you shall never be separated, nor from each other, nor from

Your affectionate Father,

J. BACON.

CONSIDERING the prevailing scepticism of the age; and the various and violent attacks that have been made upon vital godliness, as if uncertain in its nature, and debasing in its tendency; I hope it will not be thought impertinent, if, with a view to expose these misrepresentations, I embrace the opportunity which here presents itself, of adding a few general reflections which have occurred to my own mind in contemplating the character of my friend. Both before and since his departure, he has been the occasion of leading me to think on that *Sameness of Principle*, and on that *Superiority of Sentiment* which belong to a religion like his.

I. The IDENTITY or sameness of its principle.

What, I have said to myself, is sound religious principle?—if it may be discovered by its effects,

then, bad as the world is, it is still found passing among us, though too often an unacknowledged stranger. Look at Bacon. He is naturally sanguine: and has exquisite sensibility: he is opulent: he can suffer no *ennui* for want of an object: he has fame to fan his vanity; and a fancy ever on the wing to amuse his taste. What then is it, which, bridling every inordinate propensity, leads him to find his chief enjoyment in administering instruction to the ignorant, and teaching "the young idea how to shoot?"—in conversing with a kindred mind on invisible things, or retiring for the pursuit or contemplation of them? I observe such objects can draw him from scenes of science, and grandeur, and pleasure: I have seen him steal moments from the Royal Academy, though then expecting his assistance, to get one more hint for the religious improvement of his head or his heart.

Perhaps he is an enthusiast. Yes certainly; if by that term is meant one who strongly feels his art, but more strongly feels the object of his heavenly pursuit. But if by the term is meant one who is led on by a heated but delusive imagination, then let us stay a little, and enquire.

Do such enthusiasts as the latter proceed with humility and fear? Are they rational and consistent in their conduct? Do they explore the ground, as they tread; and only advance, as they feel it good? Suspicious of themselves, do they incessantly enquire of the best and wisest they

know, in order to be directed? Are they glad of a hint: and, however contrary to their feelings or interest, do they implicitly bow to the plain precepts of their Maker in his word?—Yet this did Bacon. Let us, if we would be wise, learn to distinguish between the sound and rational determination of that man, who, having dug the field and found the treasure, hides it for joy, and parts with every inferior consideration for it: and the man, whose raptures have nothing but the mere figment of a wild imagination for their foundation.

The fact respecting such a strong though rational direction in the mind of man towards heavenly things, however it may raise suspicion in those who have not felt it, is unquestionable among such as have.—To illustrate the subject —I see a small bar of steel in the lid of a box now before me, I see it tremble, as if undetermined, yet keep a certain direction. I can cause it to deviate from its point by impulse; but though I can disturb its natural direction, I cannot give it a *new* one. Nay, this very disturbance will still more fully discover its inclination: it will put it upon labouring to recover its point: if I cease to agitate, it will soon cease to vibrate; and will return to its proper rest. Of this I am clearly conscious: but I am not more conscious of this fact than I am of another, of which the former may stand as an emblem. Thousands, as well as myself, know that the polar direction of the steel

is not more a matter of fact in the natural world, than the heavenly direction they feel is a fact in the moral world: and that a disposition often observed in men who were once the most reprobate, to *live soberly, righteously, and godly, in this present world*, is the proper effect of this influence.

It is not indeed so easy to describe what passes in the moral as in the natural world. It would not have been possible for Zaccheus to have fully set forth the feelings with which he as readily quitted the gold in his coffers as the tree from which he descended.—Saul could not make the Pharisees or the Philosophers comprehend the nature of that full conviction, with which he counted *all things but* as *dross for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus* his *Lord;* nor the evidence which he had that it was his highest honour to suffer for his master's sake. Nor could my late friend, after having obtained the approbation of his hearers at the Royal Academy by his observations upon the Arts, have clearly conveyed, with those observations, the more interesting ones which he had made, and the perceptions which he had felt, in a superior science.

For the religion, that is vital and experimental, has not only its common faith, but its correspondent feelings:—not only its peculiar objects, but its proper taste; which, like that for the Fine Arts, we must actually possess, in order to fully comprehend. From which premises two consequences

will naturally follow: 1. That a pious man will have stronger evidence of the truth and reality of his religion than he can fully demonstrate to others who are of a contrary character: and 2dly, That he can no more doubt the superiority of his choice and taste, because scorned by incompetent judges, than one, who had a taste for proportion or an ear for music, would doubt their existence from their being denied by such as had none.

By this religious principle, therefore, found in all true believers, they not only resemble lines drawn from a wide circumference to a common centre; but, under the operation of an Almighty Spirit, a new and special direction is given to their desires and faculties towards the attainment of their only, their proper, and their appointed rest. By a moral sensation analogous to the natural, they *feel* the vanity and disorder of their present state—They *see* one chief good—They *hear* of one way to it—They *savour* the heavenly proposal—and, after receiving a *taste* for THAT, they find every other good comparatively insipid.

But is this chief good, or the appointed way to it by a Redeemer, an invention of their own? or a mere tradition of their fathers? On the contrary, they have irrefragable evidence that they were incapable of forming such an expectation—that man could not imagine it—but, that it is a *hope set before them* by HIM *that cannot lie.* Now it is this heavenly INFLUENCE under which they are,

working faith and obedience, that constitutes their peculiar character, and identifies true religion, whensoever or wheresoever it is found.

When, therefore, the enemies of such a profession bring forward the stale objection—"What is true religion? For we find it one thing in England, another in Scotland, a third at Rome, and often twenty different things in the same place—Settle this," say they, "among yourselves, before you address us on the subject."—We answer, it has long been settled. While you stumble at the supposed *diversity*, we both discern and admire the *identity*. We feel the fullest conviction, that real religion in itself, is so far from being a different thing in different places, that it is one and the same thing at all times, and in all places; and that, in those particulars which are absolutely *essential* to it, it will yield to the impositions of no time nor place, or its martyrs had not bled.

In order to understand this, men should consider what real religion is; namely—the heart of fallen man under a divine influence, returning to God through a Mediator.—The Scriptures term this LIFE. As the life of the body is one and the same principle in all men, whatever difference there be observed in their respective complexions, habits, and forms: so real religion, which is the life of the soul, is one and the same principle, of a higher order indeed, but which equally identifies the subject: and, like the former, it is discerned by the

exercise of its proper faculties and acts—it requires the same almighty power to maintain as to create it—and is quite distinct from and superior to its accidents, and the circumstances among which it may be found.

For God, who, in the first creation, *commanded the light to shine out of darkness, hath,* in this new creation, *shined into our hearts, to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ;* and this still continues to perform the most glorious of his miracles, the moral miracle of recovering the heart of an eccentric and exorbitant creature to his Creator.

By this moral change, man is actually recovered to his God, to his neighbour, and to himself. Tell me not of the external forms and petty circumstantial distinctions with which his education or connections may have prejudiced his mind: they are but as his provincial dialect, his dress, or his complexion. The grand enquiry should be—Is the sinner humble and penitent before his God?—Is he seeking acceptance only through that Redeemer *whom God hath set forth for a propitiation through faith in his blood?*—Is he found walking in a course of holy obedience? If this be really his case, then call such a man by what term of distinction or epithet of reproach you please, still the man is alive to God, and will join his fellow-believers in serving HIM; if not in the same modes, yet to the same ends: in the *matter* of their

confessions, petitions, and praises, they will agree, however in the *form* of presenting them they may differ: there will be a *unity*, though not a uniformity; and thus the divine life of true religion, derived from a union with the one Living Head of the Church, will be identified by its essential properties and effects, in whatever Age or Church on earth it is found.

Strip real religion, therefore, of that which is no essential part of it, or what is only accidental to it; and regard it as described in the Scriptures, and exemplified, though but imperfectly, in the true believer; and then you will find it the same under every dispensation. Thus, the same sense of need—choice of good—hope through a Redeemer—and good-will to men, dwelt in the hearts of Abraham and of Bacon. The latter could never more exactly express his feelings than in saying

> .....With the Patriarch's joy
> Thy call I follow to the land unknown:
> I trust in Thee, and know in whom I trust:
> Or life or death, is equal: neither weighs:
> All weight in this—Oh let me live to thee!
>
> YOUNG.

I remember my friend saying, after church, on hearing a discourse upon Abraham's departure —"In this simplicity of holy *aim* and of implicit *dependance*, I think ALL the spiritual children of the father of the faithful are perfectly united." I may add, too, that in this he was not only a

sincere, but enlightened example. If, with the Patriarch, he forsook a corrupt world to go out, he knew not whither; yet he knew, like the Patriarch, WHY and with WHOM he went out.

For any one to tell us, by way of objection, of the various inventions that men have mingled with religion, whether false or true, is only telling in how many ways a puppet may be dressed, or a living man disguised. To such an objector I would say, If you stumble at the pitiable notions and practices of the weak and superstitious, and occupy yourself about the *wood, hay,* and *stubble,* with which such build upon the foundation—or, if you only listen where bodily disorder, accidentally connected with religious impression, utters its wild absurdities, verily you have your reward. In the first instance, you have pursued folly, and caught it: in the second, you have watched infirmity, and discovered that it will wander: you have looked for truth where you should not; and found, in its stead, what every considerate man would have expected to find. But, had you looked further, and where only an indisposition to find real religion (which, in reality, lies at the bottom of these objections) refuses to look, you would have found such characters as Abel, Enoch, Noah, Job, Abraham, &c. in the first ages of the world; and, afterwards, those who, actuated by the same principles, have, until this day, trod in their steps: *then,* indeed, we should have the point in question

properly before us—see the religion which is real and true—know how it feels and acts in different places and circumstances—and find that it is essentially the same thing in all.

The same may be said of the sophistry which has been employed to blind the eyes of the ignorant, by instances of fraudulence and hypocrisy. In our enquiries upon so important a subject as religion, it is *substance*, and not shadow, that should be regarded;—the *rule*, and not the exception. It would be well, however, if the sophist could be convinced with what sincerity he acts, in his industry to accumulate and advance such instances. I would assist him in trying it, by proposing this very plain rule. When you receive your gold, and find, as you have probably found before, that a counterfeit or two has slipped in among it, determine immediately to throw away the rest, as of no value—resolve that no true gold is to be found. But you revolt at this: you love your money; and, instantly apprehending the distinction between true and false, you reject the spurious coin, and cautiously treasure up the rest. And why do you not act thus respecting the gold that perisheth not? Alas! the reason is too evident. *Light is come into the world, but men love darkness rather than light, because their deeds are evil.*

But, while prejudiced minds will be occupied only about accidents and offences in religion; and

little minds will magnify the peculiarities of the sect they have joined, as if an essential part of it; and artful men among them, taking advantage of this weakness, will imitate those of old, who cried, *Except ye be circumcised after the manner of Moses, ye cannot be saved:* (Acts xv. 1.) the Christian of a more enlarged mind and spiritual character (an instance of which appears in my late friend), firmly maintaining his hold of evangelical truth, but looking beyond the impositions and often frivolous distinctions with which it has been incumbered, will resolve, with the Apostle, that NEITHER *circumcision availeth any thing, nor uncircumcision; but faith that worketh by love:* (Gal. v. 6.)

To say nothing more of the grosser stumbling-blocks which arise, it seems most devoutly to be wished, that, instead of that motley and disfiguring exhibition of Christianity which its professors have presented to mankind, one uniform, orderly, and distinguishing aspect of it should only appear. Much that is now offensive and confounding would, doubtless, thereby be removed. The history, however, of eighteen hundred years shews us how little is to be expected of uniformity, though every Christian seems bound to use his efforts towards maintaining any measure of it. He should also watch over his own heart, lest frivolous scruples or wrong tempers should increase the evil: for schism has not only a deforming and

deranging effect wherever it springs up, but it has brought several once flourishing churches to ruin.

Still, if we cannot have uniformity, let it be remembered that between Unity and Uniformity there exists a broad line of distinction, which must not be delivered up to the unbeliever. Uniformity in modes may be the most becoming *dress* of the Church; but unity in spirit is the *life* of it. It is this unity of spirit to the Living Head, and to one another as his living members, which identifies the character of true believers, which constitutes their essential distinction from the rest of mankind, and which abides with them for ever.

I will give them, saith God, *one* HEART *and one* WAY: and he hath fulfilled his promise. The stupid Hindoo—the ferocious American Indian—the degraded African—the cultivated European—the Prince with his sceptre, or the commander with his truncheon—the student with his book, or the artist with his chisel,—though widely distinguished by habits and circumstances, yet when brought to know the distinguishing truths of the gospel, and feel its converting power, are found with one common sympathy to unite in spirit with each other; in expressing the same wants, seeking the same relief, and joining in the same song—*Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honour, and glory, and blessing.*

Let then no sincere enquirer after the Chief Good be the dupe of the imposing sophistry, and much less be abashed at the rude scoffs, of those, who have taken no higher rule of judgment than what they see floating on the surface of a gross and multiform profession of Christianity; but let him read his BIBLE to learn the substance of that grand design. There, after contemplating man's original apostacy, let him mark that one living and consecrated way of redemption instituted at the Fall, kept in memory by typical shadows, and finished on Calvary. Let him trace the operation of that Spirit of Life, which, giving effect to the design, and to that only, produces in man a new and distinct character: *For*, as the Apostle expresses it, *by one Spirit we are all baptized into one body, whether we be Jews or Gentiles, whether we be bond or free; and have been* ALL MADE TO DRINK INTO ONE SPIRIT: (1 Cor. xii. 13.) A character this, quite distinct from that of the proud, who despise it; the careless, who disregard it; the hypocrite, who apes it; or the fanatic, who exposes it to contempt.

Placed in the midst of such various misrepresentations, both from avowed enemies and from pretended friends, we can have no security but as our eye is fixed on the infallible standard of truth put into our hands. And, as from this we learn that but two final states are appointed,

and but two general classes of mankind passing through life towards those states; our result should be, as an excellent writer most truly, though quaintly, expresses it, "Let the whole world be divided into two great sects, viz. *Timists* and *Eternalists**."

I add a remark, which naturally occurs whenever laymen of eminence are seen to come forward as living evidences of the force of truth; namely, that the Almighty seems to adopt a method for vindicating his religion, and shewing its identity, by raising up witnesses who cannot be suspected from their professions and circumstances. Such serve to shew that vital religion is not only one holy principle common to them all; but also that such a religion is *practicable* in all circumstances. Avoiding the indelicacy of naming living characters, we may observe, that he will have such instances as ROCHESTER, among the Peers—HALE, among the Judges—GARDINER, among the Colonels—BOYLE, among the Philosophers—BOERHAAVE, among the Physicians—BACON, among the Artists, &c. &c.—He will prove, in a word, that it is the *heart* of the irreligious, and not the lawful profession, attended with its peculiar difficulties, which refuses to bend to his counsel and authority; and that to shine forth as lights in the world from one holy flame enkindled in the heart, is to attain the highest style of man.

* Adam's Works, Vol. I. p. 185.

Which leads me to speak of,

II. That SUPERIORITY of SENTIMENT which belongs to true religion; and by which is meant, not only the nobler objects presented by it, but that elevation and comprehension of mind which it inspires in its sound professors, like my friend. Christians are bound to assert this in opposition to the debased account given by its enemies: and to insist, that, however this "light of life" must humble them as fallen creatures before God, yet it instructs and animates them to rise above the world in which they live, and become superior to their former selves.

This is Order: the man and his concerns take their right place.—It is Elevation: such an one dwells on high.—It is Emancipation: not the pretended one of philosophy, which, like the quack, drives the external symptoms of a disease from the skin, and fixes it more deeply in the vitals: and much less that of the enthusiast, who dreams of heavenly gifts and special privileges, while he refuses to submit to the order and sanction of a heavenly rule of life. The ascendant spirit, which Bacon derived from his religion, had no affinity with the pride, self-confidence, and affected singularity of these two characters.

Elegant in his manners, and rational in his mind as a man, diligent and superior as an artist, he dared to differ from the world, so far as that world dared to differ from its God. *Choose ye,*

said he, by his conduct as well as words, *this day whom ye will serve; but as for me and my house, we will serve the Lord:* (Joshua xxiv. 15.)

But, in order to estimate the superiority with which true piety elevates a Christian, we must not compare and contrast him with men evidently degraded by their vices, but with men in similar situations with his own. Bacon must be placed with men of genius, affluence, and taste; who, surrounded by the choicest productions of the Arts which they most admire, are deeply interested in them both by their feelings and their fame. We shall then see, not only to what degree pure religion will lift a man above the meaner, but the more refined gratifications. This comparison, however, is not advanced to the prejudice of the Arts, as such; but rather to shew the superiority of religion, and the elevating effect which it has on the minds of those who pay it that homage it so justly demands. Let every excellence have its just claim and place, for this is but *order;* and that order too which religion itself will sanction. Let us render to genius the things which belong to genius, and to God the things that are God's, and all will be right.

As an Artist, that which Bacon set his hand to, he did with all his might:—as a Philosopher, he smiled at his own pursuits and attainments, and at the admiration and expence which attended them:—but, as a Christian, he could not

help pitying those devotees who seemed absorbed in his performances.— Such of his friends as could comprehend and rightly estimate his sentiments, have frequently known him to express this in a variety of ways. He traced the root of this sad mistake up to the fall of man, who possessing, in his alienated state, no more valuable consideration in hand or in prospect, spends his thoughts and money *for that which is not bread.* Man in his maturity, like man in his infancy, feeling nothing substantial whereon his heart can rest, follows his tired fancy from object to object, and in his way calls upon the Artist to help him. "Upon what principle then," said I to him, "do you continually labour to meet the taste of *such sickly* wanderers?—" I consider," said he, "that profession in which I am providentially placed, and have prosperously and honourably succeeded, to be as lawful as any other that is not concerned in furnishing the necessaries of life. Besides which, part of it, especially the monumental, may be employed to an important moral purpose. But the truth is, if the work itself be innocent, the workman I hope is not accountable for the abuse made of it: and, as the world will have not only its necessaries, but its *toys*, I may as well be the toy-man as any other."

Marking the indifference with which he often discoursed of his art, I once mentioned it to him; and, at the same time, told him a story or two

which I had heard of the enthusiasm of Roubiliac; an enthusiasm which, by the bye, was never accounted a defect in an *Artist*. He answered, that as he felt it not to that extent, he could not express it—that, if he worked on a thousand blocks, they remained but dead forms—that a spark of even natural life, which he could not produce, seemed to exceed them all;—and added, that persons of my order might rather excite wonder, who, when they were appointed to be the means of conveying life, both spiritual and eternal, to rational creatures, were too often found talking so coolly and indifferently about it.

One cannot wonder to hear such a man as Bacon speak thus, all things considered; since objects to us are great or small by comparison. A native of the South Seas will fix his attention upon ornaments of bones and shells, while the European, pitying his simplicity, will continue to esteem and secure his jewels. But the Scriptures teach the Christian to rise still higher: they shew him a pearl of great price, and teach him to account every thing but as loss in *comparison* of it. It is then that he looks at man as the Psalmist did;* and, finding the poverty and absolute bankruptcy of his present state, he turns to God and his word, saying, *Now*; *Lord, what wait I for? my hope is in thee.* Like the philosopher of old, he knows he has *found* the thing he sought; and,

* Psalm xxxix.

though the many may still be crying around him, *Who will shew us any good?* he feels it the present reward of a sound profession, that he can cry εὑρηκα!

"He who stands, on a height," says a shrewd observer, "sees further than those who are placed in a bottom; but let him not fancy that he shall make them believe all he sees." Superficial thinkers, who heard Bacon express sentiments so remote from their own, and were unacquainted with his feeling and cheerfulness, might imagine they proceeded from insensibility or melancholy: but it would be well if they would consider, that such sentiments were the natural result of a mind realising and embracing infinitely greater things—things, which, when thus realised to the mind, must make that mind feel the little gems of time as comparatively insignificant; though it soberly and scripturally resolved to preserve for them that place they ought to occupy.

Far from religious zeal, however grand its object, be the fanaticism which would burn an Alexandrian Library, mutilate a production of genius, or attempt to remove it from the place it ought to hold among rationals. Blind fury is not christian zeal; nor tasteless vulgarity pure religion: nor should the absurdities which have grown upon it, like excrescences on a beautiful human face, be associated with its real symmetry, as set forth in its standard the SCRIPTURES. Let the objector

shew any thing of this kind sanctioned by that standard, and then he will bind us either to shew that he mistakes the sense, or we must yield to the argument. Against all superstitious or fanatical inventions in religion, we are as ready as our opposers to protest; but, perhaps it might moderate the eagerness with which some bring forward these excrescences, if they would attend to a weighty remark of one who cannot be suspected of favouring fanaticism.

"Whilst the infidel mocks at the superstitions of the vulgar, insults over their credulous fears, their childish errors, or fantastic rites, it does not occur to him to observe, that the most preposterous device, by which the weakest devotee ever believed he was securing the happiness of a future life, is more rational than unconcern about it. Upon this subject nothing is so absurd as indifference—no folly so contemptible as thoughtlessness and levity." *

But, to return: I expect the sanguine Amateur will object to the sentiments which have been expressed. I know the subject is delicate, the treatment unpopular:

Periculosæ plenum opus aleæ
Tractas; et incedis per ignes
Suppositos cineri doloso.

and I imagine I see some future offended orator rise up; and, taking the Fine Arts for his subject, I hear him expatiating upon them as the ornaments

* Paley's Principles of Moral and Political Philosophy, Vol. II. p. 100.

of a nation—as a standard of its improvement—as not only drawing forth the powers of the mind, but as evidences of its vast capacity. He shews the multitudes of individuals they support—the innocent pleasure they afford—the high patronage they have had—the immortality they have conferred—the superior taste of their admirers, the degraded minds of others, &c. &c. &c. We applaud the discourse:—we are satisfied with our fixing upon what is so truly excellent and sublime: and, pitying those duller mortals who cannot rise superior to the notions and creeds brought from their nurseries, we cry, "Let the arts flourish!"

But a little calmer consideration is necessary here: for, allowing this declamation of our orator to be a fair, yet, is it a *full* statement of the matter before us? Having mentioned a further view of the subject as expressed by my late invaluable friend, may I not, on a review, be allowed to offer a few observations in vindication of it? For, as to the abuse of the Arts, in inflaming the passions, administering to superstition, or insulting devotion, morality, or lawful government, it is too gross to need animadversion.

If, after such warm panegyrics on the Fine Arts, a thinking man perceives their comparative excellence hoisted beyond its limits in the moral scale—if he observes them take such hold of the minds of their admirers, that the prospect is

closed here; and that they have, like those of old, in veneration of meaner objects, turned *their backs toward the Temple of the Lord:* (Ezekiel viii. 16.)—I say, IF such things be, and be observed by a Christian, and especially by a Christian Minister, ought he not to feel on such an occasion a portion of that spirit which stirred within *him* who stood on Mars-Hill, and boldly reproved the blind devotions of the place?—Ought he not to address them in some such language as this?

" Ye modern Athenians, devoted, like the ancients, to your idols, while HE, who should be the object of your supreme regard, seems an UNKNOWN GOD! The ancients demand our pity in this respect: the sparks, which these children of the night struck in their moral darkness, might naturally gain *their* highest attention: they had no standard, as we have, of estimating the comparative weight and worth of things. But *let us, who are of the day, be sober.*—Let the Arts live; but let not the man perish!—Let the Arts flourish; but let not the man fade; and, lost in an undue admiration of their charms, be found at length fruitless and speechless before his Judge!"

To see a guilty, dying, and responsible creature—capable of enjoying and glorifying his Maker—created for this end; and, though fallen away from his God, yet provided with means for returning to his favour and image—to see such an one, having but a short interval for accomplishing

this his greatest work, yet totally occupied and infatuated by his taste for the evanescent charms of Sculpture, Painting, Music, &c.—wasting his only opportunity in the admiration of shadows and sounds, while impending and everlasting realities are forgotten, if not despised:—to hear him offering apologies for such a conduct, drawn from the innocence and excellence of the objects by which he is thus blinded, bondaged, and infatuated,—is, to say the least of it, a striking and prodigious instance of his fallen and miserable condition.

Were a criminal under condemnation, and allowed but a short interval before the sentence of death was executed; and could he obtain not only pardon, but preferment, if he properly applied for these during that space of time; what should we think of the man, though in other respects sober and rational, if, instead of improving his opportunity, he wasted it in placing pictures and images round his cell, or listening to the songs of the next prisoner? and if, in addition to this, he were angry whenever his friends reminded him of the infatuation; treating their remonstrances as enthusiastic and irrational?

It is not our fond opinions and unfounded conjectures as to the propriety or probability of this statement, which ought to decide in our minds as to the truth of it; but the express declarations of that Judge, before whom we must all shortly stand.

He has shewn ruin coming on the *neglecter*, as certainly as on the opposer, of his grace. The benighted loiterer, when carried away by a flood or perishing in a pit, will receive but small consolation that he did not waste his day in bed, but in a cabinet or concert. Nor does the snare ever become more dangerous than when reputation, splendour, and the abstract innocence and excellence of it, tend to quiet any alarm in the consciences of men.—*Perimus in* LICITIS.

Who shall roll for us the stone from the door of a sepulchre which entombs such multitudes? and multitudes, not of the vulgar only, but of Geniuses, of Scholars, of Politicians, and of Philosophers. Here, among other views of it, the superiority of religion appears—a superiority, which needs not rank and talents to help out its effect. Produce ONE true disciple of our great Teacher, though the meanest as to his natural capacity and education, yet this man, knowing his ground, cannot but feel the deepest pity for his scorners. To each insulter he might justly reply in the words of our great Poet:

> Fain would I something say, yet to what end?
> Thou hast nor ear, nor soul to apprehend
> The sublime notion, and high mystery.

"I see," says he, "that, if the *gospel be hid, it is hid to them that are lost; in whom the god of this world hath blinded the minds of them which believe not*—directing their attention to some

perishing frivolity or other, *lest the light of the glorious gospel of Christ, who is the image of God, should shine unto them.*" On the contrary, such a man, elevated, in fact, by his grasp of mind, surveys the prospect before him. He, like the Patriarch, realising the approaching danger, provides *an ark to the saving of his house:* —like Moses, he is not to be cheated with *the pleasures of sin for a season;* but endures, *seeing him who is invisible:*—like Abraham, he goes forward from a shadow to a certainty. The enchantment is broken—the lie is detected—he feels a full conviction what it is to *become a man,* and *put away* his *childish things.* Feeling his natural weakness, he learns, that man must cling, in order to climb: he rises, like the feeble vine, on a wall of salvation: and, thus, both the rationality and superiority of true religion is sensibly and infallibly demonstrated, at least to his own heart.

So common is the fact, that I think no unprejudiced observer, who regards this subject as it respects the poor, but must have been struck with the meliorating and elevating effect of true religion with respect to them. Even the most squalid wretch found among them, whose habits of stupidity, sensuality, and wild disorder have sunk him below the brutes; such an one may be sometimes seen rising by religion into a rationality that surprises the observer. The man awakes and erects himself: he looks upward: he abstracts and

compares: and, acting upon his new and higher sentiments, becomes, to all intents, a true moral philosopher.

In a word, if to pursue the *best end* in the choice of the *fittest means* be a just definition of Wisdom, then, in spite of all misrepresentation, religion in exercise, like Bacon's religion, marks the truly wise man: and, to feel this wisdom bring satisfaction home to the heart—directing it to substantials, and breaking those enchantments of life which at first entice, often betray, and never could satisfy,—is to rise to the character of a happy and superior man. On the contrary, for any one to represent such a principle as contracting the mind, while it actually expands and elevates it, is like asserting, that he, who is capable of surveying a prospect before him, is more limited in his views and faculties than another whose purblind eye can discern nothing but what is brought close to it. Or, to treat a resolution to maintain and act upon such a principle as weak or irrational, is as if one should affirm, that it would have been wiser if the Prodigal had determined to stay and perish with the swine, than that he should at length have *come to himself*, and returned to his Father.

"Still," says the objector, "do I not see religionists gloomy, contracted, superstitious, and sometimes false?" Look again at the remarks on the identity of sound religious principle, and the

accidents which tend to obscure it, and your objection is answered.—"But if Bacon rose superior to these in cheerfulness and liberality, were not his sentiments rather cynical and monkish respecting the Arts?"—Not at all.—Had he been more independent and unencumbered, I cannot doubt but that both his taste and his conscience would have agreed in placing an organ, a painted window, or a monument, in his church; in adding a few select pieces to his collection: in increasing the portraits of his friends; in turning his garden walk; or in directing the style of his alcove.—"Wherein then did he differ from the generality of those, whom he saw come to him as an artist?" I reply, he differed, *toto cœlo:* he would have treated these momentary trifles, to use his own expression, but as his "*toys*," while his *treasure*, and consequently his heart, would have been in heaven.

I have to apologize to the Reader for having carried these reflections to a far greater length than I intended. But if they illustrate and recommend the piety of the character presented—if they in any degree atone for the great waste of my own life in the pursuit of sounds and shadows—if they warn some youth against the charms preparing on the continent,

> Baited with reasons not unplausible,
> To wind into the easy-hearted man,
> And hug him into snares:

—if, finally, while the light is obscured by the smoke of that incense which ascends on all sides to the idol of the day, my feeble efforts may be accepted with his, who cried, *If Baal be God, serve him; but if Jehovah be God, serve him;* I shall rejoice in having made them, however they may be misunderstood, or misrepresented.

Facing p. 355.

Painted by J. Russell R.A. Engraved by J. Cochran A.R.A.

REV.D JOHN NEWTON.

late Rector of the United Parishes of St Mary Woolnoth & St Mary Woolchurch Ha.

Born at London 24th of July 1725 O.S. Died 21st of Dec.r 1807

MEMOIRS

OF THE

REV. JOHN NEWTON,

LATE RECTOR OF THE UNITED PARISHES OF ST. MARY, WOOLNOTH, AND ST. MARY WOOLCHURCH HAW, LOMBARD STREET;

WITH

GENERAL REMARKS

ON HIS

LIFE, CONNECTIONS, AND CHARACTER.

PREFACE.

THE Memoirs of the Hon. and Rev. William Bromley Cadogan, and those of John Bacon, Esq. were written at the particular request of their relations: but in publishing these of the late Rev. John Newton, I profess myself a volunteer: and my motives were the following:—When I perceived my venerable friend bending under a weight of years, and considered how soon, from the very course of nature, the world must lose so valuable an instructor and example—when I reflected how common it is for hasty and inaccurate accounts of extraordinary characters to be obtruded on the public by venal writers, whenever more authentic documents are wanting—above all, when I considered how striking a display such a life affords of the nature of true religion—of the power of divine

grace—of the mysterious but all-wise course of Divine Providence—and of the encouragement afforded for our dependance upon that Providence in the most trying circumstances—I say, on these accounts, I felt that the leading features of such a Character should not be neglected, whilst it was easy to authenticate them correctly.

Besides which, I have observed a want of books of a certain class for young people; and have often been enquired of by Christian parents for publications that might amuse *their families, and yet tend to promote their best interests. The number, however, of this kind which I have seen, and that appeared unexceptionable, is but small. For, as the characters and sentiments of some men become* moral blights *in society—men, whose mouths seldom open but, like that of sepulchres, they discover the putridity they contain, and infect more or less whoever ventures within their baneful influence; so the reformed subject of these Memoirs was happily a remarkable instance of the reverse: the change that took place in his heart, after such a course of profligacy, affords a convincing demonstration of*

the truth and force of Christianity. Instead of proceeding as a blight *in society, he became a blessing: his future course was a striking example of the beneficial effects of the Gospel; and that, not only from the pulpit, and by his pen, but also by his conversation in the large circle of his acquaintance, of which there is yet living a multitude of witnesses.*

Impressed, therefore, with the advantages which I conceived would result from the publication of these Memoirs, I communicated my design some years ago to Mr. N.—Whatever tended to promote that cause *in which his heart had been long engaged, I was sure would not fail to obtain his concurrence. He accordingly promised to afford whatever materials might be necessary, beyond those which his printed "Narrative" contained. He promised also to read over and revise whatever was added from my own observation; and he soon after brought me an account in writing, containing every thing memorable which he recollected before the commencement of his "Narrative." I shall, therefore, detain the reader no longer than to assure him*

that the whole of the following Memoirs, (except what relates to Mr. N.'s character,) was submitted to him in MS. while he was capable of correcting it, and that it received his sanction.

April, 1808.

MEMOIRS,

&c.

THESE Memoirs seem naturally to commence with the *Account* mentioned in the Preface, and which I here transcribe:

"I was born in London the 24th of July, 1725, old style. My parents, though not wealthy, were respectable. My father was many years master of a ship in the Mediterranean trade. In the year 1748 he went Governor of York Fort in Hudson's Bay, where he died in the year 1750.

"My mother was a dissenter, a pious woman, and a member of the late Dr. Jennings's Church. She was of a weak, consumptive habit, loved retirement, and, as I was her only child, she made it the chief business and pleasure of her life to instruct me, and bring me up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. I have been told, that, from my birth, she had, in her mind, devoted me to the ministry; and that, had she lived till I was of a proper age, I was to have been sent to St. Andrews in Scotland to be educated. But the Lord

had appointed otherwise. My mother died before I was seven years of age.

" I was rather of a sedentary turn, not active and playful, as boys commonly are, but seemed as willing to learn as my mother was to teach me. I had some capacity, and a retentive memory. When I was four years old, I could read, (hard names excepted) as well as I can now: and could likewise repeat the answers to the questions in the Assembly's Shorter Catechism, with the proofs; and all Dr. Watts's smaller Catechisms, and his Children's Hymns.

" When my father returned from sea, after my mother's death, he married again. My new mother was the daughter of a substantial grazier at Aveley in Essex. She seemed willing to adopt and bring me up; but, after two or three years, she had a son of her own, who engrossed the old gentleman's notice. My father was a very sensible, and a moral man, as the world rates morality; but neither he, nor my step-mother, was under the impressions of religion: I was, therefore, much left to myself, to mingle with idle and wicked boys; and soon learnt their ways.

" I never was at school but about two years; from my eighth to my tenth year. It was a boarding-school, at Stratford, in Essex. Though my father left me much to run about the streets, yet, when under his eye, he kept me at a great distance. I am persuaded he loved me, but he

seemed not willing that I should know it. I was with him in a state of fear and bondage. His sternness, together with the severity of my schoolmaster, broke and overawed my spirit, and almost made me a dolt; so that part of the two years I was at school, instead of making a progress, I nearly forgot all that my good mother had taught me.

"The day I was eleven years old, I went on board my father's ship in Longreach. I made five voyages with him to the Mediterranean. In the course of the last voyage, he left me some months at Alicant in Spain, with a merchant, a particular friend of his. With him I might have done well, if I had behaved well: but, by this time, my sinful propensities had gathered strength by habit: I was very wicked, and therefore very foolish; and, being my own enemy, I seemed determined that nobody should be my friend.

"My father left the sea in the year 1742. I made one voyage afterwards to Venice, before the mast; and, soon after my return, was impressed on board the Harwich.—Then began my awfully mad career, as recorded in the "Narrative;" to which, and to the "Letters to a Wife," I must refer you for any further dates and incidents.

"I am truly yours,

"JOHN NEWTON."

"*Dec.* 19, 1795."

A few articles may be added to this account from the "Narrative," where we find that his pious mother stored his "memory with whole chapters, and smaller portions of Scripture, catechisms, hymns, and poems; and often commended him with many prayers and tears to God:" that, in his sixth year, he began to learn Latin, though the intended plan of his education was soon broken—and that he lost this valuable parent, July 11th, 1732.

We also find, that, after his father's second marriage, he was sent to the school above-mentioned: and, in the last of the two years he spent there, a new usher came, who observed and suited his temper. He prosecuted Latin, therefore, with great eagerness; and, before he was ten years old, he had reached and maintained the first post in the second class, which, in that school, read Tully and Virgil.* But, by being pushed forward too fast, and not properly grounded (a method too common in inferior schools) he soon lost all he had learned.

In the next and most remarkable period of Mr. N.'s life, we must be conducted by the "Narrative" above mentioned. It has been observed, that, at eleven years of age, he was taken by his father to sea. His father was a man of remarkably good sense, and great knowledge of the world. He took much care of his son's morals, but could not supply a mother's part. The father

had been educated at a Jesuits' College near Seville in Spain; and had an air of such distance and severity in his carriage, as discouraged his son, who always was in fear when before him, which deprived him of that influence he might otherwise have had.

From this time to the year 1742 Mr. N. made several voyages, but at considerable intervals. These intervals were chiefly spent in the country, excepting a few months in his fifteenth year, when he was placed, with a very advantageous prospect, at Alicant already mentioned.

About this period of his life, with a temper and conduct exceedingly various, he was often disturbed with religious convictions; and being from a child fond of reading, he met with Bennet's "Christian Oratory," and though he understood little of it, the course of life it recommended appeared very desirable. He therefore began to pray, to read the Scriptures, to keep a diary, and thought himself religious; but soon became weary of it, and gave it up. He then learned to curse and to blaspheme; and was exceedingly wicked when out of the view of his parents, though at so early a period.

Upon his being thrown from a horse near a dangerous hedge-row, newly cut, his conscience suggested to him the dreadful consequences of appearing in such a state before God. This put him, though but for a time, upon breaking

off his profane practices; but the consequence of these struggles between sin and conscience, was, that on every relapse he sunk into still greater depths of wickedness. He was roused again, by the loss of a companion who had agreed to go with him one Sunday on board a man of war. Mr. N. providentially coming too late, the boat had gone without him, and was overset, by which his companion and several others were drowned. He was exceedingly affected at the funeral of this companion, to think that by the delay of a few minutes (which at the time occasioned much anger) his life had been preserved: but this also was soon forgotten. The perusal of the "Family Instructor" produced another temporary reformation. In short, he took up and laid aside a religious profession three or four different times, before he was sixteen years of age.

"All this while," says he, "my heart was insincere. I often saw the necessity of religion, as a means of escaping hell; but I loved sin, and was unwilling to forsake it.—I was so strangely blind and stupid, that, sometimes, when I have been determined upon things which I knew were sinful, I could not go on quietly till I had first dispatched my ordinary task of prayer, in which I have grudged every moment of the time: when this was finished, my conscience was in some measure pacified, and I could rush into folly with little remorse."

But his last reform was the most remarkable. "Of this period," says he, "at least of some part of it, I may say, in the Apostle's words, *After the strictest sect of our religion, I lived a Pharisee.* I did every thing that might be expected from a person entirely ignorant of God's righteousness, and desirous to establish his own. I spent the greatest part of every day in reading the Scriptures, and in meditation and prayer. I fasted often: I even abstained from all animal food for three months. I would hardly answer a question for fear of speaking an idle word: I seemed to bemoan my former miscarriages very earnestly, and sometimes with tears: in short, I became an Ascetic, and endeavoured, as far as my situation would permit, to renounce society, that I might avoid temptation."

This reformation, it seems, continued for more than two years. But he adds, "it was a poor religion: it left me in many respects under the power of sin; and, so far as it prevailed, only tended to make me gloomy, stupid, unsociable, and useless."

That it was a poor religion, and quite unlike that which he afterwards possessed, will appear from what immediately follows: for, had it been taken up upon more scriptural ground, and attended with that internal evidence and satisfaction which true religion only brings, he could not so soon have fallen a dupe to such a writer as

Shaftsbury. It was at a petty shop at Middleburgh, in Holland, that he first met with a volume of the "Characteristics." The declamation, called by his Lordship a "Rhapsody," suited the romantic turn of his mind. Unaware of its tendency, he imagined he had found a valuable guide. This book was always in his hand, till he could nearly repeat the "Rhapsody." Though it produced no immediate effect, it operated like a slow poison, and prepared the way for all that followed.

About the year 1742, his father, having lately come from a voyage, and not intending to return to sea, was contriving for Mr. N.'s settlement in the world. But to settle a youth who had no spirit for business, who knew but little of men or things, who was of a romantic turn—a medley, as he expressed it, of religion, philosophy, and indolence, and quite averse to order—must prove a great difficulty. At length a merchant in Liverpool, an intimate friend of the father, and afterwards a singular friend to the son, offered to send him for some years to Jamaica, and undertook the charge of his future welfare. This was consented to, and preparation made for the voyage, which was to be prosecuted the following week. In the mean time, he was sent by his father on some business to a place, a few miles beyond Maidstone in Kent. But the journey, which was designed to last but three or four days, gave such a turn to

his mind, as roused him from his habitual indolence, and produced a series of important and interesting occurrences.

A few days before this intended journey, he received an invitation to visit some distant relations in Kent. They were particular friends of his mother, who died at their house; but a coolness having taken place upon his father's second marriage, all intercourse between them had ceased. As his road lay within half a mile of the house, and he had obtained his father's leave to call on them, he went thither, and met with the kindest reception from these friends. They had two daughters. It seems the elder had been intended, by both the mothers, for his future wife. Almost at the first sight of this girl, then under fourteen years of age, he was impressed with such an affection for her, as appears to have equalled all that the writers of romance have imagined.

"I soon lost," says he, "all sense of religion, and became deaf to the remonstrances of conscience and prudence: but my regard for her was always the same; and I may, perhaps, venture to say, that none of the scenes of misery and wickedness I afterwards experienced ever banished her a single hour together from my waking thoughts for the seven following years."

His heart being now rivetted to a particular object, every thing with which he was concerned appeared in a new light. He could not now bear

the thought of living at such a distance as Jamaica for four or five years, and therefore determined not to go thither. He dared not communicate with his father on this point: but, instead of three days, he staid three weeks in Kent, till the ship had sailed, and then he returned to London. His father, though highly displeased, became reconciled; and, in a little time he sailed with a friend of his father to Venice.

In this voyage, being a common sailor, and exposed to the company of his comrades, he began to relax from the sobriety which he had preserved, in some degree, for more than two years. Sometimes, pierced with convictions, he made a few faint efforts, as formerly, to stop; and, though not yet absolutely profligate, he was making large strides towards a total apostasy from God. At length he received a remarkable check by a dream, which made a very strong, though not abiding, impression upon his mind.

I shall relate this dream in his own words, referring to the "Narrative" those who wish to know his opinion of dreams, and his application of this one in particular to his own circumstances.

"The scene, presented to my imagination, was the harbour of Venice, where we had lately been. I thought it was night, and my watch upon the deck; and that, as I was walking to and fro by myself, a person came to me (I do not remember from whence), and brought me a ring, with an

express charge to keep it carefully; assuring me, that, while I preserved that ring, I should be happy and successful: but if I lost or parted with it, I must expect nothing but trouble and misery. —I accepted the present and the terms willingly, not in the least doubting my own care to preserve it, and highly satisfied to have my happiness in my own keeping. I was engaged in these thoughts, when a second person came to me, and, observing the ring on my finger, took occasion to ask me some questions concerning it. I readily told him its virtues, and his answer expressed a surprise at my weakness, in expecting such effects from a ring. I think he reasoned with me some time, upon the impossibility of the thing; and at length urged me, in direct terms, to throw it away. At first I was shocked at the proposal, but his insinuations prevailed. I began to reason and doubt, and at last plucked it off my finger, and dropped it over the ship's side into the water, which it had no sooner touched, than I saw, at the same instant, a terrible fire burst out from a range of mountains (a part of the Alps), which appeared at some distance behind the city of Venice. I saw the hills as distinct as if awake, and that they were all in flames. I perceived, too late, my folly: and my tempter, with an air of insult, informed me, that all the mercy God had in reserve for me was comprised in that ring, which I had wilfully thrown away. I understood that I must

now go with him to the burning mountains, and that all the flames I saw were kindled on my account. I trembled, and was in a great agony; so that it was surprising I did not then awake: but my dream continued; and when I thought myself upon the point of a constrained departure, and stood self condemned, without plea or hope, suddenly, either a third person, or the same who brought the ring at first (I am not certain which), came to me, and demanded the cause of my grief. I told him the plain case, confessing that I had ruined myself wilfully, and deserved no pity. He blamed my rashness, and asked if I should be wiser, supposing I had my ring again. I could hardly answer to this, for I thought it was gone beyond recal. I believe, indeed, I had not time to answer, before I saw this unexpected friend go down under the water, just in the spot where I had dropped it, and he soon returned, bringing the ring with him: the moment he came on board, the flames in the mountains were extinguished, and my seducer left me. Then was *the prey taken from the hand of the mighty, and the lawful captive delivered.* My fears were at an end, and with joy and gratitude I approached my kind deliverer to receive the ring again; but he refused to return it, and spoke to this effect:—'If you should be entrusted with this ring again, you would very soon bring yourself into the same distress: you are not able to keep it, but I will preserve it for

you, and, whenever it is needful, will produce it in your behalf.'—Upon this I awoke, in a state of mind not to be described: I could hardly eat, or sleep, or transact my necessary business, for two or three days: but the impression soon wore off, and in a little time I totally forgot it; and I think it hardly occurred to my mind again till several years afterwards."

Nothing remarkable took place in the following part of that voyage. Mr. N. returned home in December 1743; and repeating his visit to Kent, protracted his stay in the same imprudent manner he had done before. This so disappointed his father's designs for his interest, as almost to induce him to disown his son. Before any thing suitable offered again, this thoughtless son, unmindful of the consequences of appearing in a *check'd shirt*, was marked by a lieutenant of the Harwich man of war, who immediately impressed and carried him on board a tender. This was at a critical juncture, as the French fleets were hovering upon our coast; so that his father was incapable of procuring his release. A few days after, he was sent on board the Harwich, at the Nore. Here a new scene of life was presented; and for about a month, much hardship endured. As a war was daily expected, his father was willing he should remain in the navy, and procured him a recommendation to the captain, who sent him upon the quarter-deck as a midshipman. He might now have had

ease and respect, had it not been for his unsettled mind and indifferent behaviour. The companions he met with here completed the ruin of his principles: though he affected to talk of virtue, and preserved some decency, yet his delight and habitual practice was wickedness.

His principal companion was a person of talents and observation, an expert and plausible infidel, whose zeal was equal to his address. "I have been told," says Mr. N. "that afterwards he was overtaken in a voyage from Lisbon in a violent storm: the vessel and people escaped, but a great sea broke on board, and swept him into eternity." —Being fond of this man's company, Mr. N. aimed to display what smattering of reading he had: his companion, perceiving that Mr. N. had not lost all the restraints of conscience, at first spoke in favour of religion; and having gained Mr. N.'s confidence, and perceiving his attachment to the "Characteristics," he soon convinced his pupil that he had never understood that book. By objections and arguments Mr. N.'s depraved heart was soon gained. He plunged into infidelity with all his spirit; and like an unwary sailor who quits his post just before a rising storm, the hopes and comforts of the gospel were renounced at the very time when every other comfort was about to fail.

In December, 1744, the Harwich was in the Downs, bound to the East Indies. The captain

gave Mr. N. leave to go on shore for a day; but, with his usual inconsideration, and following the dictates of a restless passion, he went to take a last leave of the object with which he was so infatuated.—Little satisfaction attended the interview in such circumstances, and on new year's day he returned to the ship. The captain was so highly displeased at this rash step, that it occasioned ever after the loss of his favour.

At length they sailed from Spithead, with a very large fleet. They put into Torbay, with a change of wind; but sailed the next day, on its becoming fair. Several of the fleet were lost at leaving the place; but the following night the whole fleet was greatly endangered upon the coast of Cornwall, by a storm from the southward. The ship on which Mr. N. was aboard escaped unhurt, though several times in danger of being run down by other vessels; but many suffered much: this occasioned their putting back to Plymouth.

While they lay at Plymouth, Mr. N. heard that his father, who had an interest in some of the ships lately lost, was come down to Torbay. He thought that if he could see his father, he might easily be introduced into a service which would be better than pursuing a long and uncertain voyage to the East Indies. It was his habit in those unhappy days, *never to deliberate*. As soon as the thought occurred, he resolved to leave

the ship at all events: he did so, and in the worst manner possible. He was sent one day in the boat to prevent others from desertion, but betrayed his trust, and deserted himself. Not knowing which road to take, and fearing to enquire lest he should be suspected, yet having some general idea of the country, he found, after he had travelled some miles, that he was on the road to Dartmouth. That day and part of the next every thing seemed to go on smoothly. He walked fast, and thought to have seen his father in about two hours, when he was met by a small party of soldiers, whom he could not avoid or deceive: they brought him back to Plymouth, through the streets of which he proceeded guarded like a felon. Full of indignation, shame, and fear, he was confined two days in the guard-house; then sent on ship-board, and kept a while in irons: next he was publicly stript and whipt, degraded from his office, and all his former companions forbidden to shew him the least favour, or even to speak to him. As midshipman he had been entitled to command, in which (being sufficiently haughty and vain) he had not been temperate; but was now in his turn brought down to a level with the lowest, and exposed to the insults of all.

The state of his mind at this time can only be properly expressed in his own words:

"As my present situation was uncomfortable,

my future prospects were still worse: the evils I suffered were likely to grow heavier every day. While my catastrophe was recent, the officers and my quondam brethren were something disposed to screen me from ill usage; but, during the little time I remained with them afterwards, I found them cool very fast in their endeavours to protect me. Indeed, they could not avoid such conduct without running a great risk of sharing with me: for the captain, though in general a humane man, who behaved very well to the ship's company, was almost implacable in his resentment, and took several occasions to shew it, and the voyage was expected to be (as it proved) for five years. Yet nothing I either felt or feared distressed me so much as to see myself thus forcibly torn away from the object of my affections, under a great improbability of seeing her again, and a much greater of returning in such a manner as would give me hope of seeing her mine.

"Thus I was as miserable on all hands as could well be imagined. My breast was filled with the most excruciating passions; eager desire, bitter rage, and black despair. Every hour exposed me to some new insult and hardship, with no hope of relief or mitigation; no friend to take my part, nor to listen to my complaint. Whether I looked inward or outward, I could perceive nothing but darkness and misery. I think no case, except that of a conscience wounded by the wrath of

God, could be more dreadful than mine. I cannot express with what wishfulness and regret I cast my last looks upon the English shore: I kept my eyes fixed upon it, till, the ship's distance increasing, it insensibly disappeared; and, when I could see it no longer, I was tempted to throw myself into the sea, which (according to the wicked system I had adopted) would put a period to all my sorrows at once. But the secret hand of God restrained me."

During his passage to Madeira, Mr. N. describes himself as a prey to the most gloomy thoughts. Though he had deserved all, and more than all he had met with from the captain, yet pride suggested that he had been grossly injured; "and this so far," says he, "wrought upon my wicked heart, that I actually formed designs against his life, and that was one reason which made me willing to prolong my own. I was sometimes divided between the two, not thinking it practicable to effect both. The Lord had now to appearance given me up to judicial hardness: I was capable of any thing. I had not the least fear of God before my eyes, nor (so far as I remember) the least sensibility of conscience. I was possessed with so strong a spirit of delusion, that I believed my own lie, and was firmly persuaded that after death I should cease to be.—Yet the Lord preserved me!—Some intervals of sober reflection would at times take place: when I have

chosen death rather than life, a ray of hope would come in (though there was little probability for such a hope) that I should yet see better days, that I might return to England, and have my wishes crowned, if I did not wilfully throw myself away. In a word, my love to Mrs. N. was now the only restraint I had left: though I neither feared God nor regarded man, I could not bear that *she* should think meanly of me when I was dead."

Mr. N. had now been at Madeira some time. The business of the fleet being completed, they were to sail the following day: on that memorable morning he happened to be late in bed, and would have continued to sleep, but that an old companion, a midshipman, came down, between jest and earnest, and bid him rise. As he did not immediately comply, the midshipman cut down the hammock in which he lay: this obliged him to dress himself; and, though very angry, he durst not resent it, but was little aware that this person, without design, was a special instrument of God's providence. Mr. N. said little, but went upon deck, where he saw a man putting his own clothes into a boat, and informed Mr. N. he was going to leave the ship. Upon enquiry, he found that two men from a Guinea ship, which lay near them, had entered on board the Harwich, and that the commodore (the late Sir George Pocock) had ordered the captain to send two others in their room. Inflamed with this information, Mr. N. requested

that the boat might be detained a few minutes: he then entreated the lieutenants to intercede with the captain that he might be dismissed upon this occasion: though he had formerly behaved ill to these officers, they were moved with pity, and were disposed to serve him. The captain, who had refused to exchange him at Plymouth, though requested by Admiral Medley, was easily prevailed with now. In little more than half an hour from his being asleep in bed, he found himself discharged, and safe on board another ship: the events depending upon this change, will shew it to have been the most critical and important.

The ship he now entered was bound to Sierra Leone, and the adjacent parts of what is called the Windward Coast of Africa. The commander knew his father, received him kindly, and made professions of assistance; and probably would have been his friend, if, instead of profiting by his former errors, he had not pursued a course, if possible, worse. He was under some restraint on board the Harwich; but, being now among strangers, he could sin without disguise,—"I well remember," says he, "that, while I was passing from one ship to the other, I rejoiced in the exchange with this reflection, that I might now be as abandoned as I pleased, without any controul; and, from this time, I was exceedingly vile indeed, little, if any thing, short of that animated description of an almost irrecoverable state, which we have in

2 Peter ii. 14. I not only sinned with a high hand myself, but made it my study to tempt and seduce others upon every occasion: nay, I eagerly sought occasion, sometimes to my own hazard and hurt." By this conduct he soon forfeited the favour of his captain: for, besides being careless and disobedient, upon some imagined affront, he employed his mischievous wit in making a song to ridicule the captain as to his ship, his designs, and his person; and he taught it to the whole ship's company.

He thus proceeded for about six months, at which time the ship was preparing to leave the coast; but, a few days before she sailed, the captain died. Mr. N. was not upon much better terms with his mate, who succeeded to the command, and upon some occasion had treated him ill. He felt certain, that if he went in the ship to the West Indies, the mate would have put him on board a man of war, a consequence more dreadful to him than death itself: to avoid this, he determined to remain in Africa, and pleased himself with imagining it would be an opportunity of improving his fortune.

Upon that part of the coast there were a few white men settled, whose business it was to purchase slaves, &c. and sell them to the ships at an advanced price. One of these, who had first landed in circumstances similar to Mr. N.'s, had acquired considerable wealth. This man had

been in England, and was returning in the same vessel with Mr. N. of which he owned a quarter part. His example impressed Mr. N. with hopes of the same success, and he obtained his discharge upon condition of entering into the trader's service, to whose generosity he trusted without the precaution of terms. He received, however, no compensation for his time on board the ship, but a bill upon the owners in England; which, in consequence of their failure, was never paid: the day, therefore, on which the vessel sailed, he landed upon the Island of Benanoes, like one ship-wrecked, with little more than the clothes upon his back.

"The two following years," says he, "of which I am now to give some account, will seem as an absolute blank in my life: but I have seen frequent cause since to admire the mercy of God in banishing me to those distant parts, and almost excluding me from all society, at a time when I was big with mischief, and, like one infected with a pestilence, was capable of spreading a taint wherever I went.—But the Lord wisely placed me where I could do little harm. The few I had to converse with were too much like myself; and I was soon brought into such abject circumstances, that I was too low to have any influence. I was rather shunned and despised than imitated; there being few even of the negroes themselves, during the first year of my residence, but thought

themselves too good to speak to me. I was as yet an outcast, ready to perish; but the Lord beheld me with mercy—he even now bid me *live*; and I can only ascribe it to his secret upholding power, that what I suffered in a part of this interval did not bereave me either of my life or senses."

The reader will have a better idea of the station Mr. N. was now in, by his brief sketch of it.

"From Cape de Verd, the most western point of Africa, to Cape Mount, the whole coast is full of rivers: the principal are the Gambia, Rio Grande, Sierra Leone, and Sherbro. Of the former, as it is well known, and as I was never there, I need say nothing. The Rio Grande (like the Nile) divides into many branches near the sea. On the most northerly, called Cacheo, the Portuguese have a settlement. The most southern branch, known by the name of Rio Nuna, is, or was, the usual boundary of the white men's trade northward. Sierra Leone is a mountainous peninsula, uninhabited, and I believe inaccessible, upon account of the thick woods, excepting those parts which lie near the water. The river is large and navigable. From hence, about twelve leagues to the south-east, are three contiguous islands, called the Benanoes, twenty miles in circuit: this was about the centre of the white men's residence. Seven leagues further, the same way, lie the Plantanes, three small islands, two miles distant

from the continent, at the point which forms one side of the Sherbro. This river is more properly a *sound*, running within a long island, and receiving the confluence of several large rivers; " rivers unknown to song," but far more deeply engraven in my remembrance than the Po or Tiber. The southernmost of these has a very peculiar course, almost parallel to the coast; so that in tracing it a great many leagues upwards, it will seldom lead one above three miles, and sometimes not more than half a mile from the sea shore."

Mr. N.'s new master had resided near Cape Mount, but at this time had settled at the Plantanes, on the largest of the three islands. It is low and sandy, about two miles in circumference, and almost covered with palm-trees. They immediately began to build a house. Mr. N. had some desire to retrieve his time and character, and might have lived tolerably well with his master, if this man had not been much under the direction of a black woman, who lived with him as a wife, and influenced him against his new servant. She was a person of some consequence in her own country, and he owed his first rise to her interest. This woman, for reasons not known, was strangely prejudiced against Mr. N. from the first. He also had unhappily a severe fit of illness, which attacked him before he had opportunity to shew what he could or would do in the service of his master. Mr. N. was sick when his master sailed

in a shalop to Rio Nuna, and was left in the hands of this woman. He was taken some care of at first; but, not soon recovering, her attention was wearied, and she entirely neglected him. Sometimes it was with difficulty he could procure a draught of cold water when burning with a fever! His bed was a mat, spread upon a board or chest, with a log for his pillow. Upon his appetite returning, after the fever left him, he would gladly have eaten, but *no one gave unto him.* She lived in plenty, but scarcely allowed him sufficient to sustain life, except now and then, when in the highest good humour, she would send him victuals in her own plate after she had dined. And this (so greatly was he humbled) he received with thanks and eagerness, as the most needy beggar does an alms.

"Once," says he, "I well remember, I was called to receive this bounty from her own hand: but, being exceedingly weak and feeble, I dropped the plate. Those who live in plenty can hardly conceive how this loss touched me: but she had the cruelty to laugh at my disappointment; and, though the table was covered with dishes (for she lived much in the European manner), she refused to give me any more. My distress has been at times so great, as to compel me to go by night, and pull up roots in the plantation (though at the risk of being punished as a thief) which I have eaten raw upon the spot, for fear of discovery.

The roots I speak of are very wholesome food, when boiled or roasted, but as unfit to be eaten raw in any quantity as a potatoe. The consequence of this diet, which, after the first experiment, I always expected and seldom missed, was the same as I if had taken tartar emetic; so that I have often returned as empty as I went: yet necessity urged me to repeat the trial several times. I have sometimes been relieved by strangers; yea even by the slaves in the chain, who have secretly brought me victuals (for they durst not be seen to do it) from their own slender pittance. Next to pressing want, nothing sits harder upon the mind than *scorn* and *contempt*, and of this likewise I had an abundant measure."

When slowly recovering, the same woman would sometimes pay Mr. N. a visit; not to pity or relieve, but to insult him. She would call him worthless and indolent, and compel him to walk; which when he could scarcely do, she would set her attendants to mimic his motions, to clap their hands, laugh, throw limes at him, and sometimes they would even throw stones. But though her attendants were forced to join in this treatment, Mr. N. was rather pitied than scorned by the meanest of her slaves, on her departure.

When his master returned from the voyage, Mr. N. complained of ill-usage, but was not credited; and, as he did it in her hearing, he fared worse for it. He accompanied his master in his second

voyage, and they agreed pretty well, till his master was persuaded by a brother trader that Mr. N. was dishonest. This seems to be the only vice with which he could not be charged; as his honesty seemed to be the last remains of a good education which he could now boast of: and though his great distress might have been a strong temptation to fraud, it seems he never once thought of defrauding his master in the smallest matter. The charge, however, was believed, and he was condemned without evidence. From that time he was used very hardly: whenever his master left the vessel, he was locked upon deck with a pint of rice for his day's allowance, nor had he any relief till his master's return. "Indeed," says he, "I believe I should have been nearly starved, but for an opportunity of catching fish sometimes. When fowls were killed for my master's own use, I seldom was allowed any part but the entrails, to bait my hooks with; and, at what we called *slack water*, that is, about the changing of the tides, when the current was still, I used generally to fish (at other times it was not practicable) and I very often succeeded. If I saw a fish upon my hook, my joy was little less than any other person would have found in the accomplishment of the scheme he had most at heart. Such a fish, hastily broiled, or rather half burnt, without sauce, salt, or bread, has afforded me a delicious meal. If I caught none, I might, if I

could, sleep away my hunger till the next return of *slack water*, and then try again.

"Nor did I suffer less from the inclemency of the weather, and the want of clothes. The rainy season was now advancing: my whole suit was a shirt, a pair of trowsers, a cotton handkerchief instead of a cap, and a cotton cloth about two yards long, to supply the want of upper garments: and, thus accoutered, I have been exposed for twenty, thirty, perhaps near forty hours together, in incessant rains, accompanied with strong gales of wind, without the least shelter, when my master was on shore. I feel to this day some faint returns of the violent pains I then contracted. The excessive cold and wet I endured in that voyage, and so soon after I had recovered from a long sickness, quite broke my constitution and my spirits: the latter were soon restored, but the effects of the former still remain with me, as a needful memento of the service and the wages of sin."

In about two months they returned, and the rest of the time which Mr. N. spent with his master was chiefly at the Plantanes, and under the same regimen as has been mentioned. His heart was now bowed down, but not at all to a wholesome repentance. While his spirits sunk, the language of the prodigal was far from him: destitute of resolution, and almost of all reflection, he had lost the fierceness which fired him

when on board the Harwich, and rendered him capable of the most desperate attempts; but he was no further changed than a tiger tamed by hunger.

However strange it may appear, he attests it as a truth, that, though destitute both of food and clothing, and depressed beyond common wretchedness, he could sometimes collect his mind to mathematical studies. Having bought Barrow's Euclid at Plymouth, and it being the only volume he brought on shore, he used to take it to remote corners of the island, and draw his diagrams with a long stick upon the sand. "Thus," says he, "I often beguiled my sorrows, and almost forgot my feelings, and thus without any other assistance I made myself in a good measure master of the first six books of Euclid."

With my staff, I passed this Jordan, and now I am become two bands. These words of Jacob might well affect Mr. N.—when remembering the days in which he was busied in planting some lime or lemon trees. The plants he put into the ground were no higher than a young gooseberry bush. His master and mistress, in passing the place, stopped a while to look at him; at length his master said, "Who knows but by the time these trees grow up and bear, you may go home to England, obtain the command of a ship, and return to reap the fruits of your labours? we see strange things sometimes happen."—

"This," says Mr. Newton, "as he intended it, was a cutting sarcasm. I believe he thought it full as probable that I should live to be King of Poland: yet it proved a prediction: and they (one of them at least) lived to see me return from England, in the capacity he had mentioned, and pluck some of the first limes from these very trees. How can I proceed in my relation, till I raise a monument to the divine goodness, by comparing the circumstances in which the Lord has since placed me, with what I was in at that time? Had you seen me, sir, then go so pensive and solitary in the dead of night to wash my one shirt upon the rocks, and afterwards put it on wet, that it might dry upon my back while I slept; had you seen me so poor a figure, that when a ship's boat came to the island, shame often constrained me to hide myself in the woods, from the sight of strangers; especially, had you known that my conduct, principles, and heart, were still darker than my outward condition—how little would you have imagined, that one, who so fully answered to the στυγητοι, μισουντες * of the Apostle, was reserved to be so peculiar an instance of the providential care, and exuberant goodness of God! —There was, at that time, but one earnest desire of my heart, which was not contrary and shocking both to religion and reason: that *one* desire, though my vile licentious life rendered me pecu-

* *Hateful* and *hating one another.*

liarly unworthy of success, and though a thousand difficulties seemed to render it impossible, the Lord was pleased to gratify."

Things continued thus nearly twelve months. In this interval Mr. N. wrote two or three times to his father, describing his condition, and desiring his assistance; at the same time signifying, that he had resolved not to return to England, unless his parent were pleased to send for him. His father applied to his friend at Liverpool, who gave orders accordingly, to a captain of his who was then fitting out for Gambia and Sierra Leone.

Some time within the year, Mr. N. obtained his master's consent to live with another trader, who dwelt upon the same island. This change was much to his advantage, as he was soon decently clothed, lived in plenty, was treated as a companion, and trusted with his effects to the amount of some thousand pounds. This man had several factories, and white servants in different places; particularly one in Kittam, the river already described as running so near along the sea coast. Mr. N. was soon appointed there, and had a share in the management of business, jointly with another servant. They lived as they pleased: business flourished; and their employer was satisfied.

"Here," says he, "I began to be wretch enough to think myself *happy*. There is a significant phrase frequently used in those parts, that such a

white man is grown *black*. It does not intend a alteration of complexion, but disposition. I have known several, who, settling in Africa after the age of thirty or forty, have, at that time of life, been gradually assimilated to the tempers, customs, and ceremonies of the natives, so far as to prefer that country to England: they have even become dupes to all the pretended charms, necromancies, amulets, and divinations of the blinded negroes, and put more trust in such things than the wiser sort among the natives. A part of this spirit of infatuation was growing upon me (in time, perhaps, I might have yielded to the whole:) I entered into closer engagements with the inhabitants, and should have lived and died a wretch amongst them, if the Lord had not watched over me for good. Not that I had lost those ideas which chiefly engaged my heart to England, but a despair of seeing them accomplished made me willing to remain where I was. I thought I could more easily bear the disappointment in this situation than nearer home. But, as soon as I had fixed my connections and plans with these views, the Lord providentially interposed to break them in pieces, and save me from ruin, in spite of myself."—

In the mean time, the ship, that had orders to bring Mr. N. home, arrived at Sierra Leone. The captain made enquiry for Mr. N. there, and at the Bonanas; but finding he was at a great distance,

thought no more about him. A special providence seemed to have placed him at Kittam just at this time: for the ship coming no nearer than the Bonanas, and staying but a few days, if he had been at the Plantanes he would not probably have heard of her till she had sailed: the same must have certainly been the event had he been sent to any other factory, of which his new master had several. But though the place he went to was a long way up a river, much more than a hundred miles distant from the Plantanes, yet by his peculiar situation, already noticed, he was still within a mile of the sea coast. The interposition was also more remarkable, as at that very juncture he was going in quest of trade, directly from the sea; and would have set out a day or two before, but that they waited for a few articles from the next ship that came, in order to complete the assortment of goods he was to take with him.

They used sometimes to walk to the beach, in hopes of seeing a vessel pass by; but this was very precarious, as at that time the place was not resorted to by ships of trade: many passed in the night, others kept a considerable distance from the shore, nor does he remember that any one had stopped while he was there.

In Feb. 1747, his fellow-servant walking down to the beach in the forenoon, saw a vessel sailing by, and made a smoke in token of trade. She was already beyond the place, and the wind being

fair, the captain demurred about stopping: had Mr. N.'s companion been half an hour later, the vessel would have been beyond recall: when he saw her come to an anchor, he went on board in a canoe, and this proved the very ship already spoken of, which brought an order for Mr. N.'s return.—One of the first questions the captain put was concerning Mr. N., and understanding he was so near, the captain came on shore to deliver his message.

"Had," says he, "an invitation from home reached me when I was sick and starving at the Plantanes, I should have received it as life from the dead; but now, for the reasons already given, I heard it at first with indifference." The captain, however, unwilling to lose him, framed a story, and gave him a very plausible account of his having missed a large packet of letters and papers, which he should have brought with him: but said he had it from his father's own mouth, as well as from his employer, that a person lately dead had left Mr. N. 400*l.* per annum, and added, that if embarrassed in his circumstances, he had express orders to redeem Mr. N. though it should cost one half of his cargo. Every particular of this was false, nor could Mr. N. believe what was said about the estate; except, that, as he had some expectations from an aged relation, he thought a part of it might be true.

But though his father's care and desire to see

him was treated so lightly, and would have been insufficient alone to draw him from his retreat, yet the remembrance of Mrs. N., the hopes of seeing her, and the possibility that his accepting this offer might once more put him in the way of gaining her hand, prevailed over all other considerations.

The captain further promised (and in this he kept his word) that Mr. N. should lodge in his cabin, dine at his table, and be his companion, without being liable to service. Thus suddenly was he freed from a captivity of about fifteen months. He had neither a thought nor a desire of this change one hour before it took place; but, embarking with the captain, he in a few hours lost sight of Kittam.

The ship in which he embarked as a passenger was on a trading voyage for gold, ivory, dyer's wood, and bees' wax. Such a cargo requires more time to collect than one of slaves. The captain began his trade at Gambia, had been already four or five months in Africa; and, during the course of a year after Mr. N. had been with him, they ranged the whole coast as far as Cape Lopez, which lies about a degree south of the equinoctial, and more than a thousand miles further from England than the place from whence he embarked.

"I have," says he, "little to offer worthy of notice in the course of this tedious voyage. I had

no business to employ my thoughts, but sometimes amused myself with mathematics: excepting this, my whole life, when awake, was a course of most horrid impiety and profaneness. I know not that I have ever since met so daring a blasphemer. Not content with common oaths and imprecations, I daily invented new ones: so that I was often seriously reproved by the captain, who was himself a very passionate man, and not at all circumspect in his expressions. From the relation I at times made him of my past adventures, and what he saw of my conduct, and especially towards the close of the voyage, when we met with many disasters, he would often tell me, that, to his great grief, he had a Jonah on board; that a curse attended me wherever I went: and that all the troubles he met with in the voyage were owing to his having taken me into his vessel."

Although Mr. N. lived long in the excess of almost every other extravagance, he was never, it seems, fond of drinking: his father was often heard to say, that, while his son avoided drunkenness, some hopes might be entertained of his recovery. Sometimes, however, in a frolic, he would promote a drinking-bout; not through love of liquor, but disposition to mischief: the last proposal he made of this kind, and at his own expence, was in the river Gabon, whilst the ship was trading on the coast.

Four or five of them sat down one evening to

try who could hold out longest in drinking geneva and rum alternately: a large sea-shell supplied the place of a glass. Mr. N. was very unfit for such a challenge, as his head was always incapable of bearing much liquor: he began, however, and proposed as a toast, some imprecation against the person who should start first: this proved to be himself.—Fired in his brain, he arose and danced on the deck like a madman, and while he was thus diverting his companions, his hat went overboard. Seeing the ship's boat by moonlight, he endeavoured eagerly to throw himself over the side into the boat, that he might recover his hat. His sight however deceived him, for the boat was not (as he supposed) within his reach, but perhaps twenty feet from the ship's side. He was, however half overboard, and would in the space of a moment have plunged into the water; when somebody caught hold of his clothes, and pulled him back. This was an amazing escape, as he could not swim, had he been sober: the tide ran very strong: his companions were too much intoxicated to save him, and the rest of the ship's company were asleep.

Another time at Cape Lopez, before the ship left the coast, he went with some others into the woods, and shot a buffalo, or wild cow: they brought a part of it on board, and carefully marked the place (as he thought) where the rest was left. In the evening they returned to fetch it,

but set out too late. Mr. N. undertook to be their guide; but, night coming on before they could reach the place, they lost their way. Sometimes they were in swamps, and up to the middle in water; and when they recovered dry land, they could not tell whether they were proceeding towards the ship, or the contrary way. Every step increased their uncertainty, the night grew darker, and they were entangled in thick woods, which perhaps the foot of man had never trodden, and which abound with wild beasts: besides which, they had neither light, food, nor arms, while expecting a tiger to rush from behind every tree. The stars were clouded, and they had no compass whereby to form a judgment which way they were going. But it pleased God to secure them from the beasts; and, after some hours' perplexity, the moon arose, and pointed out the eastern quarter. It appeared then, that, instead of proceeding towards the sea, they had been penetrating into the country: at length, by the guidance of the moon, they recovered the ship.

These, and many other deliverances, produced at that time no salutary effect. The admonitions of conscience, which from successive repulses had grown weaker and weaker, at length entirely ceased; and, for the space of many months, if not for some years, he had not a single check of that sort. At times he was visited with sickness, and believed himself to be near death, but had not

the least concern about the consequences. "In a word," says he, "I seemed to have every mark of final impenitence and rejection: neither judgments nor mercies made the least impression on me."

At length, their business being finished, they left Cape Lopez; and, after a few days' stay at the island of Annabona, in order to lay in provisions, they sailed homeward about the beginning of January, 1748. From Annabona to England is perhaps more than seven thousand miles, if the circuits are included, which it is necessary to make on account of the trade-winds. They sailed first westward, till near the coast of Brazil, then northward, to the banks of Newfoundland, without meeting any thing extraordinary. On these banks they stopped half a day to fish for cod: this was then chiefly for diversion, as they had provision enough, and little expected that those fish (as it afterwards proved) would be all they would have to subsist on. They left the banks, March 1st, with a hard gale of wind westerly, which pushed them fast homewards. By the length of this voyage, in a hot climate, the vessel was greatly out of repair, and very unfit to endure stormy weather. The sails and cordage were likewise very much worne; and many such circumstances concurred to render what followed imminently dangerous.

Among the few books they had on board was

Stanhope's Thomas-a-Kempis: Mr. N. carelessly took it up, as he had often done before, to pass away the time, but which he had read with the same indifference as if it were a romance. But, in reading it this time, a thought occurred—*What if these things should be true!* He could not bear the force of the inference, and therefore shut the book, concluding, that, true or false, he must abide the consequences of his own choice; and put an end to these reflections by joining in the vain conversation which came in his way.

"But now," says he, "*the Lord's time was come*, and the conviction I was so unwilling to receive was deeply impressed upon me by an awful dispensation."

He went to bed that night in his usual carnal security; but was awaked from a sound sleep by the force of a violent sea which broke on board: so much of it came down as filled the cabin in which he lay with water. This alarm was followed by a cry from the deck, that the ship was sinking. He essayed to go upon deck, but was met upon the ladder by the captain, who desired him to bring a knife. On his return for the knife, another person went up in his place, who was instantly washed overboard. They had no leisure to lament him, nor did they expect to survive him long, for the ship was filling with water very fast. The sea had torn away the upper timbers on one side, and made it a mere wreck in a few minutes:

so that it seems almost miraculous that any survived to relate the story. They had immediate recourse to the pumps, but the water increased against their efforts: some of them were set to bailing, though they had but eleven or twelve people to sustain this service. But, notwithstanding all they could do, the vessel was nearly full, and with a common cargo must have sunk; but, having a great quantity of bees'-wax and wood on board, which were specifically lighter than water, and providentially receiving this shock in the very crisis of the gale, towards morning they were enabled to employ some means for safety, which succeeded beyond hope. In about an hour's time, day began to break, and the wind abated: they expended most of their clothes and bedding to stop the leaks: over these they nailed pieces of boards; and, at last, perceived the water within to subside.

At the beginning of this scene Mr. N. was little affected: he pumped hard, and endeavoured to animate himself and his companions. He told one of them, that in a few days this distress would serve for a subject over a glass of wine; but the man, being less hardened than himself, replied with tears, "No, it is too late now." About nine o'clock, being almost spent with cold and labour, Mr. N. went to speak with the captain, and, as he was returning, said, almost without meaning, "If this will not do, the Lord have mercy upon

us :" thus expressing, though with little reflection, his desire of mercy for the first time within the space of many years. Struck with his own words, it directly occurred to him, *What mercy can there be for me!* He was, however, obliged to return to the pump, and there continued till noon, almost every passing wave breaking over his head, being, like the rest, secured by ropes, that they might not be washed away. He expected, indeed, that every time the vessel descended in the sea she would rise no more; and though he dreaded death NOW, and his heart foreboded the worst, if the Scriptures, which he had long opposed, were true: yet he was still but half convinced, and remained for a time in a sullen frame, a mixture of despair and impatience. He thought, if the Christian Religion were true, he could not be forgiven; and was therefore expecting, and almost at times wishing, to know the worst of it.

The following part of his " Narrative" will, I think, be best expressed in his own words: " The 10th, that is, in the present style, the 21st of March, is a day much to be remembered by me, and I have never suffered it to pass wholly unnoticed since the year 1748. On that day the Lord sent from on high, and delivered me out of deep waters.—I continued at the pump from *three* in the morning till near *noon*, and then I could do no more. I went and lay down upon my bed, uncertain, and almost indifferent whether I should

rise again. In an hour's time I was called; and, not being able to pump, I went to the helm, and steered the ship till midnight, excepting a small interval for refreshment. I had here leisure and convenient opportunity for reflection. I began to think of my former religious professions,—the extraordinary turns of my life,—the calls, warnings, and deliverances I had met with,—the licentious course of my conversation,—particularly my unparalleled effrontery in making the gospel history (which I could not be sure was false, though I was not yet assured it was true) the constant subject of profane ridicule. I thought, allowing the Scripture premises, there never was or could be such a sinner as myself; and then comparing the advantages I had broken through, I concluded at first, that my sins were too great to be forgiven. The Scripture likewise seemed to say the same: for I had formerly been well acquainted with the Bible, and many passages, upon this occasion, returned upon my memory; particularly those awful passages, Prov. i. 24—31, Heb. vi. 4, 5, 6. and 2 Pet. ii. 20. which seemed so exactly to suit my case and character, as to bring with them a presumptive proof of a divine original.

"Thus, as I have said, I waited with fear and impatience to receive my inevitable doom. Yet, though I had thoughts of this kind, they were exceeding faint and disproportionate: it was not till

after (perhaps) several years that I had gained some clear views of the infinite righteousness and grace of Christ Jesus my Lord, that I had a deep and strong apprehension of my state by nature and practice: and, perhaps, till then, I could not have borne the sight. So wonderfully does the Lord proportion the discoveries of sin and grace: for he knows our frame, and that if he were to put forth the greatness of his power, a poor sinner would be instantly overwhelmed, and crushed as a moth.

"But, to return. When I saw, beyond all probability, that there was still hope of respite, and heard about six in the evening that the ship was freed from water, there arose a gleam of hope. I thought I saw the hand of God displayed in our favour. I began to pray: I could not utter the prayer of faith: I could not draw near to a reconciled God, and call him *Father:* my prayer was like the cry of the ravens, which yet the Lord does not disdain to hear. I now began to think of that Jesus whom I had so often derided: I recollected the particulars of his life, and of his death; a death for sins not his *own*, but, as I remembered, for the sake of those, who, in their distress, should put their trust in him. And now I chiefly wanted evidence.—The comfortless principles of infidelity were deeply riveted; and I rather *wished* than believed these things were real facts. You will please to observe, that I

collect the strain of the reasonings and exercises of my mind in one view; but I do not say that all this passed at one time. The great question now was, how to obtain *faith*. I speak not of an appropriating faith (of which I then knew neither the nature nor necessity), but how I should gain an assurance that the Scriptures were of divine inspiration, and a sufficient warrant for the exercise of trust and hope in God.

"One of the first helps I received (in consequence of a determination to examine the New Testament more carefully) was from Luke xi. 13. I had been sensible, that, to profess faith in Jesus Christ, when, in reality, I did not believe his history, was no better than a mockery of the heart-searching God; but here I found a SPIRIT spoken of, which was to be communicated to those who ask it. Upon this I reasoned thus: If this book be true, the promise in this passage must be true likewise. I have need of that very Spirit, by which the whole was written, in order to understand it aright. He has engaged here to give that Spirit to those who ask: I must therefore pray for it; and, if it be of God, he will make good his own word. My purposes were strengthened by John vii. 17. I concluded from thence, that, though I could not say from my heart that I believed the Gospel, yet I would, for the present, take it for granted; and that, by studying it in this light, I should be more and more confirmed in it.

"If what I am writing could be perused by our modern infidels, they would say (for I too well know their manner) that I was very desirous to persuade myself into this opinion.—I confess I was; and so would they be, if the Lord should shew them, as he was pleased to shew me at that time, the absolute necessity of some expedient to interpose between a righteous God and a sinful soul: upon the Gospel scheme, I saw, at least a peradventure of hope; but, on every other side, I was surrounded with black, unfathomable despair."

The wind being now moderate, and the ship drawing nearer to its port, the ship's company began to recover from their consternation, though greatly alarmed by their circumstances. They found that the water having floated their moveables in the hold, all the casks of provision had been beaten to pieces by the violent motion of the ship. On the other hand, their live-stock had been washed overboard in the storm. In short, all the provisions they saved, except the fish lately caught on the banks for amusement, and a little of the pulse kind, which used to be given to the hogs, would have supported them but a week, and that at a scanty allowance. The sails, too, were mostly blown away; so that they advanced but slowly, even while the wind was fair. They imagined they were about a hundred leagues from land, but were in reality much further. Mr. N.'s

leisure was chiefly employed in reading, meditation on the Scriptures, and prayer for mercy and instruction.

Things continued thus for about four or five days, till they were awakened one morning by the joyful shouts of the watch upon deck, proclaiming the sight of land, with which they were all soon raised. The dawning was uncommonly beautiful; and the light, just sufficient to discover distant objects, presented what seemed a mountainous coast, about twenty miles off, with two or three small islands: the whole appeared to be the north-west extremity of Ireland, for which they were steering. They sincerely congratulated one another, having no doubt that if the wind continued, they should be in safety and plenty the next day. Their brandy, which was reduced to a little more than a pint, was, by the captain's orders, distributed among them; who added, "We shall soon have brandy enough." They likewise ate up the residue of their bread, and were in the condition of men suddenly reprieved from death.

But, while their hopes were thus excited, the mate sunk their spirits, by saying, in a graver tone, that he wished "it might prove land at last." If one of the common sailors had first said so, the rest would probably have beaten him. The expression, however, brought on warm debates, whether it was land or not: but the case was soon decided; for one of their fancied islands

began to grow red from the approach of the sun. In a word, their land was nothing but clouds: and, in half an hour more, the whole appearance was dissipated.

Still, however, they cherished hope from the wind continuing fair; but of this hope they were soon deprived. That very day, their fair wind subsided into a calm; and, the next morning, the gale sprung up from the south-east, directly against them, and continued so for more than a fortnight afterwards. At this time the ship was so wrecked, that they were obliged to keep the wind always on the broken side, except when the weather was quite moderate; and were thus driven still further from their port in the north of Ireland, as far as Lewis, among the western isles of Scotland. Their station now was such, as deprived them of any hope of relief from other vessels. "It may indeed be questioned," says Mr. N. "whether our ship was not the very first that had been in that part of the ocean at the same time of the year."

Provisions now began to fall short. The half of a salted cod was a day's subsistence for twelve people: they had no stronger liquor than water, no bread, hardly any clothes, and very cold weather. They had also incessant labour at the pumps, to keep the ship above water. Much labour and little food wasted them fast, and one man died under the hardship. Yet their suffer-

ings were light when compared with their fears. Their bare allowance could continue but little longer; and a dreadful prospect appeared of their being either starved to death, or reduced to feed upon one another.

At this time Mr. N. had a further trouble, peculiar to himself. The captain, whose temper was quite soured by distress, was hourly reproaching him as the sole cause of the calamity, and was confident that his being thrown overboard would be the only means of preserving them. The captain, indeed, did not intend to make the experiment; but "the continued repetition of this in my ears," says Mr. N. "gave me much uneasiness; especially as my conscience seconded his words: I thought it very probable, that all that had befallen us was on my account—that I was at last found out by the powerful hand of God—and condemned in my own breast."

While, however, they were thus proceeding, at a time when they were ready to give up all for lost, and despair appeared in every countenance, they began to conceive hope from the wind's shifting to the desired point, so as best to suit that broken part of the ship, which must be kept out of the water, and so gently to blow, as their few remaining sails could bear. And thus it continued at an unsettled time of the year, till they were once more called up to see land, and which was really such. They saw the island of

Tory, and the next day anchored in Lough Swilly, in Ireland, on the 8th of April, just four weeks after the damage they had sustained from the sea. When they came into this port, their very last victuals were boiling in the pot, and before they had been there two hours, the wind, which seemed to have been providentially restrained till they were in a place of safety, began to blow with great violence; so that if they had continued at sea that night, they must, in all human estimation, have gone to the bottom! "About this time," says Mr. N. "I began to know that there is a God, who hears and answers prayer."

Mr. N.'s history is now brought down to the time of his arrival in Ireland, in the year 1748; and the progress he had hitherto made in religion will be best related in his own words. I shall, therefore, make a longer extract than usual, because it is important to trace the operation of real religion in the heart. Speaking of the ship in which he lately sailed, he says, "There were no persons on board to whom I could open myself with freedom concerning the state of my soul: none from whom I could ask advice. As to books, I had a New Testament, Stanhope, already mentioned, and a volume of Bishop Beveridge's Sermons, one of which, upon our Lord's Passion, affected me much. In perusing the New Testament, I was struck with several passages, particularly that of the fig-tree, Luke xiii.

the case of St. Paul, 1 Tim. i. but particularly that of the Prodigal, Luke xv. I thought *that* had never been so nearly exemplified as by myself.—And then the goodness of the Father in receiving, nay, in running to meet such a son, and this intended only to illustrate the Lord's goodness to returning sinners.—Such reflections gaining upon me, I continued much in prayer: I saw that the Lord had interposed *so far* to save me, and I hoped he would do more. Outward circumstances helped in this place to make me still more serious and earnest in crying to him who alone could relieve me; and sometimes I thought I could be content to die even for want of food, so I might but die a believer.

"Thus far I was answered, that before we arrived in Ireland, I had a satisfactory evidence in my own mind of the truth of the gospel, as considered in itself, and of its exact suitableness to answer all my needs. I saw, that, by the way they were pointed out, God might declare not his mercy only, but his justice also, in the pardon of sin, on account of the obedience and sufferings of Jesus Christ. My judgment, at that time, embraced the sublime doctrine of *God manifest in the flesh, reconciling the world unto himself.*—I had no idea of those systems, which allow the Saviour no higher honour than that of an *upper servant*, or at the most of a *demi-god.* I stood in need of an Almighty Saviour, and such an one I found

described in the New Testament. Thus far the Lord had wrought a marvellous thing: I was no longer an infidel: I heartily renounced my former profaneness, and had taken up some right notions; was seriously disposed, and sincerely touched with a sense of the undeserved mercy I had received, in being brought safe through so many dangers. I was sorry for my past mispent life, and purposed an immediate reformation, I was quite freed from the habit of swearing, which seemed to have been as deeply rooted in me as a second nature. Thus, to all appearance, I was a new man.

"But, though I cannot doubt that this change, so far as it prevailed, was wrought by the Spirit and power of God, yet still I was greatly deficient in many respects. I was in some degree affected with a sense of my enormous sins, but I was little aware of the innate evils of my heart. I had no apprehension of the spirituality and extent of the law of God; or of the hidden life of a Christian, as it consists in Communion with God by Jesus Christ: a continual dependance on him for hourly supplies of wisdom, strength, and comfort, was a mystery of which I had as yet no knowledge. I acknowledged the Lord's mercy in pardoning what was past, but depended chiefly upon my own resolution to do better for the time to come. I had no Christian friend or faithful minister to advise me that my strength was no more

than my righteousness; and, though I soon began to enquire for serious books, yet, not having spiritual discernment, I frequently made a wrong choice; and I was not brought in the way of evangelical preaching or conversation (except the few times when I heard, but understood not) for six years after this period. Those things the Lord was pleased to discover to me gradually. I learnt them here a little, and there a little, by my own painful experience, at a distance from the common means and ordinances, and in the midst of the same course of evil company and bad examples I had been conversant with for some time.

"From this period I could no more make a mock at sin, or jest with holy things: I no more questioned the truth of Scripture, or lost a sense of the rebukes of conscience. Therefore I consider this as the beginning of my return to God, or rather of *his* return to me; but I cannot consider myself to have been a believer (in the full sense of the word) till a considerable time afterwards."

While the ship was refitting at Lough Swilly, Mr. N. repaired to Londonderry, where he soon recruited his health and strength. He was now a serious professor, went twice a day to the prayers at Church, and determined to receive the sacrament the next opportunity. When the day came, he arose very early, was very earnest in his private devotions, and solemnly engaged himself

to the Lord; not with a formal, but sincere surrender, and under a strong sense of the mercies which he lately received. Having, however, as yet but an imperfect knowledge of his own heart, and of the subtlety of Satan's temptations, he was afterwards seduced to forget the vows of God that were upon him. Yet he felt a peace and satisfaction in the ordinance of that day, to which he had hitherto been an utter stranger.

The next day he went on a shooting party with the mayor of the city, and some other gentlemen. As he was climbing up a steep bank, and pulling his fowling-piece in a perpendicular direction after him, it went off so near his face as to destroy the corner of his hat. The remark he makes on this ought not to be omitted; "Thus, when we think ourselves in the greatest safety, we are no less exposed to danger than when all the elements seem conspiring to destroy us. The Divine Providence, which is sufficient to deliver us in our utmost extremity, is equally necessary to our preservation in the most peaceful situation."

During their stay in Ireland, Mr. N. wrote home. The vessel he was in had not been heard of for eighteen months, and was given up for lost. His father had no expectation of hearing that his son was alive; but received his letter a few days before he embarked from London to become governor of York Fort, in Hudson's Bay, where he died. He had intended to take his son with him,

had he returned to England in time. Mr. N. received two or three affectionate letters from his father; and hoped, that, in three years more, he should have had the opportunity of asking his forgiveness for the uneasiness his disobedience had occasioned; but the ship that was to have brought his father home came without him. It appears he was seized with the cramp, while bathing, and was drowned before the ship arrived in the bay. Before his father's departure from England, he had paid a visit in Kent, and given his consent to the union that had been so long talked of.

Mr. N. arrived at Liverpool the latter end of May 1748, about the same day that his father sailed from the Nore. He found, however, another father in the gentleman whose ship had brought him home. This friend received him with great tenderness, and the strongest assurances of assistance; yet not stronger than he afterwards fulfilled, for to this instrument of God's goodness he felt he owed every thing. "Yet," as Mr. N. justly observes, "it would not have been in the power even of this friend, to have served me effectually, if the Lord had not met me on my way home, as I have related. Till then I was like the man possessed with the *Legion*. No arguments, no persuasion, no views of interest, no remembrance of the past, nor regard to the future, could have restrained me within the bounds of

common prudence; but now I was, in some measure, restored to my senses."

This friend immediately offered Mr. N. the command of a ship, which, upon mature consideration, he, for the present, declined. He prudently considered, that, hitherto, he had been unsettled and careless; and that he had better, therefore, make another voyage, and learn obedience, and acquire further experience in business, before he ventured to undertake such a charge. The mate of the vessel, in which he came home, was preferred to the command of a new ship, and Mr. N. engaged to go in the station of mate with him.

There was something so peculiar in Mr. N's case, after this extraordinary deliverance, and because others in like circumstances might be tempted to despair, that I think it proper to make another extract from his "Narrative;" as such accounts cannot be well conveyed but in his own words.

"We must not make the experience of others in all respects a rule to ourselves, nor our own a rule to others: yet these are common mistakes, and productive of many more. As to myself, every part of my case has been extraordinary—I have hardly met a single instance resembling it. Few, very few, have been recovered from such a dreadful state: and the few, that have been thus favoured, have generally passed through the most

severe convictions; and, after the Lord has given them peace, their future lives have been usually more zealous, bright, and exemplary than common. Now, as, on the one hand, my convictions were very moderate, and far below what might have been expected from the dreadful review I had to make; so, on the other, my first beginnings in a religious course were as faint as can be well imagined. I never knew that season alluded to, Jer. ii. 2. Rev. ii. 4. usually called the time of the *first love*. Who would not expect to hear, that, after such a wonderful and unhoped-for deliverance as I had received, and after my eyes were in some measure enlightened to see things aright, I should immediately cleave to the Lord and his ways with full purpose of heart, and consult no more with flesh and blood? But alas! it was far otherwise with me. I had learned to pray: I set some value upon the word of God; and was no longer a libertine: but *my soul* still *cleaved to the dust*. Soon after my departure from Liverpool, I began to intermit and grow slack in waiting upon the Lord: I grew vain and trifling in my conversation; and, though my heart smote me often, yet my armour was gone, and I declined fast: and, by the time we arrived at Guinea, I seemed to have forgotten all the Lord's mercies and my own engagements; and was, profaneness excepted, almost as bad as before. The enemy prepared a train of temptations, and I became his

easy prey: for about a month he lulled me asleep in a course of evil, of which, a few months before, I could not have supposed myself any longer capable. How much propriety is there in the Apostle's advice, *Take heed lest any of you be hardened through the deceitfulness of sin!*"

In this voyage Mr. N.'s business, while upon the coast, was to sail in the long-boat from place to place, in order to purchase slaves. The ship, at this time, was at Sierra Leone, and he at the Plantanes, the scene of his former captivity, and where every thing he saw tended to remind him of his present ingratitude. He was now in easy circumstances, and courted by those who had once despised him. The *lime-trees* he had formerly planted were growing tall, and promised fruit upon his expected return with a ship of his own. Unaffected, however, with these things, he needed another providential interposition to rouse him; and, accordingly, he was visited with a violent fever, which broke the fatal chain, and once more brought him to himself. Alarmed at the prospect before him, he thought himself now summoned away. The dangers and deliverances through which he had passed—his earnest prayers in the time of trouble—his solemn vows before the Lord at his table—and his ungrateful returns for all his goodness, were present, at once, to his mind. He began then to wish that he had sunk in the ocean when he first cried for mercy. For

a short time, he concluded that the door of hope was quite shut. Weak, and almost delirious, he arose from his bed, crept to a retired part of the island, and here found a renewed liberty in prayer: daring to make no more resolves, he cast himself upon the Lord, to do with him as he should please.—It does not appear that any thing new was presented to his mind, but, that, in general, he was enabled to hope and believe in a Crucified Saviour.

After this, the burden was removed from his conscience; and not only his peace, but his health, was gradually restored when he returned to the ship: and, though subject to the effects and conflicts of sin dwelling in him, yet he was ever after delivered from its power and dominion.

His leisure hours, in this voyage, were chiefly employed in acquiring Latin, which he had now almost forgotten. This desire took place from an imitation he had seen of one of Horace's Odes in a Magazine. In this attempt at one of the most difficult of the poets, he had no other help than an old English translation, with Castalio's Latin Bible. He had the edition *in usum Delphini;* and, by comparing the Odes with the interpretation, and tracing such words as he understood from place to place by the index, together with what assistance he could get from the Latin Bible, he thus, by dint of hard industry, made some progress. He not only understood the sense of many

Odes, and some of the Epistles, but " I began," says he, " to relish the beauties of the composition; acquired a spice of what Mr. Law calls *classical enthusiasm;* and, indeed, by this means, I had Horace more *ad unguem,* than some who are masters of the Latin tongue: for my helps were so few, that I generally had the passage fixed in my memory before I could fully understand its meaning."

During the eight months they were employed upon the coast, Mr. N.'s business exposed him to innumerable dangers, from burning suns, chilling dews, winds, rains, and thunder-storms, in an open boat: and, on shore, from long journies through the woods; and from the natives, who, in many places, are cruel, treacherous, and watchful of opportunities for mischief. Several boats, during this time, were cut off: several white men were poisoned: and, from his own boat, he buried six or seven people with fevers. When going on shore, or returning, he was more than once overset by the violence of the surf, and brought to land half dead, as he could not swim. Among a number of such escapes, which remained upon his memory, the following will mark the singular providence that was over him.

On finishing their trade, and being about to sail to the West Indies, the only service Mr. N. had to perform in the boat was to assist in bringing the wood and water from the shore. They were then

at Rio Cestors. He used to go into the river, in the afternoon, with the sea-breeze, to procure his lading in the evening, in order to return on board in the morning with the land-wind. Several of these little voyages he had made; but the boat was grown old, and almost unfit for use. This service, likewise, was almost completed. One day, having dined on board, he was preparing to return to the river as formerly: he had taken leave of the captain, received his orders, was ready in the boat, and just going to put off. In that instant the captain came up from the cabin, and called him on board again. Mr. N. went, expecting further orders, but the captain said *he had taken it into his head* (as he phrased it) that Mr. N. should remain that day in the ship, and accordingly ordered another man to go in his room. Mr. N. was surprised at this, as the boat had never been sent away without him before. He asked the captain the reason of his resolution, but none was assigned, except, as above, that so he would have it. The boat, therefore, went without Mr. N. but returned no more: it sunk that night in the river; and the person who supplied Mr. N.'s place was drowned! Mr. N. was much struck, when news of the event was received the next morning. The captain himself, though quite a stranger to religion, even to the denying of a Particular Providence, could not help being affected; but declared that he had no other reason for countermanding Mr. N. at that

time, but that it came suddenly into his mind to detain him.

A short time after he was thus surprisingly preserved, they sailed for Antigua: and from thence to Charles-Town, in South Carolina. In that place there were many serious people: but, at this time, Mr. N. was little capable of availing himself of their society; supposing that all who attended public worship were good Christians, and that whatever came from the pulpit must be very good. He had two or three opportunities, indeed, of hearing a minister of eminent character and gifts, whom, though struck with his manner, he did not rightly understand. Almost every day, when business would permit, he used to retire into the woods and fields, (being his favourite oratories) and began to taste the delight of communion with God, in the exercises of prayer and praise: and yet so much inconsistency prevailed, that he frequently spent the evening in vain and worthless company. His relish, indeed, for worldly diversions was much weakened; and he was rather a spectator than a sharer in these pleasures; but he did not as yet see the necessity of absolutely relinquishing such society. It appears that compliances of this sort, in his present circumstances, were owing rather to a want of light than to any obstinate attachment. As he was kept from what he *knew* to be sinful, he had, for the most part, peace of conscience; and his strongest

desires were towards the things of God. He did not as yet apprehend the force of that precept, *abstain from all appearance of evil:* but he very often ventured upon the brink of temptation. He did not break with the world at once, as might have been expected: but was gradually led to see the inconvenience and folly of first one thing, and then another: and, as such, to give them up.

They finished their voyage, and arrived in Liverpool. When the ship's affairs were settled, Mr. N. went to London, and from thence he soon repaired to Kent. More than seven years had now elapsed since his first visit. No views of the kind seemed more chimerical than his; or could subsist under greater discouragements: yet, while he seemed abandoned to his passions, he was still guided by a hand that he knew not, to the accomplishment of his wishes. Every obstacle was now removed—he had renounced his former follies—his interest was established—and friends on all sides consenting. The point was now entirely between the parties immediately concerned; and, after what had passed, was easily concluded: accordingly, their hands were joined, February the 1st, 1750.

"But alas," says he, "this mercy, which raised me to all I could ask or wish in a temporal view, and which ought to have been an animating motive to obedience and praise, had a contrary effect. I rested in the gift, and forgot the giver. My

poor narrow heart was satisfied.—A cold and careless frame, as to spiritual things, took place, and gained ground daily. Happy for me, the season was advancing: and, in June, I received orders to repair to Liverpool. This roused me from my dream; and I found the pains of absence and separation fully proportioned to my preceding pleasure*. Through all my following voyage, my irregular and excessive affections were as thorns in my eyes, and often made my other blessings tasteless and insipid. But He, who doeth all things well, over-ruled this likewise for good: it became an occasion of quickening me in prayer, both for her and myself: it increased my indifference for company and amusement: it habituated me to a kind of voluntary self-denial, which I was after-

* He wrote to Mrs. Newton from St. Alban's, and in his letter inserted a prayer for his own health and that of Mrs. N. From his interleaved copy of his "Letters to a Wife," I extract the following remarks on this letter.

"This prayer includes all that I at that time knew how to ask for; and had not the Lord given me more than I then knew how to ask or think, I should now be completely miserable. The prospect of this separation was terrible to me as death: to avoid it, I repeatedly purchased a ticket in the lottery; thinking, 'Who knows but I may obtain a considerable prize, and be thereby saved from the necessity of going to sea?' Happy for me the lot which I then considered as casual was at thy disposal. The money, which I could not with prudence have spared at the time, was lost: all my tickets proved blanks, though I attempted to bribe thee, by promising, if I succeeded, to give a considerable part to the poor. But these blanks were truly prizes. Thy mercy sent me to sea against my own will. To thy blessing, and to my solitary sea hours, I was indebted for all my temporal comforts and future hopes.

"Thou wert pleased likewise to disappoint me by thy providence of some money which I expected to receive on my marriage; so that, excepting our apparel, when I sailed from Liverpool on my first voyage, the sum total of my worldly inventory was—seventy pounds in debt."

wards taught to improve to a better purpose." Mr. N. sailed from Liverpool in August 1750, commander of a good ship. He had now the control and care of thirty persons; and he endeavoured to treat them with humanity, and to set them a good example.* He likewise established public worship, according to the Liturgy of the Church of England, officiating himself twice every Lord's Day. He did not proceed further than this, while he continued in that occupation.

Having now much leisure, he prosecuted the study of Latin with good success. He remembered to take a Dictionary this voyage; and added Juvenal to Horace: and, for prose authors, chose Livy, Cæsar, and Sallust. He was not aware of the mistake of beginning with such difficult writers: but having heard Livy highly commended, he was resolved to understand him: he began with the first page, and made it a rule not to proceed to a second till he understood the first. Often at a stand, but seldom discouraged, here and there he found a few lines quite obstinate, and was forced to give them up, especially as his edition had no notes. Before, however, the close of that voyage, he informs us that he could,

* I have heard Mr. Newton observe, that, as the commander of a slave-ship, he had a number of women under his absolute authority: and, knowing the danger of his situation on that account, he resolved to abstain from flesh in his food, and to drink nothing stronger than water, during the voyage; that, by abstemiousness, he might subdue every improper emotion: and that, upon his setting sail, the sight of a certain point of land was the signal for his beginning a rule which he was enabled to keep.

with a few exceptions, read Livy almost as readily as an English author. Other prose authors, he says, cost him but little trouble; as in surmounting the former difficulty, he had mastered all in one. In short, in the space of two or three voyages, he became tolerably acquainted with the best classics. He read Terence, Virgil, several pieces of Cicero; and the modern classics, Buchanan, Erasmus, and Casimir: and made some essays towards writing elegant Latin.

"But, by this time," he observes, "the Lord was pleased to draw me nearer to himself, and to give me a fuller view of the pearl of great price—the inestimable treasure hid in the field of the Holy Scripture: and for the sake of this, I was made willing to part with all my newly-acquired riches. I began to think that life was too short (especially my life) to admit of leisure for such elaborate trifling. Neither poet nor historian could tell me a word of Jesus; and I therefore applied myself to those who could. The classics were at first restrained to one morning in the week, and at length laid aside."

This, his First Voyage after his marriage, lasted the space of fourteen months, through various scenes of danger and difficulty; but nothing very remarkable occurred: and, after having seen many fall on his right hand and on his left, he was brought home in peace, November 2, 1751.

In the interval between his first and second

voyage, he speaks of the use he found in keeping a sort of diary; of the unfavourable tendency of a life of ease, among his friends; and of the satisfaction of his wishes proving unfavourable to the progress of grace: upon the whole, however, he seems to have gained ground, and was led into further views of Christian Doctrine and Experience by Scougal's "Life of God in the Soul of Man," "Hervey's Meditations," and the "Life of Colonel Gardiner." He seems to have derived no advantages from the preaching he heard, or the Christian acquaintance he made; and, though he could not live without prayer, he durst not propose it, even to his wife, till she first urged him to the social practice of it.

In a few months, the returning season called him abroad again;* and he sailed from Liverpool in a new ship, July 1752. "I never knew," says he, "sweeter or more frequent hours of divine communion, than in my two last voyages to Guinea, when I was either almost secluded from society on shipboard, or when on shore among the natives. I have wandered through the woods, reflecting on the singular goodness of the Lord to me, in a place where, perhaps, there was not a person who knew me for some thousand miles round. Many

* Mr. N. had had an unexpected call to London; and, on his return, when within a few miles of Liverpool, he mistook a marle-pit for a pond, and, in attempting to water his horse, both the horse and the rider plunged in it overhead. He was afterwards told, that, near that time, three persons had lost their lives by a mistake of the same kind.

a time, upon these occasions, I have restored the beautiful lines of Propertius to the right owner: lines, full of blasphemy and madness, when addressed to a creature; but full of comfort and propriety, in the mouth of a believer."

Sic ego desertis possim benè vivere sylvis
Quò nulla humano sit via trita pede:
Tu mihi curarum requies, in nocte vel atrâ
Lumen, et in solis tu mihi turba locis.

PARAPHRASED.

In desert woods with thee, my God,
Where human footsteps never trod,
How happy could I be!
Thou my repose from care, my light
Amidst the darkness of the night,
In solitude my company.

In the course of this voyage, Mr. N. was wonderfully preserved through many unforeseen dangers. At one time there was a conspiracy among his own people to become pirates, and take possession of the ship: when the plot was nearly ripe, they watched only for opportunity: two of them were taken ill in one day; and one of them died: this suspended the affair, and opened a way to its discovery. The slaves on board frequently plotted insurrections; and were sometimes upon the very brink of one when it was disclosed. When at a place called Mana, near Cape Mount, Mr. N. intended to go on shore the next morning to settle some business; but the surf of the sea ran so high, that he was afraid to attempt landing:

he had often ventured at a worse time; but then feeling a backwardness which he could not account for, the high surf furnished a pretext for indulging it: he therefore returned to the ship without doing any business. He afterwards found, that, on the day he intended to land, a scandalous and groundless charge had been laid against him, which greatly threatened his honour and interest, both in Africa and England; and would perhaps have affected his life, had he landed: the person most concerned in this affair owed him about a hundred pounds, which he sent in a huff: and otherwise, perhaps, would not have paid it at all: Mr. N. heard no more of this accusation till the next voyage; and then it was publicly acknowledged to have been a malicious calumny, without the least shadow of foundation.

But as these things did not occur every day, Mr. N. prosecuted his Latin, being very regular in the management of his time. He allotted about eight hours to sleep and meals, eight hours to exercise and devotion, and eight hours to his books; and thus, by diversifying his engagements, the whole day was agreeably filled up.

From the coast he went to St. Christopher's, where he met with a great disappointment: for the letters which he expected from Mrs. N. were, by mistake, forwarded to Antigua. Certain of her punctuality in writing, if alive, he concluded, by not hearing from her, that she was surely dead.

This fear deprived him of his appetite and rest, and caused an incessant pain in his stomach; and, in the space of three weeks, he was near sinking under the weight of an imaginary stroke. "I felt," says he, "some severe symptoms of that mixture of pride and madness, commonly called a broken heart; and, indeed, I wonder that this case is not more common. How often do the potsherds of the earth presume to contend with their Maker! and what a wonder of mercy is it, that they are not all broken! This was a sharp lesson, but I hope it did me good; and, when I had thus suffered some weeks, I thought of sending a small vessel to Antigua. I did so, and she brought me several packets, which restored my health and peace; and gave me a strong contrast of the Lord's goodness to me, and of my unbelief and ingratitude towards him."

In August, 1753, Mr. N. returned to Liverpool. After that voyage, he continued only six weeks at home; and, in that space, nothing very memorable occurred.

We now follow Mr. N. in his Third Voyage to Guinea. It seems to be the shortest of any that he had made; and is principally marked by an account of a young man who had formerly been a midshipman, and his intimate companion on board the Harwich. This youth, at the time Mr. N. first knew him, was sober; but was afterwards deeply infected with Mr. N.'s then libertine prin-

ciples. They met at Liverpool, and renewed their former acquaintance. As their conversation frequently turned upon religion, Mr. N. was very desirous to recover his companion. He gave him a plain account of the manner and reasons of his own change, and used every argument to induce him to relinquish his infidelity. When pressed very close, his usual reply was, that Mr. N. was the first person who had given him an idea of his liberty; which naturally occasioned many mournful reflections in the mind of his present instructor. This person was going master to Guinea himself: but, meeting with disappointment, Mr. N. offered to take him as a companion, with a view of assisting him in gaining future employment; but principally, that his arguments, example, and prayers, might be attended with good effect. But his companion was exceedingly profane; grew worse and worse; and presented a lively, but distressing picture, continually before Mr. N.'s eyes, of what he himself had once been.---Besides this, the man was not only deaf to remonstrance himself, but laboured to counteract Mr. N.'s influence upon others: his spirit and passions were likewise so exceedingly high, that it required all Mr. N.'s prudence and authority to hold him in any degree of restraint. At length Mr. N. had an opportunity of buying a small vessel, which he supplied with a cargo from his own ship. He gave his companion the command of it, and sent him away

to trade on the ship's account. When they parted, Mr. N. repeated and enforced his best advice: it seemed greatly to affect his companion at the time; but, when he found himself released from the restraint of his instructor, he gave a loose to every appetite; and his violent irregularities, joined to the heat of the climate, soon threw him into a malignant fever, which carried him off in a few days. He seems to have died convinced, but not changed: his rage and despair struck those who were about him with horror; and he pronounced his own fatal doom before he expired, without any sign that he either hoped or asked for mercy.—I hope the reader will deem the features of this awful case, though a digression from the principal subject, too instructive to be omitted.

Mr. N. left the coast in about four months, and sailed for St. Christopher's. Hitherto he had enjoyed a perfect and equal state of health in different climates for several years: but, in this passage, he was visited with a fever, which gave him a very near prospect of eternity. He was, however, supported in a silent composure of spirit, by the faith of Jesus; and found great relief from those words, *He is able to save to the uttermost.* He was for a while troubled, either by a temptation or by the fever disordering his faculties, that he should be lost or overlooked amidst the myriads that are continually entering the unseen

world; but the recollection of that scripture—*The Lord knoweth them that are his*—put an end to his doubts. After a few days he began to amend; and, by the time they arrived in the West Indies, he was perfectly recovered.

In this way he was led, for about the space of six years. He had learnt something of the evil of his heart—had read the Bible over and over—had perused several religious books—and had a general view of Gospel Truth: but his conceptions still remained confused in many respects; not having, in all this time, met with one acquaintance qualified to assist his enquiries.

On his arrival at St. Christopher's, he found a captain of a ship from London, a man of experience in the things of God. For near a month, they spent every evening together on board each other's ship alternately; prolonging their visits till near daybreak. While Mr. N. was an eager recipient, his companion's discourse not only informed his understanding, but inflamed his heart—encouraged him in attempting social prayer—taught him the advantage of Christian converse—put him upon an attempt to make his profession more public, and to venture to speak for God. His conceptions now became more clear and evangelical: he was delivered from a fear, which had long troubled him, of relapsing into his former apostasy; and taught to expect preservation, not from his own power and holiness, but from the

power and promise of God. From this friend he likewise received a general view of the present state of religion, and of the prevailing errors and controversies of the times; and a direction where to enquire, in London, for further instruction. Mr. N.'s passage homewards gave him leisure to digest what he had received. He arrived safely at Liverpool, August, 1754*.

His stay at home, however, was intended to be but short; and, by the beginning of November, he was ready again for sea. But the Lord saw fit to over-rule his design. It seems, from the account he gives, that he had not had the least scruple as to the lawfulness of the Slave Trade: he considered it as the appointment of Providence: he viewed this employment as respectable and

* In a MS. note on a letter from sea, in the interleaved copy of his "Letters to a Wife," before-mentioned, Mr. Newton remarks:—"I now enter my 70th year. Still Thou art singularly bountiful to me: still I have reason to think myself favoured as to externals beyond the common lot of mortals. Thou didst bear me above the removal of her I most valued, to the admiration of all who knew me. The best part of my childhood and youth was vanity and folly: but, before I attained the age of man, I became exceeding vile indeed; and was seated in the chair of the scorner, in early life. The troubles and miseries I for a time endured, were my own. I brought them upon myself, by forsaking thy good and pleasant paths; and choosing the ways of transgressors, which I found very hard: they led to slavery, contempt, famine, and despair.

"But my recovery from that dreadful state was wholly of Thee. Thou didst prepare the means, unthought of and undesired by me. How nice were the turns upon which my delivery from Africa depended! Had the ship passed one quarter of an hour sooner, I had died there a wretch, as I had lived. But Thou didst pity and hear my first lispings in prayer, at the time the storm fell upon me. Thou didst preserve from sinking and starving. Thus I returned home; and Thou didst provide me friends, when I was destitute and a stranger."

profitable: yet he could not help regarding himself as a sort of jailor; and was sometimes shocked with an employment so conversant with chains, bolts, and shackles. On this account he had often prayed that he might be fixed in a more humane profession; where he might enjoy more frequent communion with the people and ordinances of God, and be freed from those long domestic separations which he found it so hard to bear. His prayers were now answered, though in an unexpected way.

Mr. N. was within two days of sailing, and in apparent good health; but, as he was one afternoon drinking tea with Mrs. N. he was seized with a fit, which deprived him of sense and motion. When he had recovered from this fit, which lasted about an hour, it left a pain and dizziness in his head, which continued with such symptoms, as induced the physicians to judge it would not be safe for him to proceed on the voyage. By the advice of a friend, therefore, to whom the ship belonged, he resigned the command on the day before she sailed: and thus he was not only freed from that service, but from the future consequences of a voyage which proved extremely calamitous. The person, who went in his room, died; as did most of the officers, and many of the crew.

As Mr. N. was now disengaged from business, he left Liverpool, and spent most of the following year in London, or in Kent. Here he entered

upon a new trial, in a disorder that was brought upon Mrs. N. from the shock she received in his late illness: as he grew better, she became worse, with a disorder which the physicians could not define, nor medicines remove. Mr. N. was therefore placed for about eleven months in what Dr. Young calls the

> ——— Dreadful post of observation,
> Darker every hour.

The reader will recollect that Mr. N.'s friend at St. Christopher's had given him information for forming a religious acquaintance in London: in consequence of this he became intimate with several persons eminent for that character; and profited by the spiritual advantages which a great city affords, with respect to the means of grace. When he was in Kent, his advantages were of a different kind: most of his time he passed in the fields and woods: "It has been my custom," says he, "for many years, to perform my devotional exercises *sub dio*, when I have opportunity; and I always find these scenes have some tendency both to refresh and compose my spirits. A beautiful, diversified prospect gladdens my heart. When I am withdrawn from the noise and petty works of men, I consider myself as in the great temple which the Lord has built for his own honour."

During this time he had to weather two trials, the principal of which was Mrs. N.'s illness: she

still grew worse, and he had daily more reason to fear that hour of separation which appeared to be at hand. He had likewise to provide some future settlement: the African trade was over-done that year, and his friends did not care to fit out another ship till that, which had been *his*, returned. Though a provision of food and raiment had seldom been with him a cause of great solicitude, yet he was some time in suspense on this account; but, in August following, he received a letter, informing him that he was nominated to a post which afforded him a competency, both unsought and unexpected. When he had gained this point, his distress respecting Mrs. N. was doubled: he was obliged to leave her in the greatest extremity of pain and illness, and when he had no hope that he should see her again alive: he was, however, enabled to resign her and himself to the divine disposal; and, soon after he was gone, she began to amend; and recovered so fast, that, in about two months, he had the pleasure to meet her at Stone, on her journey to Liverpool.

From October, 1755, he appears to have been comfortably settled at Liverpool, and mentions his having received, since the year 1757, much profit from his acquaintance in the West Riding of Yorkshire. "I have conversed," says he, "at large among all parties, without joining any: and, in my attempts to hit the *golden mean*, I have been sometimes drawn too near the different extremes;

yet the Lord has enabled me to profit by my mistakes." Being at length placed in a settled habitation, and finding his business would afford him much leisure, he considered in what manner he could improve it. Having determined, with the Apostle, to know *nothing but Jesus Christ, and him crucified,* he devoted his life to the prosecution of spiritual knowledge, and resolved to peruse nothing but in subservience to this design. But as what follows will appear most natural, and must be best expressed, in his own words, I shall transcribe them from the conclusion of his "Narrative."

"This resolution," says Mr. N. "divorced me (as I have already hinted) from the classics and mathematics. My first attempt was to learn so much Greek as would enable me to understand the New Testament and Septuagint: and, when I had made some progress this way, I entered upon the Hebrew the following year: and, two years afterwards, having surmised some advantages from the Syriac Version, I began with that language. You must not think that I have attained, or ever aimed at, a critical skill in any of these: I had no business with them, but as in reference to something else. I never read one classic author in the Greek; I thought it too late in life to take such a round in this language as I had done in the Latin: I only wanted the signification of scriptural words and phrases, and for

this I thought I might avail myself of Scapula, the Synopsis, and others, who had sustained the drudgery before me. In the Hebrew, I can read the Historical Books and Psalms with tolerable ease; but, in the Prophetical and difficult parts, I am frequently obliged to have recourse to Lexicons, &c. However, I know so much as to be able, with such helps as are at hand, to judge for myself the meaning of any passage I have occasion to consult.

"Together with these studies, I have kept up a course of reading the best writers in divinity that have come to my hand, in the Latin and English tongues, and some French, (for I picked up the French at times, while I used the sea.) But, within these two or three years, I have accustomed myself chiefly to writing, and have not found time to read many books besides the Scriptures.

"I am the more particular in this account, as my case has been something singular: for, in all my literary attempts, I have been obliged to strike out my own path by the light I could acquire from books; as I have not had a teacher or assistant since I was ten years of age.

"One word concerning my views to the ministry, and I have done. I have told you, that this was my dear mother's hope concerning me; but her death, and the scenes of life in which I afterwards engaged, seemed to cut off the probability. The first desires of this sort in my own mind arose

many years ago, from reflection on Gal. i. 23, 24. I could but wish for such a public opportunity to testify the riches of divine grace. I thought I was, above most living, a fit person to proclaim that faithful saying, that *Jesus Christ came into the world to save the chief of sinners;* and, as my life had been full of remarkable turns, and I seemed selected to shew what the Lord could do, I was in some hopes that perhaps, sooner or later, he might call me into his service.

"I believe it was a distant hope of this that determined me to study the Original Scriptures; but it remained an imperfect desire in my own breast, till it was recommended to me by some Christian friends. I started at the thought when first seriously proposed to me: but, afterwards, set apart some weeks to consider the case, to consult my friends, and to entreat the Lord's direction. The judgment of my friends, and many things that occurred, tended to engage me. My first thought was to join with the Dissenters, from a presumption that I could not honestly make the required subscriptions: but Mr. C——, in a conversation upon these points, moderated my scruples; and, preferring the Established Church in some respects, I accepted a title from him, some months afterwards, and solicited ordination from the late Archbishop of York. I need not tell you I met a refusal, nor what steps I took afterwards to succeed elsewhere. At present, I desist from

any applications. My desire to serve the Lord is not weakened; but I am not so hasty to push myself forward as I was formerly. It is sufficient that he knows how to dispose of me, and that he both can and will do what is best. To him I commend myself: I trust that his will and my true interest are inseparable. To his name be glory for ever, and with this I conclude my story."

A variety of remarks occurred to me while abridging the "Narrative," but I refrained from putting them down, lest, by interrupting its course, and breaking the thread of the history, I should rather disgust than profit the reader. I have heard Mr. N. relate a few additional particulars, but they were of too little interest to be inserted here: they went, however, like natural incidents, to a further authentication of the above account, had it needed any other confirmation than the solemn declaration of the pious Relator. Romantic relations, indeed, of unprincipled travellers, which appear to have no better basis than a disposition to amuse credulity, to exhibit vanity, or to acquire gain, may naturally raise suspicion, and produce but a momentary effect at most on the mind of the reader: but facts, like the present, manifest such a display of the Power, Providence, and Grace of God; and, at the same time, such a deep and humbling view of human depravity, when moved and brought forth by circumstances,

as inexperience can scarcely credit, but which must arrest the eye of pious contemplation, and open a new world of wonders.

I must now attempt to conduct the reader, without the help of Mr. N.'s "Narrative," finished Feb. 2, 1763; to which, as I have already observed, he referred me for the former and most singular part of his life. When I left the above account with him for revision, he expressed full satisfaction as to all the facts related; but said, he thought I had been too minute even in the abridgment, since the "Narrative" itself had been long before the public. I remarked, in reply, that the "Narrative" contained a great variety of facts —that these Memoirs might fall into the hands of persons who had not seen the "Narrative"—but that, without some abridgment of it, no clear view could be formed of the peculiarity of his whole dispensation and character—and, therefore, that such an abridgment appeared to be absolutely necessary, and that he had recommended it at my first undertaking the work. With these reasons he was well satisfied. I now proceed to the remaining, though less remarkable part of his life.

Mr. Manesty, who had long been a faithful and generous friend of M[redacted]N., having procured him the place of tide-surveyor in the port of Liverpool, Mr. N. gives the following account of it.—"I entered upon business yesterday. I find my duty is to attend the tides one week, and visit the ships

that arrive, and such as are in the river; and the other week to inspect the vessels in the docks; and thus, alternately, the year round. The latter is little more than a sinecure; but the former requires pretty constant attendance, both by day and night. I have a good office, with fire and candle, and fifty or sixty people under my direction; with a handsome six-oared boat and a coxswain, to row me about in form*."

We cannot wonder that Mr. N. latterly retained a strong impression of a Particular Providence, superintending and conducting the steps of man; since he was so often reminded of it in his own history. The following occurrence is one of many instances. Mr. N. after his reformation, was remarkable for his punctuality: I remember his often sitting with his watch in his hand, lest he should fail in keeping his next engagement. This exactness with respect to time, it seems, was his habit while occupying his post at Liverpool. One day, however, some business had so detained him, that he came to his boat much later than usual, to the surprise of those who had observed his former punctuality! He went out in the boat, as heretofore, to inspect a ship; but the ship blew up just before he reached her. It appears, that, if he had left the shore a few minutes sooner, he must have perished with the rest on board.

* "Letters to a Wife," vol. ii. p. 7.

This anecdote I had from a clergyman, upon whose word I can depend; who had been long in intimate habits with Mr. N. and who had it from Mr. N. himself: the reason of its not appearing in his letters from Liverpool to Mrs. N. I can only suppose to be, his fearing to alarm her with respect to the dangers of his station.

But another providential occurrence, which he mentions in those letters, I shall transcribe.

"When I think of my settlement here, and the manner of it, I see the appointment of Providence so good and gracious, and such a plain answer to my poor prayers, that I cannot but wonder and adore. I think I have not yet told you, that my immediate predecessor in office, Mr. C., had not the least intention of resigning his place on the occasion of his father's death: though such a report was spread about the town without his knowledge; or, rather, in defiance of all he could say to contradict it. Yet to this false report I owe my situation. For it put Mr. M. upon an application to Mr. S. the member for the town; and the very day he received the promise in my favour, Mr. C. was found dead in his bed; though he had been in company, and in perfect health, the night before. If I mistake not, the same messenger, who brought the promise, carried back the news of the vacancy to Mr. S. at Chester. About an hour after, the Mayor applied for a nephew of his; but, though it was only an hour or two, he was

too late. Mr. S. had already written, and sent off the letter, and I was appointed accordingly. These circumstances appear to me extraordinary, though of a piece with many other parts of my singular history. And the more so, as, by another mistake, I missed the land-waiter's place, which was my first object, and which I now see, would not have suited us nearly so well. I thank God, I can now look through instruments and second causes, and see his wisdom and goodness immediately concerned in fixing my lot."

Mr. N. having expressed, near the end of his "Narrative," the motives which induced him to aim at a regular appointment to the ministry in the Church of England, and of the disappointment he met with in his first making the attempt, the reader is further informed, that, on Dec. 16, 1758, Mr. N. received a title to a curacy from the Rev. Mr. C. and applied to the Archbishop of York, Dr. Gilbert, for ordination. The Bishop of Chester, having countersigned his testimonials, directed him to Dr. Newton, the Archbishop's Chaplain. He was referred to the Secretary, and received the softest refusal imaginable. The Secretary informed him, that he had "represented the matter to the Archbishop, but his Grace was inflexible in supporting the Rules and Canons of the Church, &c."

Travelling to Loughborough, Mr. N. stopped at Welwyn; and, sending a note to the celebrated

Dr. Young, he received for answer, that the Doctor would be glad to see him. He found the Doctor's conversation agreeable, and answerable to his expectation respecting the author of the "Night Thoughts." The Doctor likewise seemed pleased with Mr. N. He approved Mr. N.'s design of entering the ministry, and said many encouraging things upon the subject; and, when he dismissed Mr. N., desired him never to pass near Welwyn without calling upon him.

Mr. N. it seems, had made some small attempts at Liverpool, in a way of preaching or expounding. Many wished him to engage more at large in those ministerial employments to which his own mind was inclined; and he thus expresses his motives in a letter to Mrs. N. in answer to the objections she had formed. "The late death of Mr. Jones, of St. Saviour's, has pressed this concern more closely upon my mind. I fear it must be wrong, after having so solemnly devoted myself to the Lord for his service, to wear away my time, and bury my talents in silence (because I had been refused orders in the Church) after all the great things he has done for me*."

In a note annexed, he observes, that the influence of his judicious and affectionate counsellor moderated the zeal which dictated this letter, written in the year 1762—that, had it not been for her, he should probably have been precluded

* "Letters to a Wife," vol. ii. p. 79.

from those important scenes of service, to which he was afterwards appointed: but he adds, "The exercises of my mind upon this point, I believe have not been peculiar to myself. I have known several persons, sensible, pious, of competent abilities, and cordially attached to the Established Church; who, being wearied out with repeated refusals of ordination, and, perhaps not having the advantage of such an adviser as I had, have at length struck into the itinerant path, or settled among the Dissenters. Some of these, yet living, are men of respectable characters, and useful in their ministry; but their influence, which would once have been serviceable to the true interests of the Church of England, now rather operates against it."

In the year 1764 Mr. N. had the curacy of Olney proposed to him, and was recommended by Lord D. to Dr. Green, Bishop of Lincoln; of whose candour and tenderness he speaks with much respect. The Bishop had admitted him as a candidate for orders. "The examination," says he, "lasted about an hour, chiefly upon the principal heads of divinity. As I was resolved not to be charged hereafter with dissimulation, I was constrained to differ from his Lordship in some points: but he was not offended: he declared himself satisfied, and has promised to ordain me, either next Sunday, in town, or the Sunday following at Buckden.—Let us praise the Lord!"*

* "Letters, &c." p. 89.

Mr. N. was ordained Deacon at Buckden, April 29, 1764; and Priest, in June, the following year. In the parish of Olney he found many who not only had evangelical views of the truth, but had also long walked in the light and experience of it. The vicarage was in the gift of the Earl of D********, the Nobleman to whom Mr. N. addressed the first twenty-six letters in his "Cardiphonia." The Earl was a man of real piety, and most amiable disposition: he had formerly appointed the Rev. Moses Brown to the Vicarage.

Mr. Brown was a faithful minister, and a good man: of course, he had afforded wholesome instruction to the parishioners of Olney: he had also been the instrument of a sound conversion in many of them. He was the author of a poetical piece, entitled "Sunday Thoughts," a translation of Professor Zimmerman's "Excellency of the Knowledge of Jesus Christ, &c." But Mr. Brown had a numerous family, and met with considerable trials in it: he too much resembled Eli, in his indulgence of his children. He was also under the pressure of pecuniary difficulties, and had therefore accepted the Chaplaincy of Morden College, Blackheath, while Vicar of Olney.

Mr. N., in these circumstances, undertook the Curacy of Olney, in which he continued near sixteen years, previous to his removal to St. Mary Woolnoth, to which he was afterwards presented by the late John Thornton, Esq.

As Mr. N. was under the greatest obligations to Mr. Thornton's friendship while at Olney, and had been enabled to extend his own usefulness by the bounty of that extraordinary man, it may not be foreign to our subject, to give some general outline of Mr. Thornton's character, in this place.

It is said of Solomon, that *the Lord gave him largeness of heart, even as the sand on the sea shore:* such a peculiar disposition for whatever was good or benevolent was also bestowed on Mr. Thornton. He differed as much from rich men of ordinary bounty, as they do from others who are parsimonious. Nor was this bounty the result of occasional impulse, like a summer shower, violent and short: on the contrary, it proceeded like a river, pouring its waters through various countries, copious and inexhaustible. Nor could those obstructions of imposture and ingratitude, which have often been advanced as the cause of damming up other streams, prevent or retard the course of this. The generosity of Mr. Thornton, indeed, frequently met with such hinderances, and led him to increasing discrimination; but the stream of his bounty never ceased to hold its course. Deep, silent, and overwhelming, it still rolled on, nor ended even with his life.

But the fountain from whence this beneficence flowed, and by which its permanency and direction were maintained, must not be concealed. Mr. Thornton was a Christian. Let no one,

however, so mistake me here, as to suppose that I mean nothing more by the term CHRISTIAN, than the state of one, who, convinced of the truth of Revelation, gives assent to its doctrines—regularly attends its ordinances—and maintains, externally, a moral and religious deportment. Such a one may have *a name to live while he is dead:* he may have *a form of godliness without the power* of it—he may even be found denying and ridiculing that power—till, at length, he can only be convinced of his error at an infallible tribunal; where a *widow*, who gives but a mite, or a *publican*, who smites on his breast, shall be preferred before him.

Mr. Thornton was a Christian indeed; that is, he was alive to God by a spiritual regeneration. With this God he was daily and earnestly transacting that infinitely momentous affair, the salvation of his own soul; and, next to that, the salvation of the souls of others. Temperate in all things, though mean in nothing, he made provision for doing good with his opulence: and seemed to be most in his element when appropriating a considerable part of his large income to the necessities of others.

But Mr. Thornton possessed that discrimination in his attempts to serve his fellow-creatures, which distinguishes an enlightened mind. He habitually contemplated man, as one who has not only a *body*, subject to want, affliction, and death;

but a *spirit* also, which is immortal, and must be happy or miserable for ever. He felt, therefore, that the noblest exertions of charity are those, which are directed to the relief of the noblest part of our frame. Accordingly he left no mode of exertion untried to relieve man under his natural ignorance and depravity. To this end, he purchased Advowsons and Presentations, with a view to place in parishes the most enlightened, active, and useful ministers. He employed the extensive commerce in which he was engaged, as a powerful instrument for conveying immense quantities of Bibles, Prayer-Books, and the most useful publications, to every place visited by our trade. He printed, at his own sole expence, large editions of the latter for that purpose; and it may safely be affirmed, that there is scarcely a part of the known world, where such books could be introduced, which did not feel the salutary influence of this single individual.

Nor was Mr. Thornton limited in his views of promoting the interests of real religion, with what sect soever it was connected. He stood ready to assist a beneficial design in every party, but would be the creature of none. General good was his object: and, wherever or however it made its way, his maxim seemed constantly to be, *Valeat quantum valere potest.*

But the nature and extent of his liberality will be greatly misconceived, if any one should

suppose it *confined* to moral and religious objects, though the grandest and most comprehensive exertions of it. Mr. Thornton was a philanthropist, on the largest scale—the friend of man, under all his wants. His manner of relieving his fellow-men was princely. Instances might be mentioned of it, were it proper to particularize, which would surprise those who did not know Mr. Thornton. They were so much out of ordinary course and expectation, that I know some, who felt it their duty to enquire of him, whether the sum they had received was sent by his intention or by mistake.—To this may be added, that the manner of presenting his gifts was as delicate and concealed, as the measure was large.

Besides this constant course of private donations, there was scarcely a public charity, or occasion of relief to the ignorant or necessitous, which did not meet with his distinguished support. His only question was, "May the miseries of man in any measure be removed or alleviated?" Nor was he merely distinguished by stretching out a liberal hand: his benevolent heart was so intent on doing good, that he was ever inventing and promoting plans for its diffusion at home or abroad.

He, who wisely desires any end, will as wisely regard the means. In this, Mr. Thornton was perfectly consistent. In order to execute his beneficent designs, he observed frugality and exactness in his personal expences. By such pro-

spective methods, he was able to extend the influence of his fortune far beyond those, who, in still more elevated stations, are slaves to expensive habits. Such men meanly pace in the trammels of the tyrant Custom, till it leaves them scarcely enough to preserve their conscience, or even their credit; much less to employ their talents in Mr. Thornton's nobler pursuits. He, however, could *afford* to be generous; and, while he was generous, did not forget his duty in being *just*. He made ample provision for his children: and though, while they are living, it would be indelicate to say more, I am sure of speaking truth, when I say—they are so far from thinking themselves impoverished by the bounty of their father, that they contemplate with the highest satisfaction the fruit of those benefits to society which he planted—which it may be trusted will extend with time itself—and which, after his example, they still labour to extend.

But, with all the piety and liberality of this honoured character, no man had deeper views of his own unworthiness before his God. To the Redeemer's work alone, he looked for acceptance of his person and services: he felt that all he did, or could do, was infinitely short of that which had been done for him, and of the obligations that were thereby laid upon him. It was this abasedness of heart towards God, combined with the most singular largeness of heart toward his fellow-

creatures, which distinguished JOHN THORNTON among men.

To this common patron of every useful and pious endeavour, Mr. N. sent the "Narrative" from which the former part of these Memoirs is extracted. Mr. Thornton replied in his usual manner, that is, by accompanying his letter with a valuable bank-note; and, some months after, he paid Mr. N. a visit at Olney. A closer connection being now formed between friends who employed their distinct talents in promoting the same benevolent cause, Mr. Thornton left a sum of money with Mr. N. to be appropriated to the defraying of his necessary expences, and the relief of the poor. "Be hospitable," said Mr. Thornton, "and keep an open house for such as are worthy of entertainment. Help the poor and needy. I will statedly allow you 200*l.* a year, and readily send whatever you have occasion to draw for more."—Mr. N. told me, that he thought he had received of Mr. Thornton upwards of 3000*l.* in this way, during the time he resided at Olney.

The case of most ministers is peculiar, in this respect. Some among them may be looked up to, on account of their publicity and talents: they may have made great sacrifices of their personal interest, in order to enter on their ministry, and may be possessed of the warmest benevolence; but, from the narrowness of their pecuniary circumstances, and from the largeness of their fami-

lies, they often perceive, that an ordinary tradesman in their parishes can subscribe to a charitable or popular institution much more liberally than themselves. This would have been Mr. N.'s case, but for the above-mentioned singular patronage.

A minister, however, should not be so forgetful of his dispensation, as to repine at his want of power in this respect. He might as justly estimate his deficiency by the strength of the lion, or the flight of the eagle. The power communicated to *him* is of another kind: and power of every kind belongs to God, who gives gifts to every man severally as he will. The two mites of the widow were all the power of *that* kind, which was communicated to her; and her bestowment of her two mites was better accepted, than the large offerings of the rich man. The powers, therefore, of Mr. Thornton and of Mr. N., though of a different order, were both consecrated to God: and each might have said, *Of thine own have we given thee.*

Providence seems to have appointed Mr. N.'s residence at Olney, among other reasons, for the relief of the depressed mind of the Poet COWPER. There has gone forth an unfounded report, that the deplorable melancholy of Cowper, was, in part, derived from his residence and connections in that place. The fact, however, is the reverse of this: and, as it may be of importance to the interests of true religion to prevent such a mis-

representation from taking root, I will present the real state of the case, as I have found it attested by the most respectable living witnesses; and, more especially, as confirmed by a MS. written by the poet himself, at the calmest period of his life, with the perusal of which I was favoured by Mr. N.

It most evidently appears, that symptoms of Mr. Cowper's morbid state began to discover themselves in his earliest youth. He seems to have been at all times disordered, in a greater or less degree. He was sent to Westminster school at the age of nine years, and long endured the tyranny of an elder boy, of which he gives an affecting account in the paper above mentioned; and which "*produced*," as one of his biographers observes, who had long intimacy with him, "*an indelible effect upon his mind through life.*"—A person so naturally bashful and depressed as Cowper, must needs find the profession of a Barrister a further occasion of anxiety. The post obtained for him by his friends in the House of Lords overwhelmed him: and the remonstrances, which those friends made against his relinquishing so honourable and lucrative an appointment (but which soon after actually took place) greatly increased the anguish of a mind already incapacitated for business. To all this were added events, which, of themselves, have been found sufficient to overset the strongest minds: namely, the decease

of his particular friend and intimate Sir William Russel; and his meeting with a disappointment in obtaining a lady, upon whom his affections were placed.

But the state of a person, torn and depressed (not by his *religious connections*, but) by adverse circumstances, and these meeting a naturally morbid sensibility, *long before he knew Olney, or had formed any connection* with its inhabitants, will best appear from some verses which he sent at this time to one of his female relations, and for the communication of which we are indebted to Mr. Hayley:

"Doom'd as I am, in solitude to waste
The present moments, and regret the past;
Depriv'd of every joy I valued most,
My friend torn from me, and my mistress lost:
Call not this gloom I wear, this anxious mien,
The dull effect of humour or of spleen!
Still, still I mourn with each returning day,
Him—snatch'd by fate, in early youth, away;
And her, through tedious years of doubt and pain,
Fix'd in her choice, and faithful—but in vain.
See me—ere yet my destin'd course half done,
Cast forth a wand'rer on a wild unknown!
See me, neglected on the world's rude coast,
Each dear companion of my voyage lost!
Nor ask why clouds of sorrow shade my brow,
And ready tears wait only leave to flow;
Why all that soothes a heart, from anguish free,
All that delights the happy—palls with me!"

Under such pressures, the melancholy and susceptible mind of Cowper received, from evangelical truth, the first consolation which it ever tasted. It was under the care of Dr. Cotton, of St. Albans

(a physician as capable of administering to the spiritual as to the natural maladies of his patients) that Mr. C. first obtained a clear view of those sublime and animating doctrines, which so distinguished and exalted his future strains as a poet. Here, also, he received that settled tranquillity and peace, which he enjoyed for several years afterwards. So far, therefore, was his constitutional malady from being produced or increased by his evangelical connections, either at St. Albans or at Olney, that he seems never to have had any settled peace but from the truths he learned in these societies. It appears, that among them alone, he found the only sunshine he ever enjoyed, through the cloudy day of his afflicted life.

It appears also, that, while at Dr. Cotton's, Mr. Cowper's distress was for a long time entirely removed, by marking that passage in Rom. iii. 25. *Him hath God set forth to be a propitiation, through faith in his blood, to declare his righteousness for the remission of sins that are past.* In this scripture he saw the remedy which God provides for the relief of a guilty conscience, with such clearness, that for *several years* after, his heart was filled with love, and his life occupied with prayer, praise, and doing good to his needy fellow-creatures.

Mr. N. told me, that, from Mr. Cowper's first coming to Olney, it was observed he had studied his Bible with such advantage, and was so well

acquainted with its design, that not only his troubles were removed, but that, to the end of his life, he never had clearer views of the peculiar doctrines of the Gospel, than when he first became an attendant upon them—that (short intervals excepted) Mr. Cowper enjoyed a course of peace for several successive years—that, during this period, the inseparable attendants of a lively faith appeared, by Mr. Cowper's exerting himself to the utmost of his power in every benevolent service he could render to his poor neighbours—and that Mr. N. used to consider him as a sort of Curate, from his constant attendance upon the sick and afflicted, in that large and necessitous parish.

But the malady, which seemed to be subdued by the strong consolations of the Gospel, was still latent; and only required some occasion of irritation, to break out again, and overwhelm the patient. Any object of constant attention that shall occupy a mind previously disordered, whether fear, or love, or science, or religion, will not be so much the CAUSE of the disease, as the accidental OCCASION of exciting it. Cowper's Letters will shew us how much his mind was occupied at one time by the truths of the Bible, and at another time by the fictions of Homer: but his melancholy was originally a constitutional disease—a physical disorder, which, indeed, could be *affected* either by the Bible or by Homer, but was utterly dis-

tinct in its nature from the mere matter of either. And, here, I cannot but mark this necessary distinction; having often been witness to cases where religion has been assigned as the proper *cause* of insanity, when it has been only an *accidental* occasion, in the case of one *already* affected.* Thus COWPER's malady, like a strong current breaking down the banks which had hitherto sustained the pressure and obliquity of its course, prevailed against the supports he had received, and precipitated him again into his former distress.

I enquired of Mr. N. as to the manner in which Mr. Cowper's disorder returned, after an apparent recovery of nearly nine years' continuance; and was informed, that the first symptoms were dis-

* I have been an eye-witness of several instances of this kind of misrepresentation; but will detain the reader with mentioning only one. I was called to visit a woman whose mind was disordered; and, on my observing that it was a case which required the assistance of a physician, rather than that of a clergyman, her husband replied; "Sir, we sent to you, because it is a religious case: her mind has been injured by constantly reading the Bible." "I have known many instances," said I, "of persons brought to their senses by reading the Bible; but it is possible, that too intense an application to that, as well as to any other subject, may have disordered your wife."—"There is every proof of it," said he; and was proceeding to multiply his proofs, till his brother interrupted him by thus addressing me:

"Sir, I have no longer patience to stand by, and see you imposed on. The truth of the matter is this: my brother has forsaken his wife, and been long connected with a loose woman. He had the best of wives in her, and one who was strongly attached to him; but she has seen his heart and property given to another; and in her solitude and distress, went to the Bible, as the only consolation left her. Her health and spirits, at length, sunk under her troubles; and there she lies distracted, not from reading her Bible, but from the infidelity and cruelty of her husband."—Does the reader wish to know what reply the husband made to this? He made no reply at all, but left the room with confusion of face!

covered one morning, in his conversation, soon after he had undertaken a new engagement in composition.

As a general and full account of this extraordinary genius is already before the public, such particulars would not have occupied so much room in these Memoirs, but with a view of removing the false statements that have been made.

Of great importance also was the vicinity of Mr. N.'s residence to that of the Rev. Mr. Scott, then Curate of Ravenstone and Weston Underwood, and now Rector of Aston Sandford; a man, whose ministry and writings have since been so useful to mankind. This Clergyman was nearly a Socinian: he was in the habit of ridiculing evangelical religion, and laboured to bring over Mr. N. to his own sentiments. Mr. Scott had married a lady from the family of a Mr. Wright, a gentleman in his parish, who had promised to provide for him. But Mr. Scott's objections to subscription arose so high, that he informed his patron it would be in vain to attempt providing for him in the Church of England; as he could not conscientiously accept a Living, on the condition of subscribing its Liturgy and Articles. "This," said Mr. N. "gave me hopes of Mr. Scott's being sincere, however wrong in his principles.

But the benefit, which Mr. Scott derived from his neighbour, will best appear in his own words.*

* Scott's "Force of Truth," p. 11, &c. 5th edit.

"I was," says he, "full of proud self-sufficiency, very positive, and very obstinate: and, being situated in the neighbourhood of some of those whom the world calls Methodists, I joined in the prevailing sentiment; held them in sovereign contempt; spoke of them with derision; declaimed against them from the pulpit, as persons full of bigotry, enthusiasm, and spiritual pride; laid heavy things to their charge; and endeavoured to prove the doctrines, which I supposed them to hold, (for I had never read their books) to be dishonourable to God, and destructive of morality. And though, in some companies, I chose to conceal part of my sentiments; and, in all, affected to speak as a friend to universal toleration: yet, scarcely any person could be more proudly and violently prejudiced against both their persons and principles than I then was.

"In January, 1774, two of my parishioners, a man and his wife, lay at the point of death. I had heard of the circumstance; but, according to my general custom, not being sent for, I took no notice of it: till, one evening, the woman being now dead, and the man dying, I heard that my neighbour Mr. N. had been several times to visit them. Immediately my conscience reproached me with being shamefully negligent, in sitting at home within a few doors of dying persons, my general hearers, and never going to visit them. Directly it occurred to me, that, whatever con-

tempt I might have for Mr. N.'s *doctrines*, I must acknowledge his *practice* to be more consistent with the ministerial character than my own. He must have more zeal and love for souls than I had, or he would not have walked so far to visit, and supply my lack of care to those who, as far as I was concerned, might have been left to perish in their sins.

"This reflection affected me so much, that, without delay, and very earnestly, yea with tears, I besought the Lord to forgive my past neglect; and I resolved thenceforth to be more attentive to this duty: which resolution, though at first formed in ignorant dependence on my own strength I have by divine grace been enabled hitherto to keep.—I went immediately to visit the survivor; and the affecting sight of one person already dead, and another expiring in the same chamber, served more deeply to impress my serious convictions.

"It was at this time that my correspondence with Mr. N. commenced. At a Visitation, May 1775, we exchanged a few words on a controverted subject, in the room among the Clergy, which I believe drew many eyes upon us. At that time he prudently declined the discourse; but, a day or two after, he sent me a short note, with a little book for my perusal. This was the very thing I wanted: and I gladly embraced the opportunity which, according to my wishes, seemed now to offer; God knoweth, with no inconsiderable

expectations that my arguments would prove irresistibly convincing, and that I should have the honour of rescuing a well-meaning person from his enthusiastical delusions.

" I had, indeed, by this time conceived a very favourable opinion of him, and a sort of respect for him; being acquainted with the character he sustained even among some persons, who expressed a disapprobation of his doctrines. They were forward to commend him as a benevolent, disinterested, inoffensive person, and a laborious minister. But, on the other hand, I looked upon his religious sentiments as rank fanaticism; and entertained a very comtemptuous opinion of his abilities, natural and acquired. Once I had had the curiosity to hear him preach; and, not understanding his sermon, I made a very great jest of it, where I could do it without giving offence. I had also read one of his publications; but, for the same reason, I thought the greater part of it whimsical, paradoxical, and unintelligible.

" Concealing, therefore, the true motives of my conduct, under the offer of friendship and a professed desire to know the truth, (which, amidst all my self-sufficiency and prejudice, I trust the Lord had even then given me) with the greatest affectation of candour, and of a mind open to conviction, I wrote him a long letter; purposing to draw from him such an avowal and explanation of his sentiments, as might introduce a controversial discussion of our religious differences.

"The event by no means answered my expectation. He returned a very friendly and long answer to my letter; in which he carefully avoided the mention of those doctrines which he knew would offend me. He declared that he believed me to be one who feared God, and was under the teaching of his Holy Spirit; that he gladly accepted my offer of friendship, and was no ways inclined to dictate to me: but that, leaving me to the guidance of the Lord, he would be glad, as occasion served, from time to time, to bear testimony to the truths of the Gospel; and to communicate his sentiments to me on any subject, with all the confidence of friendship.

"In this manner our correspondence began; and it was continued, in the interchange of nine or ten letters, till December in the same year. Throughout I held my purpose, and he his. I made use of every endeavour to draw him into controversy, and filled my letters with definitions, enquiries, arguments, objections, and consequences, requiring explicit answers. He, on the other hand, shunned every thing controversial as much as possible, and filled his letters with the most useful and least offensive instructions: except that, now and then, he dropped his hints concerning the necessity, the true nature, and the efficacy of faith, and the manner in which it was to be sought and obtained; and concerning some other matters, suited, as he judged, to help me

forward in my enquiry after truth. But they much offended my prejudices, afforded me matter of disputation, and at that time were of little use to me.

"When I had made this little progress in seeking the truth, my acquaintance with Mr. N. was resumed. From the conclusion of our correspondence, in December 1775, till April, 1777, it had been almost wholly dropped. To speak plainly, I did not care for his company: I did not mean to make any use of him as an instructor; and I was unwilling the world should think us in any way connected. But, under discouraging circumstances, I had occasion to call upon him; and his discourse so comforted and edified me, that my heart, being by his means relieved from its burden, became susceptible of affection for him. From that time I was inwardly pleased to have him for my friend; though not, as now, rejoiced to call him so. I had, however, even at that time, no thoughts of learning doctrinal truth from him, and was ashamed to be detected in his company; but I sometimes stole away to spend an hour with him. About the same period, I once heard him preach, but still it was foolishness to me; his sermon being principally upon the believer's experience, in some particulars, with which I was unacquainted.—So that, though I loved and valued him, I considered him as a person misled by enthusiastical notions; and strenuously insisted that

we should never think alike till we met in heaven."

Mr. Scott, after going on to particularize his progress in the discovery of truth, and the character of Mr. N. as its minister, afterwards adds:

"The pride of reasoning, and the conceit of superior discernment, had all along accompanied me: and, though somewhat broken, had yet considerable influence. Hitherto, therefore, I had not thought of hearing any person preach; because I did not think any one in the circle of my acquaintance capable of giving me such information as I wanted. But, being at length convinced that Mr. N. had been right, and that I had been mistaken, in the several particulars in which we had differed, it occurred to me, that, having preached these doctrines so long, he must understand many things concerning them to which I was a stranger. Now, therefore, though not without much remaining prejudice, and not less in the character of a judge than of a scholar, I condescended to be his hearer, and occasionally to attend his preaching, and that of some other ministers. I soon perceived the benefit; for, from time to time the secrets of my heart were discovered to me, far beyond what I had hitherto noticed; and I seldom returned from hearing a sermon, without having conceived a meaner opinion of myself—without having attained to a further acquaintance with my deficiencies, weaknesses, corruptions, and wants

—or without being supplied with fresh matter for prayer, and directed to greater watchfulness. I likewise learned the use of experience in preaching; and was convinced, that the readiest way to reach the hearts and consciences of others, was to speak from my own. In short, I gradually saw more and more my need of instruction, and was at length brought to consider myself as a very novice in religious matters. Thus I began experimentally to perceive our Lord's meaning, when he says, *Except ye receive the kingdom of heaven as a little child, ye shall in no wise enter therein.*"

If I have seemed to digress in dwelling so long on these three characters, let the reader consider the importance of the facts, and their intimate connection with Mr. N.'s history: and let me inform him, that the author has a design much nearer his heart than that of *precision* in setting forth the history of an individual; namely, that of exhibiting the nature and importance of vital and experimental religion: he therefore gladly brings forward any fact found in his way, which may tend to illustrate it.

But to return to the more immediate subject of these Memoirs.

In the year 1776, Mr. N. was afflicted with a tumor, or wen, which had formed on his thigh; and, on account of its growing more large and

troublesome, he resolved to undergo the experiment of extirpation. This obliged him to go to London for the operation, which was successfully performed, October 10th, by the late Mr. Warner, of Guy's Hospital. I remember hearing him speak several years afterwards of this trying occasion; but the trial did not seem to have affected him as a painful operation, so much as a critical opportunity in which he might fail in demonstrating the patience of a Christian under pain. "I felt," said he, "that being enabled to bear a very sharp operation with tolerable calmness and confidence, was a greater favour granted to me than the deliverance from my malady."*

While Mr. N. thus continued faithfully discharging the duties of his station, and watching for the temporal and eternal welfare of his flock, a dreadful fire broke out at Olney, Oct. 1777. Mr. N. took an active part in comforting and relieving the sufferers: he collected upwards of 200*l.* for

* The following reflections on this occasion occur in Mr. N.'s Diary.—"Thou didst support me, and make this operation very tolerable. The cure, by thy blessing, was happily expedited: so that on Sunday the 27th, I was enabled to go to church and hear Mr. F——, and the Sunday following to preach for him. The tenderness and attention of Dr. and Mrs. F——, with whom we were, I cannot sufficiently describe; nor, indeed, the kindness of many other friends. To them I would be thankful, my Lord, but especially to Thee: for what are creatures, but instruments in thy hand, fulfilling thy pleasure? At home, all was preserved quiet: and I met with no incident to distress or disturb me while absent. The last fortnight I preached often, and was hurried about in seeing my friends: but, though I had little leisure or opportunity for retirement, and my heart, alas! as usual, sadly reluctant and dull in secret; yet, in public, Thou wert pleased to favour me with liberty."

them; a considerable sum of money, when the poverty and late calamity of the place are considered. Such instances of benevolence towards the people, with the constant assistance he afforded the poor, by the help of Mr. Thornton, naturally led him to expect that he should have so much influence as to restrain gross licentiousness on particular occasions. But, to use his own expression, he had "lived to bury the old crop, on which any dependence could be placed." He preached a Weekly Lecture, which occurred that year on the 5th of November; and, as he feared that the usual way of celebrating it at Olney might endanger his hearers in their attendance at the church, he exerted himself to preserve some degree of quiet on that evening. Instead, however, of hearkening to his intreaties, the looser sort exceeded their former extravagance, drunkenness, and rioting; and even obliged him to send out money, to preserve his house from violence. This happened but a year before he finally left Olney. When he related this occurrence to me, he added, that he believed he should never have left the place while he lived, had not so incorrigible a spirit prevailed, in a parish which he had long laboured to reform.

But I must remark here, that this is no solitary fact, nor at all unaccountable. The Gospel, we are informed, is not merely *a savour of life unto life,* but also *of death unto death.* Those, whom

it does not *soften*, it is often found to *harden*. Thus we find St. Paul *went into the synagogue and spake boldly for the space of three months, disputing and persuading the things concerning the kingdom of God. But, when divers were hardened, and believed not, but spake evil of that way before the multitude, he departed from them.*

The strong man armed, seeks to keep his *house and goods in peace:* and, if a Minister is disposed to let this *sleep of death* remain, that Minister's *own* house and goods may be permitted to remain in peace also. Such a Minister may be esteemed by his parish as a good kind of man—quiet, inoffensive, candid, &c. and, if he discovers any zeal, it is directed to keep the parish in the state he found it; that is, in ignorance and unbelief, worldly-minded and hard-hearted—the very state of peace in which *the strong man armed* seeks to keep his palace or citadel, the human heart.

But, if a Minister, like the subject of these Memoirs, enters into the design of his commission —if he be alive to the interest of his own soul, and that of the souls committed to his charge; or, as the Apostle expresses it, *to save himself and those that hear him*—he may depend upon meeting in his own experience the truth of that declaration, *Yea, all that will live godly in Christ Jesus, shall suffer persecution*, in one form of it or another. One of the most melancholy sights we behold, is, when any part of the Church, through prejudice,

joins the World in throwing the stone. There is, however, such a determined enmity to godliness itself, in the breasts of a certain class of men existing in most parishes, that, whatever learning and good sense are found in their Teacher—whatever consistency of character or blameless deportment he exhibits—whatever benevolence or bounty (like that which Mr. N. exercised at Olney) may constantly appear in his character—such men remain irreconcilable. They will resist every attempt made to appease their enmity. God alone, who changed the hearts of Paul and of Newton, can heal these bitter waters.

I recollect to have heard Mr. N. say on such an occasion, "When God is about to perform any great work, he generally permits some great opposition to it. Suppose Pharoah had acquiesced in the departure of the children of Israel—or that they had met with no difficulties in the way—they would, indeed, have passed from Egypt to Canaan with ease; but they, as well as the Church in all future ages, would have been great losers. The wonder-working God would not have been seen in those extremities which make his arm so visible—A *smooth passage* here, would have made but a *poor story*."

But, under such disorders, Mr. N. in no one instance that I ever heard of, was tempted to depart from the line marked out by the precept and example of his Master. He continued to *bless*

them that persecuted him; knowing that *the servant of the Lord must not strive, but be gentle unto all men, apt to teach, patient.* To the last day he spent among them, he went straight forward, *in meekness instructing those that opposed, if God peradventure might give them repentance to the acknowledging of the truth.*

But, before we take a final leave of Olney, the reader must be informed of another part of Mr. N.'s labours. He had published a Volume of Sermons before he took Orders, dated Liverpool, Jan. 1, 1760. In 1762, he published his "Omicron;" to which his letters, signed "Vigil," were afterwards annexed. In 1764, appeared his "Narrative:" in 1767, a Volume of Sermons, preached at Olney: in 1769, his "Review of Ecclesiastical History:" and, in 1779, a Volume of Hymns; of which some were composed by Mr. Cowper, and distinguished by a C. To these succeeded, in 1781, his valuable work "Cardiphonia." But more will be said of these in their place.

From Olney Mr. N. was removed to the Rectory of the United Parishes of St. Mary Woolnoth and St. Mary Woolchurch-Haw, Lombard Street, on the presentation of his friend Mr. THORNTON.

These parishes had been favoured with two very eminent Pastors before Mr. N. appeared; namely, the Rev. Josias Shute, B. D. Archdeacon of Colchester, and Rector of St. Mary Woolnoth, who died 1643—and the Rev. Ralph Robinson, who

died in 1655. There is a well-written account of Mr. Shute in the Christian Observer for January 1804; from which it appears, that his piety, ministerial talents, and moderation, in those difficult times, were very much distinguished, during the thirty-three years which he continued Rector.* Mr. Robinson died young, but has left a volume of truly evangelical discourses, preached at St. Mary's.

Some difficulty arose on Mr. N.'s being presented, by Mr. Thornton's right of presentation being claimed by a nobleman: the question was, therefore, at length brought before the House of Lords, and determined in favour of Mr. Thornton. Mr. N. preached his first sermon in these parishes, Dec. 19, 1779, from Eph. iv. 15. *Speaking the truth in love.* It contained an affectionate address to his parishioners, and was immediately published for their use.

Here a new and very distinct scene of action and usefulness was set before him. Placed in the centre of London—in an opulent neighbourhood —with connections daily increasing, he had now

* Granger, in his Biographical History of England, says, that his learning in divinity and ecclesiastical history was extensive, indeed almost universal." And Walker, in his Account of the Clergy, says, that, "In the beginning of the troubles, he was molested and harassed to death, and denied a funeral sermon to be preached for him by Dr. Holdsworth, as he desired;" and that he was a person of great piety, charity, and gravity, and of a most sweet and affable temper." It further appears, that, like his successor Mr. N. he preached twice on the Sunday, and had a lecture in his church every Wednesday.

a course of service to pursue, in several respects different from his former at Olney. Being, however, well acquainted with the word of God and the heart of man, he proposed to himself no new weapons of warfare, for pulling down the strongholds of sin and Satan around him. He perceived, indeed, most of his parishioners too intent upon their wealth and merchandise to pay much regard to their new minister: but, since they would not come to him, he was determined to go, so far as he could, to them: and therefore, soon after his institution, he sent a printed address to his parishioners: he afterwards sent them another address, on the usual prejudices that are taken up against the Gospel. What effects these attempts had then upon them does not appear: certain it is, that these, and other acts of his ministry, will be recollected by them, when the objects of their present pursuits are forgotten or lamented.

I have heard Mr. N. speak with great feeling on the circumstances of his last important station. "That one," said he, "of the most ignorant, the most miserable, and the most abandoned of slaves, should be plucked from his forlorn state of exile on the coast of Africa, and at length be appointed Minister of the parish of the first magistrate of the first city in the world—that he should there, not only testify of such grace, but stand up as a singular instance and monument of it—that he should be enabled to record it in his *history*, *preaching*,

and *writings*, to the world at large—is a fact I can contemplate with admiration, but never sufficiently estimate."—This reflection, indeed, was so present to his mind, on all occasions and in all places, that he seldom passed a single day any where, but he was found referring to the strange event, in one way or other.

It may be necessary to add, that the latter part of these Memoirs leads me to speak so personally of my friend, that any further inspection from his own eye was deemed improper.

When Mr. N. came to St. Mary's, he resided for some time in Charles' Square, Hoxton. Afterwards he removed to Coleman-street Buildings, where he continued till his death. Being of the most friendly and communicative disposition, his house was open to Christians of all ranks and denominations. Here, like a father among his children, he used to entertain, encourage, and instruct his friends; especially younger ministers, or candidates for the ministry. Here also the poor, the afflicted, and the tempted found an asylum and a sympathy, which they could scarcely find, in an equal degree, any where besides.

His timely hints were often given with much point and profitable address, to the numerous acquaintance which surrounded him in this public station. Some time after Mr. N. had published

his "Omicron," and described the three stages of growth in religion, from the *blade*, the *ear*, and the *full corn* in the ear, distinguishing them by the letters A. B. and C. a conceited young Minister wrote to Mr. N. telling him that he read his own character accurately drawn in that of C. Mr. N. wrote in reply, that, in drawing the character of C. or full maturity, he had forgotten to add, till now, one prominent feature of C.'s character, namely, that C. *never knew his own face.*

"It grieves me," said Mr. N. "to see so few of my wealthy parishioners come to church. I always consider the rich as under greater obligations to the preaching of the Gospel than the poor. For, at church, the rich *must* hear the whole truth as well as others. *There* they have no mode of escape. But let them once get home, you will be troubled to get at them; and, when you are admitted, you are so fettered with *punctilio*—so interrupted and damped with the frivolous conversation of their friends, that, as Archbishop Leighton says, 'It is well if your visit does not prove a blank or a blot.'"

Mr. N. used to improve every occurrence which he could with propriety bring into the pulpit. One night he found a bill put up at St. Mary Woolnoth's, upon which he largely commented when he came to preach. The bill was to this effect:—"A young man, having come to the possession of a very considerable fortune, desires the prayers

of the congregation, that he may be preserved from the snares to which it exposes him."—"Now if the man," said Mr. N. "had lost a fortune, the world would not have wondered to have seen him put up a bill; but *this* man has been better taught."

Coming out of his church, on a Wednesday, a lady stopped him on the steps, and said, "The ticket, of which I held a quarter, is drawn a prize of ten thousand pounds. I know you will congratulate me upon the occasion."—"Madam," said he, "as for a friend under temptation, I will endeavour to *pray* for you."

Soon after he came to St. Mary's, I remember to have heard him say, in a certain company, "Some have observed, that I preach shorter sermons on a Sunday morning, and with more caution: but this I do upon principle.—I suppose I may have two or three of my bankers present, and some others of my parish, who have hitherto been strangers to my views of truth. I endeavour to imitate the Apostle. *I became*, says he, *all things to all men:* but observe the END; it was in order to *gain some*—The fowler must go cautiously to meet shy birds, but he will not leave his powder and shot behind him. *I have fed you with milk*, says the Apostle: but there are some, that are not only for forcing strong meat, but *bones* too, down the throat of the child.—We must have patience with a single step in the case of an infant;

and there are *one-step* books and sermons, which are good in their place. Christ taught his disciples, *as they were able to bear*; and it was upon the same principle that the Apostle accommodated himself to prejudice.—Now, continued he, "what I wish to remark on these considerations is, that, this apostolical principle, steadily pursued, will render a Minister *apparently* inconsistent: superficial hearers will think him a trimmer. On the other hand, a Minister, destitute of the apostolical principle and intention, and directing his whole force to preserve the appearance of consistency, may thus *seem* to preserve it: but, let me tell you, here is only the *form* of faithfulness, without the *spirit*."

I could not help observing, one day, how much Mr. N. was grieved with the mistake of a Minister, who appeared to pay too much attention to politics. "For my part," said he, "I have no temptation to turn politician, and much less to inflame a party, in these times. When a ship is leaky, and a mutinous spirit divides the company on board, a wise man would say, 'My good friends, while we are debating the water is gaining on us. We had better leave the debate, and go to the pumps.'—I endeavour," continued he, "to turn my people's eyes from instruments to God. I am continually attempting to shew them, how far they are from knowing either the matter of *fact* or the matter of *right*. I inculcate our great privileges

in this country, and advise a discontented man to take a lodging for a little while in Russia or Prussia."

Though no great variety of anecdote is to be expected in a course so stationary as this part of Mr. N.'s life and ministry; for sometimes the course of a single day might give the account of a whole year; yet that *day* was so benevolently spent, that he was found in it not only *rejoicing with those that rejoiced*, but literally *weeping with those that wept*. The portrait, which Goldsmith drew from imagination, Mr. N. realised in fact, insomuch, that, had Mr. N. sat for his picture to the poet, it could not have been more accurately delineated than by the following lines in his "Deserted Village:"—

> "Unskilful he to fawn, or seek for power,
> By doctrines fashion'd to the varying hour:
> Far other aims his heart had learn'd to prize,
> More bent to raise the wretched than to rise.
> Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
> And e'en his failings lean'd to Virtue's side;
> But, in his duty, prompt at every call,
> He watch'd and wept, he pray'd and felt, for all:
> And, as a bird each fond endearment tries,
> To tempt its new-fledg'd offspring to the skies,
> He tried each art, reprov'd each dull delay,
> Allur'd to brighter worlds, and led the way."

I remember to have heard him say, when speaking of his continual interruptions, "I see in this world two heaps, of human happiness and misery: now, if I can take but the smallest bit from one heap and add to the other, I carry a point.—If,

as I go home, a child has dropped a halfpenny, and if, by giving it another, I can wipe away its tears, I feel I have done something. I should be glad, indeed, to do greater things; but I will not neglect this.—When I hear a knock at my study door, I hear a message from God. It may be a lesson of instruction; perhaps, a lesson of patience: but, since it is *his* message, it must be interesting."

But it was not merely under his own roof that his benevolent aims were thus exerted: he was found ready to take an active part in relieving the miserable, directing the anxious, or recovering the wanderer, in whatever state or place he discovered such: of which take the following instance.

Mr. ********, who is still living, and who holds a post of great importance abroad, was a youth of considerable talents, and had received a respectable education. I am not informed of his original destination in point of profession: but, certain it is, that he left his parents in Scotland, with a design of viewing the world at large; and that, without those pecuniary resources which could render such an undertaking convenient, or even practicable. Yet, having the sanguine expectations of youth, together with its inexperience, he determinately pursued his plan. I have seen an account from his own hand, of the strange, but by no means dishonourable, resources to which he

was reduced in the pursuit of this scheme: nor can romance exceed the detail. But the particulars of his long journey, till he arrived in London, and those which have since occurred, would not be proper, at present, for any one to record except himself; and I cannot but wish he would favour the world with them, on the principle which led Mr. N. to write his "Narrative." To London, however, he came; and then he seemed to *come to himself.* He had heard Mr. N.'s character, and on a Sunday evening he came to St. Mary Woolnoth, and stood in one of the aisles while Mr. N. preached. In the course of that week he wrote Mr. N. some account of his adventure, and state of mind. Such circumstances could be addressed to no man more properly. Mr. N.'s favourite maxim was often in his mouth, more often in his actions, and always in his heart;

Haud ignara mali, miseris succurrere disco.

Mr. N. therefore gave notice from the pulpit on the following Sunday evening, that, if the person was present who had sent him such a letter, he would be glad to speak with him.

Mr. ******** gladly accepted the invitation, and came to Mr. N.'s house, where a friendship began which continued till Mr. N.'s death. Mr. N. not only afforded this youth the instruction which he, at this period, so deeply needed; but, marking his fine abilities and corrected inclination, he

introduced him to Henry Thornton, Esq. who, inheriting his father's unbounded liberality and determined adherence to the cause of real religion, readily patronized the stranger. By the munificence of this gentleman, he was supported through a university education, and was afterwards ordained to the curacy of ——. It was, however, thought expedient that his talents should be employed in an important station abroad, which he readily undertook, and in which he now maintains a very distinguished character.

It ought not to be concealed, that, since his advancement, he has not only returned his patron the whole expense of his university education; but has also placed in his hands an equal sum, for the education of some pious youth, who might be deemed worthy of that assistance once afforded to himself!

Mr. N. used to spend a month or two, annually, at the house of some friend in the country. He always took an affectionate leave of his congregation before he departed; and spake of his leaving town as quite uncertain of returning to it, considering the variety of incidents which might prevent that return. Nothing was more remarkable than his constant habit of regarding the hand of God in every event, however trivial it might appear to others. On every occasion—in the concerns of every hour—in matters public or private, like Enoch, he *walked with God*. Take a single

instance of his state of mind in this respect. In walking to his church he would say, "*The way of man is not in himself*, nor can he conceive what belongs to a single step. When I go to St. Mary Woolnoth, it seems the same whether I turn down Lothbury or go through the Old Jewry; but the going through one street and not another may produce an effect of lasting consequences.---A man cut down my hammock in sport: but had he cut it down half an hour later, I had not been here; as the exchange of crew was then making. —A man made a smoke on the sea shore at the time a ship passed, which was thereby brought to, and afterwards brought me to England."

Mr. N. had experienced a severe stroke soon after he came to St. Mary's, and while he resided in Charles' Square, in the death of his niece, Miss Eliza Cunningham. He loved her with the affection of a parent, and she was, indeed, truly lovely. He had brought her up; and had observed, that, with the most amiable natural qualities, she possessed a real piety. With every possible attention from Mr. and Mrs. Newton and their friends, they saw her gradually sink into the arms of death: but fully prepared to meet him, as a messenger sent from a yet kinder Father; to whom she departed, October 6th, 1785, aged fourteen years and eight months. On this occasion Mr. N. published some brief memoirs of her character and death.

In the years 1784 and 1785, Mr. N. preached a course of sermons, on an occasion, of which he gives the following account in his first discourse:—" Conversation, in almost every company, for some time past, has much turned upon the commemoration of Handel; and, particularly, on his oratorio of the " Messiah." I mean to lead your meditations to the language of the oratorio; and to consider, in their order, (if the Lord, on whom our breath depends, shall be pleased to afford life, ability, and opportunity) the several sublime and interesting passages of Scripture, which are the basis of that admired composition." In the year 1786, he published these discourses, in two volumes octavo.

There is a passage so original, at the beginning of his fourth sermon, from Mal. iii. 1—3. *The Lord, whom ye seek, shall suddenly come to his temple*, &c. that I shall transcribe it for the use of such as have not seen these discourses: at the same time, it will, in a few words, convey Mr. N.'s idea of the usual performance of this oratorio, or attending its performance, in present circumstances.

" *Whereunto shall we liken the people of this generation, and to what are they like?* I represent to myself a number of persons, of various characters, involved in one common charge of high treason. They are already in a state of confinement, but not yet brought to their trial. The

facts, however, are so plain, and the evidence against them so strong and pointed, that there is not the least doubt of their guilt being fully proved, and that nothing but a pardon can preserve them from punishment. In this situation, it should seem their wisdom to avail themselves of every expedient in their power for obtaining mercy. But they are entirely regardless of their danger, and wholly taken up with contriving methods of amusing themselves, that they may pass away the term of their imprisonment with as much cheerfulness as possible. Among other resources, they call in the assistance of music. And, amidst a great variety of subjects in this way, they are particularly pleased with one: they choose to make the solemnities of their impending trial, the character of their Judge, the methods of his procedure, and the awful sentence to which they are exposed, the ground-work of a musical entertainment: and, as if they were quite unconcerned in the event, their attention is chiefly fixed upon the skill of the composer, in adapting the style of his music to the very solemn language and subject with which they are trifling. The King, however, out of his great clemency and compassion towards those who have no pity for themselves, prevents them with his goodness: undesired by them, he sends them a gracious message: he assures them, that he is unwilling they should suffer: he requires, yea, he entreats them to submit: he points out a

way in which their confession and submission shall be certainly accepted: and, in this way, which he condescends to prescribe, he offers them a free and a full pardon. But, instead of taking a single step towards a compliance with his goodness, they set his message likewise to music: and this, together with a description of their present state, and of the fearful doom awaiting them if they continue obstinate, is sung for their diversion; accompanied with the sound of cornet, flute, harp, sackbut, psaltery, dulcimer, and all kinds of instruments. Surely, if such a case as I have supposed could be found in real life, though I might admire the musical taste of these people, I should commiserate their insensibility!"

But *clouds return after the rain:* a greater loss than that of Miss C. was to follow. Enough has been said in these Memoirs already to shew the more than ordinary affection Mr. N. felt for her who had been so long his idol, as he used to call her; of which I shall add but one more instance, out of many that might easily be collected.

Being with him at the house of a lady at Blackheath, we stood at a window which had a prospect of Shooter's Hill. "Ah," said Mr. N. I remember the many journies I took from London to stand at the top of that hill, in order to look towards the part in which Mrs. N. then lived: not that I could see the spot itself, after travelling several miles, for she lived far beyond what I

could see, when on the hill; but it gratified me even to look *towards* the spot: and this I did always once, and sometimes twice a week."—— "Why," said I, this is more like one of the vagaries of romance than of real life."—"True," replied he: "but real life has extravagancies that would not be admitted to appear in a well-written romance--they would be said to be *out of nature.*"

In such a continued habit of excessive attachment, it is evident how keenly Mr. N. must have felt, while he observed the progress of a threatening induration in her breast. This tumour seemed to have arisen from a blow she received before she left Liverpool. The pain it occasioned at the time soon wore off, but a small lump remained in the part affected. In October, 1788, on the tumour's increasing, she applied to an eminent surgeon, who told her it was a cancer, and now too large for extraction, and that he could only recommend quiet. As the spring of 1789 advanced, her malady increased: and, though she was able to bear a journey to Southampton, from which she returned, in other respects, tolerably well, she grew gradually worse with the cancer, till she expired December 15, 1790.

Mr. N. made this remark on her death:—"Just before Mrs. N.'s disease became so formidable, I was preaching on the waters of Egypt being turned into blood. The Egyptians had idolized

their river, and God made them loath it. I was apprehensive it would soon be a similar case with me."—During the very affecting season of Mrs. N.'s dissolution, Mr. N., like David, wept and prayed: but, the desire of his eyes being taken away by the stroke, he too, like David, *arose from the earth, and came into the temple of the Lord, and worshipped:* and that, in a manner which surprised some of his friends.

I must own I was not one of those who saw any thing that might not be expected from *such* a man, surrounded with such circumstances. I did not wonder at his undertaking to preach Mrs. N.'s Funeral Sermon, on the following Sunday, at St. Mary's: since I alway considered him as an original; and his case quite an exception to general habits, in many respects. There could be no question as to the affection he had borne to the deceased: it had even prevailed, as he readily allowed, to an eccentric and blameable degree; and, indeed, after her removal, he used to observe an annual seclusion, for a special recollection of her, whom through the year he had never forgotten, and from which proceeded a sort of little elegies or sonnets to her memory. But he clearly recognised the will of God in the removal of his idol, and reasoned as David did on the occasion: *While* she *was yet alive, I fasted and wept: for I said, Who can tell whether God will be gracious to me, that* she *may live? But, now* she *is dead,*

wherefore should I fast? Can I bring her *back again? I shall go to* her, *but* she *shall not return to me.*

Besides which, Mr. N. had a favourite sentiment, which I have heard him express in different ways, long before he had so special an occasion for illustrating it in practice, "God in his providence, he used to say, "is continually bringing about occasions to demonstrate characters." He used to alledge the case of Achan and Judas among *bad* men; and that of St. Paul, Acts xxvii. among *good* ones. "If any one," said he, "had asked the Centurion who Paul the prisoner was, that sailed with them on board the ship, it is probable he would have thus replied: 'He is a troublesome enthusiast, who has lately joined himself to a certain sect. These people affirm that a Jewish malefactor, who was crucified some years ago at Jerusalem, rose the third day from the dead; and this Paul is mad enough to assert that Jesus, the leader of their sect, is not only now alive, but that he himself has seen him, and is resolved to live and die for him—*Poor crazy creature!*' But God made use of this occasion to discover the real character of Paul; and taught the Centurion, from the circumstances which followed, to whom it was he owed his direction in the storm, and for whose sake he received his preservation through it."

In all trying occasions, therefore, Mr. N. was

particularly impressed with the idea of a Christian; and especially of a Christian minister being called to stand forward as an example to his flock —to feel himself placed in a post of honour—a post, in which he may not only glorify God, but also forcibly demonstrate the peculiar supports of the Gospel. More especially, when this could be done (as in his own case) from no doubtful motive: then, it may be expedient to leave the path of ordinary custom, for the greater reason of exhibiting both the doctrines of truth, and the experience of their power.

Though I professedly publish none of Mr. N.'s letters, for reasons hereafter assigned; yet I shall take the liberty to insert part of one, with which I am favoured by J. F*****, Esq. of Stanmore Hill, written to him while at Rome, and dated December 5th, 1796. It shews the interest which the writer took in the safety of his friend: and his address in attempting to break the enchantments with which men of taste are surrounded when standing in the centre of the Fine Arts.

"The true Christian, in strict propriety of speech, has no home here: he is and must be, a stranger and a pilgrim upon earth: his citizenship, treasure, and real home are in a better world; and every step he takes, whether to the east or to the west, is a step nearer to his Father's house.—On the other hand, when in the path of duty, he is

always at home; for the whole earth is the Lord's: and, as we see the same sun in England or Italy, in Europe or Asia: so, wherever he is, he equally sets the Lord always before him: and finds himself equally near the throne of grace, at all times and in all places.—God is every where; and, by faith in the Great Mediator, he dwells in God, and God in him. To him that line of Horace may be applied, in the best sense,

Cœlum, non animum mutant, qui trans mare currunt.

"I trust, my dear sir, that you will carry out, and bring home with you, a determination similar to that of the patriarch Jacob, who vowed a vow, saying, *If God will be with me, and will keep me in the way that I go, and will give me bread to eat and raiment to put on, so that I come again to my father's house in peace, then shall the Lord be my God!*—May the Lord himself write it on your heart!

"You are now at Rome, the centre of the Fine Arts; a place abounding with every thing to gratify a person of your taste. Athens had the pre-eminence in the Apostle Paul's time: and I think it highly probable, from many passages in his writings, that he likewise had a taste capable of admiring and relishing the beauties of painting, sculpture, and architecture, which he could not but observe during his abode in that city: but then he had a higher, a spiritual, a divine taste, which

was greatly shocked and grieved by the ignorance, idolatry, and wickedness which surrounded him, insomuch that he could attend to nothing else.—This taste, which cannot be acquired by any effort or study of ours, but is freely bestowed on all who sincerely ask it of the Lord, divests the vanities which the world admire of their glare; and enables us to judge of the most splendid and specious works of men who know not God, according to the declaration of the prophet, *They hatch cockatrice eggs, and weave the spider's web.* Much ingenuity is displayed in the weaving of a cobweb; but, when finished, it is worthless and useless. Incubation requires close diligence and attention: if the hen is too long from her nest, the egg is spoiled; but why should she sit at all upon the egg, and watch it, and warm it night and day, if it only produces a cockatrice at last? Thus vanity or mischief are the chief rulers of unsanctified genius: the artists spin webs; and the philosophers, by their learned speculations, hatch cockatrices, to poison themselves and their fellow-creatures: few of either sort have one serious thought of that awful eternity, upon the brink of which they stand for a while, and into the depth of which they successively fall.

"A part of the sentence denounced against the city which once stood upon seven hills, is so pointed and graphical, that I must transcribe it: *And the voice of harpers, and musicians, and pipers,*

and trumpeters, shall be heard no more at all in thee; and no craftsman, of whatsoever craft he be, shall be found any more in thee: and the light of a candle shall no more be seen in thee.—Now, I am informed, that, upon certain occasions, the whole cupola of St. Peter's is covered with lamps, and affords a very magnificent spectacle: if I saw it, it would remind me of that time when there will not be the shining of a single candle in the city; for the sentence must be executed, and the hour may be approaching—

Sic transit gloria mundi.

"You kindly enquire after my health: myself and family are, through the divine favour, perfectly well: yet, healthy as I am, I labour under a growing disorder, for which there is no cure; I mean Old Age. I am not sorry it is a mortal disease, from which no one recovers: for who would live always in such a world as this, who has a scriptural hope of an inheritance in the world of light? I am now in my seventy-second year, and seem to have lived long enough for myself. I have known something of the evil of life, and have had a large share of the good. I know what the world *can* do, and what it *cannot* do: it can neither give nor take away that *peace of God, which passeth all understanding*: it cannot soothe a wounded conscience, nor enable us to meet death with comfort.—That you, my dear sir, may have an abiding and abounding experience that the Gospel is a

catholicon adapted to all our wants and all our feelings, and a suitable help when every other help fails, is the sincere and ardent prayer of

"Your affectionate friend,

"JOHN NEWTON."

But, in proportion as Mr. N. felt the vanity of the pursuits which he endeavoured to expose in the foregoing letter, he was as feelingly alive to whatever regarded eternal concerns. Take an instance of this, in a visit which he paid to another friend. This friend was a minister, who affected great accuracy in his discourses; and who, on that Sunday, had nearly occupied an hour in insisting on several laboured and nice distinctions made in his subject. As he had a high estimation of Mr. N.'s judgment, he enquired of him, as they walked home, whether he thought the distinctions just now insisted on were full and judicious. Mr. N. said he thought them not *full*, as a very important one had been omitted.—"What can that be?" said the minister: "for I had taken more than ordinary care to enumerate them fully." —"I think not," replied Mr. N. "for, when many of your congregation had travelled several miles for a meal, I think you should not have forgotten the important distinction which must ever exist between MEAT and BONES."

In the year 1799 Mr. N. had the honorary degree of D. D. conferred upon him by the University

of New Jersey in America, and the Diploma sent to him. He also received a work in two volumes, dedicated to him with the above title annexed to his name. Mr. N. wrote the author a grateful acknowledgment for the work, but begged to decline an honour which he never intended to accept. "*I am*," said he, "*as one born out of due time**. I have neither the pretension nor wish to honours of this kind. However, therefore, the University may over-rate my attainments, and thus shew their respect, I must not forget myself: it would be both vain and improper were I to concur in it."

But Mr. N. had yet another storm to weather. While we were contemplating the long and rough voyage he had passed, and thought he had only now to rest in a quiet haven, and with a fine sun-setting at the close of the evening of his life; clouds began to gather again, and seemed to threaten a wreck at the very entry of the port.

* In a MS. note, dated Dec. 15th, 1797, on a Letter in the collection before referred to, Mr. N. writes:—"Though I am not so sensibly affected as I could wish, I hope I am truly affected by the frequent reviews I make of my past life. Perhaps the annals of thy church scarcely afford an instance in all respects so singular. Perhaps thy grace may have recovered some from an equal degree of apostasy, infidelity, and profligacy; but few of them have been redeemed from such a state of misery and depression as I was in, upon the coast of Africa, when thy unsought mercy wrought for my deliverance. But, that such a wretch should not only be spared and pardoned, but reserved to the honour of preaching thy gospel, which he had blasphemed and renounced, and at length be placed in a very public situation, and favoured with acceptance and usefulness, both from the pulpit and the press; so that my poor name is known in most parts of the world, where there are any who know thee—This is wonderful indeed!—The more thou hast exalted me, the more I ought to abase myself."

He used to make excursions in the summer to different friends in the country; endeavouring to make these visits profitable to them and their neighbours, by his continual prayers, and the expositions he gave of the scriptures read at their morning and evening worship. I have heard of some, who were first brought to the knowledge of themselves and of God, by attending his exhortations on these occasions; for, indeed, besides what he undertook in a more stated way at the church, he seldom entered a room, but something both profitable and entertaining fell from his lips.

After the death of Miss Cunningham and Mrs. N., his companion in these summer excursions was his other niece, Miss Elizabeth Catlett. This young lady had also been brought up by Mr. and Mrs. N. with Miss Cunningham; and, on the death of the two latter, she became the object of Mr. N.'s naturally affectionate disposition. She also became quite necessary to him by her administrations in his latter years: she watched him, walked with him, and visited wherever he went: when his sight failed, she read to him, divided his food, and was unto him all that a dutiful daughter could be.

But, in the year 1801, a nervous disorder seized her, by which Mr. N. was obliged to submit to her being separated from him. During the twelvemonth it lasted, the weight of the affliction, added to his weight of years, seemed to overwhelm him. I extracted a few of his reflections on the occa-

sion, written on some blank leaves in an edition of his "Letters to a Wife," which he lent me on my undertaking these Memoirs, and have subjoined them in a note*. It may give the reader pleasure to be informed that Miss Catlett returned home; gradually recovered; and afterwards married a worthy man of the name of Smith.

It was with a mixture of delight and surprise, that the friends and hearers of this eminent servant of God beheld him bringing forth such a measure of fruit in extreme age. Though then almost eighty years old, his sight nearly gone, and incapable, through deafness, of joining in conversation; yet his public ministry was regularly

* August 1st, 1801. "I now enter my 77th year. I have been exercised this year with a trying and unexpected change; but it is by thy appointment, my gracious Lord, and thou art unchangeably wise, good, and merciful. Thou gavest me my dear adopted child. Thou didst own my endeavours to bring her up for thee. I have no doubt that thou hast called her by thy grace. I thank thee for the many years' comfort (ten) I have had in her; and for the attention and affection she has always shewn me, exceeding that of most daughters to their own parents. Thou hast now tried me, as thou didst Abraham, in my old age; when my eyes are failing, and my strength declines. Thou hast called for my Isaac, who had so long been my chief stay and staff; but it was thy blessing that made her so. A nervous disorder has seized her, and I desire to leave her under thy care; and chiefly pray for myself, that I may be enabled to wait thy time and will, without betraying any signs of impatience or despondency unbecoming my profession and character. Hitherto thou hast helped me; and to thee I look for help in future. Let all issue in thy glory, that my friends and hearers may be encouraged by seeing how I am supported: let thy strength be manifested in my weakness, and thy grace be sufficient for me, and let all finally work together for our good: Amen! I am to say from my heart *Not my will, but thine be done.* But, though thou hast in a measure made my spirit willing, thou knowest, and I feel, that the flesh is weak. *Lord, I believe: help thou my unbelief.* Lord, I submit: subdue every rebellious thought that dares arise against thy will. Spare my eyes, if it please thee; but, above all, strengthen my faith and love."

continued, and maintained with a considerable degree of his former animation. His memory, indeed, was observed to fail, but his judgment in divine things still remained: and, though some depression of spirits was observed, which he used to account for from his advanced age; yet his perception, taste, and zeal for the truths which he had long received and taught were evident. Like Simeon, having seen the salvation of the Lord, he now only waited and prayed to depart in peace.

After Mr. N. was turned of eighty, some of his friends feared he might continue his public ministrations too long. They marked not only his infirmities in the pulpit, but felt much on account of the decrease of his strength and of his occasional depressions. Conversing with him in January 1806 on the latter, he observed, that he had experienced nothing which in the least affected the principles he had felt and taught; that his depressions were the natural result of *fourscore years*; and that, at any age, we can only enjoy that comfort from our principles which God is pleased to send. "But," replied I, "in the article of public preaching, might it not be best to consider your work as done, and stop before you evidently discover you can speak no longer?"—"I cannot stop," said he, raising his voice,—"*What! shall the old African blasphemer stop while he can speak?*"

In every future visit, I perceived old age making rapid strides. At length his friends found some

difficulty in making themselves known to him: his sight, his hearing, and his recollection exceedingly failed; but, being mercifully kept from pain, he generally appeared easy and cheerful. Whatever he uttered was perfectly consistent with the principles which he had so long and so honourably maintained. Calling to see him a few days before he died, with one of his most intimate friends, we could not make him recollect either of us; but, seeing him afterwards when sitting up in his chair, I found so much intellect remaining, as produced a short and affectionate reply, though he was utterly incapable of conversation.

Mr. N. declined in this very gradual way, till at length it was painful to ask him a question, or to attempt to rouse faculties almost gone: still his friends were anxious to get a word from him, and those friends who survive him will be as anxious to learn the state of his mind in his latest hours.—It is quite natural thus to enquire, though it is not important *how* such a decided character left this world. I have heard Mr. N. say when he has heard particular enquiry made about the last expressions of an eminent Christian, "Tell me not how the man died, but how he lived."

Still I say it is natural to enquire: and I will meet the desire; not by trying to expand uninteresting particulars, but, so far as I can collect encouraging *facts:* and I learn from a paper, kindly sent me by his family, all that is interesting and authentic.

[redacted]t a month before Mr. N.'s death, Mr. Smith's niece was sitting by him, to whom he said, "It is a great thing to die; and, when flesh and heart fail, to have God for the strength of our heart, and our portion for ever—I know whom I have believed, and he is able to keep that which I have committed against that great day. Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day."

When Mrs. Smith came into the room, he said, "I have been meditating on a subject, *Come, and hear all ye that fear God, and I will declare what he hath done for my soul.*"

At another time he said, "More light, more love, more liberty—Hereafter I hope, when I shut my eyes on the things of time, I shall open them in a better world. What a thing it is to live under the shadow of the wings of the Almighty!—I am going the way of all flesh." And when one replied, "The Lord is gracious," he answered, "If it were not so, how could I dare to stand before him?"

The Wednesday before he died, Mrs. G—— asked him, if his mind was comfortable: he replied, "I am satisfied with the Lord's will."

Mr. N. seemed sensible to his last hour, but expressed nothing remarkable after these words. He departed on the 21st, and was buried in the vault of his church the 31st of December, 1807,

having left the following injunction in a letter for the direction of his executors.

"I propose writing an epitaph for myself, if it may be put up, on a plain marble tablet, near the vestry door, to the following purport:

JOHN NEWTON, CLERK,
Once an Infidel and Libertine,
A servant of slaves in Africa,
Was, by the rich mercy of our Lord and Saviour
JESUS CHRIST,
Preserved, restored, pardoned,
And appointed to preach the Faith
He had long laboured to destroy,
Near 16 years at Olney in Bucks;
And ... years in this church.

On Feb. 1, 1750, he married
MARY,
Daughter of the late George Catlett
Of Chatham, Kent.
He resigned her to the Lord who gave her,
On 15th December 1790.

And I earnestly desire that no other monument, and no inscription but to this purport, may be attempted for me."

The following is a copy of the exordium of Mr. Newton's will, dated June 13, 1803.

"In the name of God, Amen. I, JOHN NEWTON, of Coleman Street Buildings in the parish of St. Stephen Coleman Street, in the city of London, Clerk, being through mercy in good health, and of

sound and disposing mind, memory, and understanding, although in the seventy-eighth year of my age, do, for the settling of my temporal concerns, and for the disposal of all the worldly estate which it hath pleased the Lord in his good providence to give me, make this my last Will and Testament as follows. I commit my soul to my gracious God and Saviour, who mercifully spared and preserved me, when I was an Apostate, a Blasphemer, and an Infidel, and delivered me from that state of misery on the coast of Africa into which my obstinate wickedness had plunged me; and who has been pleased to admit me (though most unworthy) to preach his Glorious Gospel. I rely with humble confidence upon the atonement and mediation of the Lord Jesus Christ, God and Man, which I have often proposed to others as the only Foundation whereon a sinner can build his hope; trusting that he will guard and guide me through the uncertain remainder of my life, and that he will then admit me into his presence in his Heavenly Kingdom. I would have my Body deposited in the Vault under the Parish Church of Saint Mary Woolnoth, close to the coffins of my late dear Wife and my dear niece Elizabeth Cunningham; and it is my desire that my Funeral may be performed with as little expense as possible, consistent with decency."

REVIEW

OF

MR. NEWTON'S CHARACTER.

THERE seems to be little need of giving a general character of Mr. N. after the particulars which appear in the foregoing Memoirs. He unquestionably was the child of a peculiar providence, in every step of his progress; and his deep sense of the extraordinary dispensation through which he had passed, was the prominent topic in his conversation. Those, who personally knew the man, could have no doubt of the probity with which his "Narrative" (singular as it may appear) was written. They, however, who could not view the subject of these Memoirs so nearly as his particular friends did, may wish to learn something further of his character with respect to his LITERARY ATTAINMENTS—his MINISTRY—his FAMILY HABITS—his WRITINGS—and his FAMILIAR CONVERSATION.

Of his LITERATURE, we learn from his "Narrative" what he attained in the learned languages; and that, by almost incredible efforts. Few men have undertaken such difficulties under such dis-

advantages. It therefore, seems more extraordinary, that he should have attained so much, than that he should not have acquired more. Nor did he quit his pursuits of this kind, but in orde. to gain that knowledge which he deemed much more important. Whatever he conceived had a tendency to qualify him, as *a scribe well instructed in the kingdom of God, bringing out of his treasury things new and old*—I say, in pursuit of *this* point, he might have adopted the Apostle's expression, *One thing I do.* By a principle so simply and firmly directed, he furnished his mind with much information: he had consulted the best old divines; had read the moderns of reputation with avidity; and was continually watching whatever might serve for analogies or illustrations in the service of religion. "A Minister," he used to say, "wherever he is, should be always in his study. He should look at every man, and at every thing, as capable of affording him some instruction."—His mind, therefore, was ever intent on his calling—ever extracting something, even from the basest materials, which he could turn into gold.

In consequence of this incessant attention to this object, while many (whose early advantages greatly exceeded his) might excel Mr. N. in the knowledge and investigation of some curious abstract, but very unimportant points; he vastly excelled them in points of infinitely higher importance to man:—In the knowledge of God, of

[illegible] and of the human heart in its wants and resources. Newton would have stood among mere scholars, as his name-sake the philosopher stood in science among ordinary men. I might say the same of some others, who have set out late in the profession; but who, with a portion of Mr. N.'s piety and ardour, have greatly outstripped those who have had every early advantage and encouragement:—men with specious titles and high connexions have received the *rewards;* while men, like Newton, without them, have done the *work.*

With respect to his MINISTRY, he appeared, perhaps, to least advantage in the pulpit; as he did not generally aim at accuracy in the *composition* of his sermons, nor at any *address* in the delivery of them. His utterance was far from clear, and his attitudes ungraceful. He possessed, however, so much affection for his people, and so much zeal for their best interests, that the defect of his manner was of little consideration with his constant hearers: at the same time, his capacity and habit of entering into their trials and experience, gave the highest interest to his ministry among them. Besides which, he frequently interspersed the most brilliant allusions; and brought forward such happy illustrations of his subject, and those with so much unction on his own heart, as melted and enlarged theirs. The parent-like tenderness and affection, which accompanied his instruction,

made them prefer him to preachers, who, on other accounts, were much more generally popular.

It ought also to be noted, that, amidst the extravagant notions and unscriptural positions which have sometimes disgraced the religious world, Mr. N. never departed, in any instance, from soundly and seriously promulgating the *faith once delivered to the saints;* of which his writings will remain the best evidence. His doctrine was strictly that of the Church of England, urged on the consciences of men in the most practical and experimental manner. "I hope," said he one day to me, smiling, "I hope I am upon the whole a SCRIPTURAL preacher; for I find I am considered as an Arminian among the high Calvinists, and as a Calvinist among the strenuous Arminians."

I never observed any thing like bigotry in his ministerial character; though he seemed at all times to appreciate the beauty of order, and its good effects in the ministry. He had formerly been intimately connected with some highly respectable Ministers among the Dissenters, and retained a cordial regard for many to the last. He considered the strong prejudices which attach to both Churchmen and Dissenters, as arising more from education than from principle. But, being himself both a Clergyman and an Incumbent in the Church of England, he wished to be consistent. In public, therefore, he felt he could not act with some Ministers, whom he thought truly

good men, and to whom he cordially wished success in their endeavours; and he patiently met the consequence. They called him a *bigot*; and he, in return, prayed for them, that they might not be *really* such.

He had formerly taken much pains in composing his sermons, as I could perceive in one MS. which I looked through; and, even latterly, I have known him, whenever he felt it necessary, produce admirable plans for the pulpit. I own I thought his judgment deficient, in not deeming such preparation necessary at *all* times. I have sat in pain, when he has spoken unguardedly in this way before young Ministers; men, who, with but comparatively slight degrees of his information and experience, would draw encouragement to ascend the pulpit with but little previous study of their subject. A Minister is not to be blamed, who cannot rise to qualifications which some of his brethren have attained; but he is certainly bound to improve his own talent to the utmost of his power: he is not to cover his sloth, his love of company, or his disposition to attend a wealthy patron, with the *pretence* of depending entirely on *divine influence*. Timothy had as good ground, at least, for expecting such influence as any of his successors in the ministry; and yet the Apostle admonishes him to *give attendance to reading, to exhortation*, and *to doctrine*—to *neglect not the gift that* was *in* him—to *meditate upon these things*

to *give* himself WHOLLY *to them, that* his *profiting* might *appear to all.*

Mr. N. regularly preached on the Sunday morning and evening at St. Mary Woolnoth, and also on the Wednesday morning. After he was turned of seventy he often undertook to assist other clergymen; sometimes, even to the preaching of six sermons in the space of a week! What was more extraordinary, he continued his usual course of preaching at his own church after he was fourscore years old, and that, when he could no longer see to read his text! His memory and voice sometimes failed him; but it was remarked, that, at this great age, he was no where more recollected or lively than in the pulpit. He was punctual as to time with his congregation. Every first Sunday evening in the month he preached on relative duties. Mr. Alderman Lea regularly sent his carriage to convey him to the church, and Mr. Bates sent his servant to attend him in the pulpit; which friendly assistance was continued till Mr. N. could appear no longer in public.

His ministerial visits were exemplary. I do not recollect one, though favoured with many, in which his general information and lively genius did not communicate instruction, and his affectionate and condescending sympathy did not leave comfort.

Truth demands it should be said, that he did not always administer consolation, nor give an

account of characters, with sufficient discrimination. His talent did not lie in *discerning of spirits.* I never saw him so much moved, as when any friend endeavoured to correct his errors in this respect. His credulity seemed to arise from the consciousness he had of his own integrity; and from that sort of parental fondness which he bore to all his friends, real or pretended. I knew one, since dead, whom he thus described, while living—"He is certainly an odd man, and has his failings; but he has great integrity, and I hope he is going to heaven:" whereas, almost all who knew him thought the man should go first into the pillory!

In his FAMILY Mr. N. might be admired more safely than imitated. His excessive attachment to Mrs. N. is so fully displayed in his "Narrative," and confirmed in the two volumes he thought it proper to publish, entitled, "Letters to a Wife," that the reader will need no information on this subject.—Some of his friends wished this violent attachment had been cast more into the shade; as tending to furnish a spur, where human nature generally needs a curb. He used, indeed, to speak of such attachments, in the abstract, as *idolatry;* though his own was providentially ordered to be the main hinge on which his preservation and deliverance turned, while in his worst state. Good men, however, cannot be too cautious how they give sanction, by their expressions or

example, to a passion, which, when not under sober regulation, has overwhelmed not only families, but states, with disgrace and ruin.

With his unusual degree of benevolence and affection, it was not extraordinary that the spiritual interests of his servants were brought forward, and examined severally every Sunday afternoon; nor that, being treated like children, they should grow old in his service. In short, Mr. N. could *live* no longer than he could *love:* it is no wonder, therefore, if his nieces had more of his heart than is generally afforded to their own children by the fondest parents. It has already been mentioned that his house was an asylum for the perplexed or afflicted.—Young Ministers were peculiarly the objects of his attention; he instructed them: he encouraged them: he warned them: and might truly be said to be a father in Christ, *spending and being spent*, for the interest of his Church. In order thus to execute the various avocations of the day, he used to rise early: he seldom was found abroad in the evening, and was exact in his appointments.

Of his WRITINGS, I think little needs to be said here; they are in wide circulation, and best speak for themselves. An able editor is now employed in adding some posthumous pieces, left for publication by the author. After which, the whole will appear in a complete set, with a reduced copy of the admirable portrait of Mr. N. lately pub-

lished by Mr. Smith, engraved by J. Collyer, A. R. A. from an original painting by J. Russell, R. A. This was the *only* reason why no portrait was published with these Memoirs*, as had been done in the Memoirs of the Hon. and Rev. Mr. Cadogan, and of John Bacon, Esq.—I hope to see a fuller and more accurate account of these writings published by the editor, should the executors deem it necessary. At present, therefore, what I shall observe upon them will be but general and cursory.

The "Sermons" which Mr. N. published at Liverpool, after being refused on his first application for orders, were intended to shew what he would have preached, had he been admitted: they are highly creditable to his understanding and to his heart. The facility with which he attained so much of the learned languages seems partly accounted for, from his being able to acquire so early, a neat and natural style in his own language, and that under such evident disadvantages. His "Review of Ecclesiastical History," so far as it proceeded, has been much esteemed; and, if it had done no more than excite the Rev. Joseph Milner (as that most valuable and instructive author informs us it did) to pursue Mr. N's idea more largely, it was sufficient success. Before

* To render the three Memoirs uniform, a portrait of Mr. N. is given in this edition, reduced, for the purpose, by Collyer, from the larger portrait above-mentioned. J. P.

this, the world seems to have lost sight of a history of real Christianity; and to have been content with what, for the most part, was but an account of the ambition and politics of secular men assuming the Christian name.

It must be evident to any one who observes the spirit of all his Sermons, Hymns, Tracts, &c. that nothing is aimed at which should be met by critical investigation. In the preface to his Hymns, he remarks, "Though I would not offend readers of taste by a wilful coarseness and negligence, I do not write professedly for them.—I have simply declared my own views and feelings, as I might have done if I had composed hymns in some of the newly discovered islands in the South Sea, where no person had any knowledge of the name of Jesus but myself."

To dwell, therefore, with a critical eye on this part of his public character would be absurd and impertinent: it would be to erect a tribunal to which he seems not amenable. He appears to have paid no regard to a nice ear, or an accurate reviewer; but preferring a style at once neat and perspicuous, to have laid out himself entirely for the service of the Church of God, and more especially for the tried and experienced part of its members.

His chief excellence, as a writer, seemed to lie in the easy and natural style of his epistolary correspondence. His Letters will be read while real

religion exists; and they are the best draught of his own mind.

He had so largely communicated with his friends in this way, that I have heard him say, he thought, if his letters were collected, they would make several folios. He selected many of these for publication; and expressed a hope that no other person would take that liberty with the rest, which were so widely spread abroad. In this, however, he was disappointed and grieved; as he once remarked to me: and for which reason I do not annex any letters that I received from him. He esteemed that collection published under the title of "Cardiphonia" as the most useful of his writings, and mentioned various instances of the benefits which he heard they had conveyed to many.

His "Apologia," or defence of conformity, was written on occasion of some reflections (perhaps only jocular) cast on him at that time.—His "Letters to a Wife," written during his three voyages to Africa, and published in 1793, have been received with less satisfaction than most of his other writings. While, however, his advanced age and inordinate fondness may be pleaded for this publication, care should be taken lest men fall into a contrary extreme; and suppose *that* temper to be their *wisdom*, which leads them to avoid another, which they consider as his *weakness*. But his "Messiah," before mentioned, his

Letters of the Rev. Mr. Vanlier, Chaplain at the Cape—his Memoirs of the Rev. John Cowper (brother to the poet), and those of the Rev. Mr. Grimshaw, of Yorkshire, together with his single sermons and tracts, have been well received, and will remain a public benefit.

I recollect reading a MS. which Mr. N. lent me, containing a correspondence that had passed between himself and the Rev. Dr. Dixon, Principal of St. Edmund Hall, Oxford; and another MS. of a correspondence between him and the late Rev. Martin Madan. They would have been very interesting to the public, particularly the latter; and were striking evidences of Mr. N.'s humility, piety, and faithfulness: but reasons of delicacy led him to commit the whole to the flames.

To speak of his writings in the mass, they certainly possess what many have aimed at, but very few attained, namely, *originality*. They are the language of the heart: they shew a deep experience of its religious feelings; a continual anxiety to sympathize with man in his wants, and to direct him to his only resources.

His CONVERSATION, and familiar habits with his friends, were more peculiar, amusing, and instructive, than any I ever witnessed. It is difficult to convey a clear idea of them by description. I venture, therefore, to add a few pages of what I may call his *Table Talk*, which I took down at

different times, both in company and in private, from his lips. Such a collection of printed remarks will not have so much point, as when spoken in connection with the occasions that produced them: they must appear to considerable disadvantage, thus detached; and candid allowance should be made by the reader on this account. They, however, who had the privilege of Mr. N.'s conversation when living, cannot but recognise the speaker in most of them, and derive both profit and pleasure from these remains of their late valuable friend; and such as had not, will (if I do not mistake) think them the most valuable part of this book.

REMARKS,

MADE BY

MR. NEWTON,

IN FAMILIAR CONVERSATION.

"WHILE the mariner uses the loadstone, the philosopher may attempt to investigate the cause; but, after all, in steering through the ocean, he can make no other use of it than the mariner."

"If an angel were sent to find the most perfect man, he would probably not find him composing a body of divinity, but perhaps a cripple in a poor-house, whom the parish wish dead; a man humbled before God with far lower thoughts of himself than others have of him."

"When a Christian goes into the world, because he sees it is his *call*, yet, while he feels it also his *cross*, it will not hurt him."

"Satan will seldom come to a Christian with a gross temptation: a green log and a candle may be safely left together; but bring a few shavings, then some small sticks, and then larger, and you may soon bring the green log to ashes."

"If two angels came down from heaven to execute a divine command, and one was ap-

pointed to conduct an empire, and the other to sweep a street in it, they would feel no inclination to choose employments."

"The post of honour in an army, is not with the baggage, nor with the women."

"What some call providential openings are often powerful temptations. The heart, in wandering, cries, 'Here is a way opened before me;' but, perhaps, not to be *trodden*, but *rejected*."

"Young people marry as others study navigation, by the fire-side. If they marry unsuitably, they can scarcely bring things to rule; but, like sailors, they must sail as near the wind as they can. I feel myself like a traveller with his wife in his chaise and one: if the ground is smooth, and she keeps the right pace, and is willing to deliver the reins when I ask for them, I am always willing to let her drive."

"A Christian should never plead spirituality for being a sloven: if he be but a shoe-cleaner, he should be the best in the parish."

"My course of study, like that of a surgeon, has principally consisted in walking the hospital."

"In divinity, as well as in the other professions, there are the *little* artists. A man may be able to execute the buttons of a statue very neatly, but I could not call him an able artist. There is an air, there is a taste, to which his narrow capacity cannot reach."

"My principal method of defeating heresy,

is, by establishing truth.—One proposes to fill a bushel with *tares:* now if I can fill it first with *wheat,* I shall defy his attempts."

When some people talk of religion, they mean they have heard so many sermons, and performed so many devotions; and thus mistake the *means* for the *end.* But true religion is a habitual recollection of God and intention to serve him; and this turns every thing into gold. We are apt to suppose that we need something splendid to evince our devotion, but true devotion equals things—washing plates, and cleaning shoes, is a high office, if performed in a right spirit.—If three angels were sent to earth, they would feel perfect indifference who should perform the part of prime-minister, parish-minister, or watchman."

"When a ship goes to sea, among a vast variety of its articles and circumstances there is but one object regarded, namely, doing the business of the voyage: every bucket is employed with respect to *that.*"

"Many have puzzled themselves about the origin of evil: I observe there *is* evil, and that there is a way to escape it; and, with this, I begin and end."

"Consecrated things, under the Law, were first sprinkled with blood, and then anointed with oil, and thenceforward were no more common. Every Christian has been a common vessel for profane purposes; but, when sprinkled and anointed,

under the Gospel, he becomes separated and consecrated to God."

"I would not give a straw for that assurance which sin will not damp. If David had come from his adultery, and had talked of his assurance at that time, I should have despised his speech."

"A spirit of adoption is the spirit of a child: he may disoblige his father, yet he is not afraid of being turned out of doors. The *union* is not dissolved, though the *communion* is. He is not well with his father, therefore must be unhappy, as their interests are inseparable."

"We often seek to apply cordials when the patient is not prepared for them: and it is to the patient's advantage, that he cannot take a medicine when prematurely offered. When a man comes to me, and says, 'I am quite happy,' I am not sorry to find him come again with some fears.—I never saw a work of grace stand well without a check. 'I only want,' says one, 'to be sure of being safe, and then I will go on"—No; perhaps, then you will go *off*."

"A Christian in the world, is like a man who has had a long intimacy with one whom at length he finds to have been the murderer of a kind father: the intimacy, after this, will surely be broken."

"*Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God.*—A man may live in a deep mine in Hungary, never having seen the light of the

sun: he may have received accounts of prospects, and, by the help of a candle, may have examined a few engravings of them; but, let him be brought out of the mine, and set on the mountain—what a difference appears!"

"Candour will always allow much for inexperience. I have been thirty years forming my own views; and, in the course of this time, some of my hills have sunk, and some of my vallies have risen: but, how unreasonable would it be to expect all this should take place in another person; and that, in the course of a year or two!"

"Candour forbids us to estimate a character from its accidental blots. Yet it is thus that David, and others, have been treated."

"Apollos met with two candid people in the Church: they neither ran away because he was *legal*, nor were carried away because he was *eloquent*."

"There is the analogy of faith: it is a master-key, which not only opens particular doors, but carries you through the whole house. But an attachment to a rigid system is dangerous.—Luther once turned out the Epistle of St. James, because it disturbed his system. I shall preach, perhaps, very usefully upon two opposite texts, while kept apart; but, if I attempt nicely to reconcile them, it is ten to one if I do not begin to bungle."

"We are surprised at the fall of a famous professor; but, in the sight of God, the man was

gone before: *we*, only, have now first discovered it. *He, that despiseth small things, shall fall by little and little.*"

"There are critical times of danger. After great services, honours, and consolations, we should stand upon our guard. Noah—Lot—David—Solomon, fell in these circumstances. Satan is a robber: a robber will not attack a man in *going* to the Bank, but in returning with his pocket full of money."

"A Christian is like a young nobleman, who on going to receive his estate, is at first enchanted with its prospects: this, in a course of time, may wear off; but a sense of the value of the estate grows daily."

"When we first enter into the divine life, we propose to *grow rich:* God's plan is to make us *feel poor.*"

"Good men have need to take heed of building upon groundless impressions. Mr. Whitfield had a son, whom he imagined born to be a very extraordinary man: but the son soon died, and the father was cured of his mistake."

"Christ has taken our nature into heaven, to represent *us;* and has left us on earth, with his nature, to represent *him.*"

"Worldly men will be true to their principles; and if we were as true to ours, the visits between the two parties would be short and seldom."

"A Christian in the world, is like a man trans-

acting his affairs in the rain. He will not suddenly leave his client, because it rains; but, the moment the business is done, he is gone: as it is said in the Acts, *Being let go, they went to their own company.*"

"The Scriptures are so full, that every case may be found in them.—A rake went into a church, and tried to decoy a girl, by saying, 'Why do you attend to such stuff as these Scriptures?'—'Because,' said she, 'they tell me, that, *in the last days, there shall come* such *scoffers* as you.'"

"God deals with us as we do with our children: he first *speaks;* then, gives a gentle *stroke;* at last, a *blow.*"

"The religion of a sinner stands on two pillars; namely, what Christ did for us in his flesh, and what he performs in us by his Spirit. Most errors arise from an attempt to separate these two."

"Man is not taught any thing to purpose till God becomes his teacher: and then the glare of the world is put out, and the value of the soul rises in full view. A man's present sentiments may not be accurate, but we make too much of sentiments. We pass a field with a few blades: we call it a field of wheat; yet here is no wheat in perfection; but wheat is sown, and full ears may be expected."

"The word Temperance, in the New Testament, signifies *self-possession;* it is a disposition

suitable to one who has a race to run, and therefore will not load his pockets with lead."

"Contrivers of systems on the earth, are like contrivers of systems in the heavens; where the sun and moon keep the same course, in spite of the philosophers."

"I endeavour to walk through the world as a physician goes through Bedlam: the patients make a noise, pester him with impertinence, and hinder him in his business; but he does the best he can, and so gets through."

"A man always in society, is one always on the spend: on the other hand, a mere solitary is, at his best, but a candle in an empty room."

"If we were upon the watch for improvement, the common news of the day would furnish it: the falling of the tower in Siloam, and the slaughter of the Galileans, were the news of the day; which our Lord improved."

"The generality make out their righteousness, by comparing themselves with some others whom they think worse. A woman of the town, who was dying of disease in the Lock Hospital, was offended at a minister speaking to her as a sinner, because she had never picked a pocket."

"Take away a toy from a child and give him another, and he is satisfied; but if he be hungry, no toy will do. As new-born babes, true believers desire the sincere milk of the word; and the desire of grace, in this way, is grace."

One said that the great Saints in the Calendar were many of them poor Sinners. Mr. N. replied, "They were poor Saints indeed, if they did not feel that they were great Sinners."

"A wise man looks upon men as he does upon horses, and considers their caparisons of title, wealth, and place, but as harness."

"The force of what we deliver from the pulpit is often lost by a starched, and what is frequently called a correct style; and, especially, by adding meretricious ornaments.—I called upon a lady who had been robbed, and she gave me a striking account of the fact; but had she put it into heroics, I should neither so well have understood her, nor been so well convinced that she had been robbed."

"When a man says he received a blessing under a sermon, I begin to enquire the character of the man who speaks of the help he has received. The Roman people proved the effect they received under a sermon of Antony, when they flew to avenge the death of Cæsar."

"The Lord has reasons far beyond our ken, for opening a wide door, while he stops the mouth of a useful preacher.—John Bunyan would not have done half the good he did, if he had remained preaching in Bedford, instead of being shut up in Bedford prison."

"If I could go to France, and give every man in it a right and peaceable mind by my labour, I should have a statue: but, to produce such an

effect in the conversion of one soul, would be a far greater achievement."

"Ministers would over-rate their labours, if they did not think it worth while to be born, and spend ten thousand years in labour and contempt, to recover one soul."

"Don't tell me of your feelings. A traveller would be glad of fine weather; but, if he be a man of business, he will go on.—Bunyan says, you must not judge of a man's haste by his horse: for when the horse can hardly move, you may see, by the rider's urging him, what a hurry he is in."

"A man and a beast may stand upon the same mountain, and even touch one another; yet they are in two different worlds: the beast perceives nothing but the grass; but the man contemplates the prospect, and thinks of a thousand remote things.—Thus a Christian may be solitary at a full exchange: he can converse with the people there upon trade, politics, and the stocks; but they cannot talk with him upon *the peace of God which passeth all understanding.*"

"It is a mere fallacy to talk of the sins of a short life. The sinner is always a sinner.—Put a pump into a river, you may throw out some water, but the river remains."

"Professors, who own the doctrines of free grace, often act inconsistently with their own principle when they are angry at the defects of others.—A company of travellers fall into a pit;

one of them gets a passenger to draw him out. Now he should not be angry with the rest for falling in; nor because they are not yet out, as he is. He did not pull himself out: instead, therefore, of reproaching them, he should shew them pity. He should avoid, at any rate, going down upon their ground again; and shew how much better and happier he is upon his own.—We should take care that we do not make our profession of religion a receipt in full for all other obligations. A man, truly illuminated, will no more despise others, than Bartimeus, after his own eyes were opened, would take a stick, and beat every blind man he met."

"We much mistake, in supposing that the removal of a particular objection would satisfy the objector.—Suppose I am in bed, and want to know whether it be light, it is not enough if I draw back the curtain; for though there be light, I must have eyes to see it."

"Too deep a consideration of eternal realities might unfit a man for his present circumstances. —Walking through St. Bartholomew's Hospital, or Bedlam, must deeply affect a feeling mind; but, in reality, this world is a far worse scene. It has but two wards: in the one, men are miserable; in the other, mad."

"Some preachers near Olney dwelt on the doctrine of predestination: an old woman said—Ah! I have long settled that point; for, if God had not

chosen me before I was born, I am sure he would have seen nothing in me to have chosen me for afterwards.' "

" I see the *unprofitableness of controversy* in the case of Job and his friends: for, if God had not interposed, had they lived to this day, they would have continued the dispute."

" It is pure mercy that negatives a particular request.—A miser would pray very earnestly for gold, if he believed prayer would gain it; whereas, if Christ had any favour to him, he would take his gold away.—A child walks in the garden in spring, and sees cherries: he knows they are good fruit, and therefore asks for them. ' No, my dear,' says the father, ' they are not yet ripe: —Stay till the season."

" If I cannot *take pleasure in infirmities*, I can sometimes feel the profit of them.—I can conceive a king to pardon a rebel, and take him into his family, and then say, ' I appoint you, for a season, to wear a fetter. At a certain season, I will send a messenger to knock it off. In the mean time, this fetter will serve to remind you of your state: it may humble you, and restrain you from rambling.' "

" Some Christians, at a glance, seem of a superior order; and are not: they want a certain quality.—At a florists' feast the other day, a certain flower was determined to bear the bell; but it was found to be an artificial flower: there is a quality called GROWTH which it had not."

"Doctor Taylor of Norwich said to me, 'Sir, I have collated every word in the Hebrew Scriptures seventeen times; and it is very strange if the doctrine of atonement, which you hold, should not have been found by me.'—I am not surprised at this: I once went to light my candle with the extinguisher on it: now, prejudices from education, learning, &c. often form an extinguisher.—It is not enough that you bring the candle: you must remove the extinguisher."

"I measure ministers by square measure. I have no idea of the size of a table, if you only tell me how *long* it is; but, if you also say how *wide*, I can tell its dimensions.—So, when you tell me what a man is in the pulpit, you must also tell me what he is out of it, or I shall not know his size."

"A man should be *born* to high things not to lose himself in them.—Slaters will walk on the ridge of a house with ease, which would turn our heads."

"Much depends on the way we come into trouble.—Paul and Jonah were both in a storm, but in very different circumstances."

"I have read of many wicked Popes, but the worst Pope I ever met with is Pope SELF."

"The men of this world are children.—Offer a child an apple and a bank note, he will doubtless choose the apple."

"The heir of a great estate, while a child, thinks more of a few shillings in his pocket than of his

inheritance.—So a Christian is often more elated by some frame of heart than by his title to glory.

"A dutiful child is ever looking forward to the holidays, when he shall return to his father; but he does not think of running from school before."

"The Gospel is a proclamation of free mercy to guilty creatures—an act of grace to rebels. Now, though a rebel should throw away his pistols, and determine to go into the woods, and make his mind better before he goes to court and pleads the act; he may, indeed, not be found in *arms*, yet, being taken in his reforming scheme, he will be hanged."

"Man is made capable of three births: by nature, he enters into the present world; by grace, into spiritual light and life; by death, into glory."

"In my imagination, I sometimes fancy I could make a perfect minister. I take the eloquence of ———, the knowledge of ———, the zeal of ———, and the pastoral meekness, tenderness, and piety of ———: then, putting them all together into one man, I say to myself, '*This* would be a perfect minister.' Now there is one, who, if he chose it, could actually *do* this; but he never did. He has seen fit to do otherwise, and to divide these gifts *to every man severally as he will.*"

"I feel like a man who has no money in his pocket, but is allowed to draw for all he wants upon one infinitely rich: I am, therefore, at once both a beggar and a rich man."

"I went one day to Mrs. G———'s, just after she had lost all her fortune. I could not be surprised to find her in tears: but she said, 'I suppose you think I am crying for my loss, but that is not the case: I am now weeping to think I should feel so much uneasiness on the account.' After that, I never heard her speak again upon the subject as long as she lived.—Now this is just as it should be.—Suppose a man was going to York to take possession of a large estate, and his chaise should break down a mile before he got to the city, which obliged him to *walk* the rest of the way; what a fool we should think him if we saw him wringing his hands, and blubbering out all the remaining mile, 'My chaise is broken! My chaise is broken!'"

"I have many books that I cannot sit down to read: they are, indeed, good and sound; but, like halfpence, there goes a great quantity to a little amount. There are *silver* books; and a very few *golden* books: but I have one book worth more than all, called the Bible; and that is a book of *bank-notes*."

I conclude these remarks, not because my memorandum-book is exhausted, but lest the reader should think I forget the old maxim, *ne quid nimis*. No undue liberty, however, has been taken in publishing Mr. N.'s private conversation, since all the above remarks were submitted to him as intended for this publication, and were approved.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS

THE difference of mental improvement among men, seems very much to depend on their capacity and habit of gathering instruction from the objects which are continually presented to their observation. Two men behold the same fact: one of them is in the habit of drawing such remarks and inferences as the fact affords, and learns somewhat from every thing he sees; while the other sees the same fact, and perhaps with a momentary admiration, but lets it pass without making so much as one profitable reflection on the occasion.—The excursions of the *bee* and the *butterfly* present an exact emblem of these two characters.

I have present to my mind an acquaintance, who has seen more of the outside of the world than most men: he has lived in most countries of the civilized world; yet I scarcely know a man of a less improved mind: with every external advantage, he has learned nothing to any useful purpose: he seems to have passed from flower to flower without extracting a drop of honey; and, now, he tires all his friends with the frivolous

garrulity of a capricious, vacant, and petulant old-age.

I wish the reader of these Memoirs may avoid such an error, in passing over the history here laid before him. An extraordinary train of facts is presented to his observation; and if

"The proper study of mankind is man,"

the history before us will surely furnish important matter of the kind to the eye of every wise, moral traveller.

I would here call the attention of three classes of men to a single point of prime importance; namely, the EFFICACY AND EXCELLENCY OF REAL CHRISTIANITY as exhibited in the principles and practice of the subject of these Memoirs.

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1. Suppose the reader to be so unhappy (though his misfortune may be least perceived by himself) as to be led astray by bad society, in conjunction with *an evil heart of unbelief*. I will suppose him to be *now* in the state in which Mr. N. describes himself formerly to *have been*, and in which also the writer of these Memoirs once was. I will suppose him to be given up to *believe his own lie*; and that he may be in the habit of thinking that God, when he made man, left him to find his way without any express revelation of the mind and will of his Maker and Governor; or, at most, that he is left to the only rule in morals, which nature

may be supposed to present.—What *that* way is, which such a thinker will take, is sufficiently evident from the general course and habits of unbelievers.

But there is a conscience in man. Conscience, in sober moments, often alarms the most stout-hearted. When such an unbeliever meets an overwhelming providence, or lies on a death-bed, he will probably awake to a strong sense of his real condition. He will feel, if not very hardened indeed, in what a forlorn, unprovided, and dangerous state he exists. Life is the moment in which only this sceptical presumption can continue; and when it is terminating, where is he to set the sole of his foot? He wildly contemplates the book of nature, in which he may have been persuaded that man may read all he needs to know; but the forlorn outcast sees nothing there to meet his case as a sinner. Infinite power, wisdom, contrivance, general provision, alone appear; but nothing of that *further* and *distinct* information which a dying offender needs. He wants footing, and finds none. He needs the hand of a friend to grasp, but none is seen. Possibilities shock his apprehension. He may, perhaps, discern that the present system has a moral government, which frowns upon guilt; and, for aught he knows to the contrary, the next scene may present a Judge upon his throne of justice,—this world, his present idol, vanished like smoke, and quick and dead

called to give their account. Where then is he?—an atom of guilt and wretchedness. All this I say may be, for aught he knows to the contrary. But the express and well-authenticated revelation, which that Judge has sent to man, tells us plainly that all this *shall* be, and that every eye shall behold it!

"Be it so," such a reader may reply: "still I am what I am. My habits of thinking are fixed; and I perceive my habits of life can only be decently borne out by my profession of unbelief. Both are now inveterate. Nor do I see, all things considered, what can be done in my case. How can *I* adopt the Christian Revelation?—and what could it do for me, if I could?"

I answer, by calling your attention to the fact before us. What was the case of John Newton? Could any one be more deeply sunk in depravity, in profligacy, in infidelity than he? Can you even conceive a rational creature more degraded, or more hardened in his evil habits? Would you attempt to recover such a mind, by arguments drawn from the advantage which virtue has over vice? or by rousing his attention to the duties of natural religion, or to the possible consequences of a future retribution? He would have gone on thinking he had made the most of his circumstances, in his practice of catching fish, and eating them almost raw.—He would sullenly have proceeded to sleep through the drying of his one

shirt, which he had just washed on the rock, and put on wet.—He would, with a savage ferocity, have watched an opportunity for murdering his master.—He would have drowned all reflection in a drunken revel; and would have overwhelmed all remonstrance, by belching out new-invented blasphemies; and then sought to rush headlong, in a drunken paroxysm, into the ocean.*

Here is, certainly, presented the utmost pitch of a depraved and degraded nature: nor does it seem possible for Satan to carry his point further with a man—EXCEPT in one single instance, namely, by *the final disbelief of a remedy.*

Now, by God's help, this divine remedy was applied, and its efficacy demonstrated; of which there are thousands of living witnesses. A plain matter of fact is before us. It pleased God, that, by a train of dispensations, this prodigal should *come to himself.*—He is made to feel his wants and misery: he follows *the light shining in a dark place:* he calls for help: he is made willing to follow his guide: he proceeds with implicit confidence. And now let us examine to what, at length, he is brought; and by what *means?*

I speak of a matter of fact. Whither is he brought? He is brought from the basest, meanest, under-trodden state of slavery—from a state of mind still more degraded, being *foolish, disobedient, deceived, serving divers lusts and pleasures,*

* See these Memoirs, pages 378, 387, 390, 397.

living in malice and envy, hateful and hating—wanting nothing of a complete devil but his powers. This man is brought, I say, to be a faithful and zealous servant of his God—an able and laborious minister of Christ—a useful and benevolent friend to his neighbour—wise to secure the salvation of his own soul, and wise to win the souls of others.

Consider also the MEANS by which he was brought. It was not by the arguments of philosophists, or the rational considerations of what is called natural religion. Mr. N.'s own account informs us, that the peculiar discoveries of Revealed Truth gradually broke in upon his mind; till, at length, he was made sensible that *there was a remedy provided in the Gospel*, and which was fully sufficient to meet even *his* case; and he found *that*, and that *only*, to be *the power of God unto salvation.*

The result, therefore, which should be drawn from these premises, is the following. There exists a desperate disorder in the world, called *Sin.* Heathens, as well as Christians, have marked its malignant influence: they have tried various expedients, which have been prescribed for its cure; or its mitigation, at least: but no means have been discovered, except God's own appointed means, which have availed to the relief of so much as a single individual. Yet, strange to say, this *medicina mentis* of God's own appointment,

to which only he has promised a peculiar blessing, and by which he is daily recovering men in the most desperate circumstances who actually employ it—strange to say, this remedy still remains a stumbling block—is counted foolishness—insomuch that many will rather dash this cup of salvation from the lips of a profligate, like Newton, when *disposed* to receive it, than that he should obtain relief in *that* way.—Their conduct seems to say, "Rather let such a wretch go on in his profligacy, than the Gospel be acknowledged to be the wisdom and the power of God."

Not that the case of Mr. N., here presented to the consideration of an unbeliever, is brought forward as if the Gospel *needed* any further evidence, or has occasion for facts of our own time to give it additional authenticity: but we are directed to regard the *cloud of witnesses*, among which our departed brother was distinguished; *and, though now dead, yet speaketh.* May the reader have ears to hear the important report!

Does, therefore, the question return, as to what the unbeliever should do? Let him, after seriously considering what is here advanced, consider also what conduct is becoming a responsible, or at least a rational creature? Surely it becomes such an one, to avoid all means of stifling the voice of conscience, whenever it begins to speak—to regard the voice of God, yet speaking to him in the revelation of his grace; and that, much more humbly

and seriously than such persons are wont to do.—It becomes him, if he have any regard to the interest of his own soul, or the souls of his fellow-creatures, to give no countenance by his declarations or example, to the senseless cavils and indecent scoffs, by which the profligate aim to cloak the disorders of their hearts—by which vanity aims at distinction, and half-thinkers affect depth. —The person I am now speaking to cannot but observe how much the judgment becomes the dupe of the passions. If *the veil be upon the heart*, it will be upon every thing. We need not only an *object* presented, but an *organ* to discern it. Now the Gospel alone affords both these. Mr. N. becomes an instructive example, in this respect, to the unbeliever.—"One of the first helps," says he, "which I received," in consequence of a determination to examine the New Testament more carefully, "was from Luke vi. 13. *If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your Heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask him?* I had been sensible, that to profess faith in Jesus Christ, when, in reality I did not believe his history, was no better than a mockery of the heart-searching God; but, here, I found a *Spirit* spoken of, which was to be communicated to those who ask it. Upon this I reasoned thus: If this book be true, the promise in this passage must be true

likewise: I have need of that very Spirit by which the whole was written, in order to understand it aright. He has engaged here, to give that Spirit to those who ask: and, if it be of God, he will make good his own word."

A man, therefore, who is found in this unhappy state, but not judicially hardened in it, should mark this stage of Mr. N.'s recovery, and attend to the facts and evidences of the power and excellency of real religion, such as this before him.—He should appreciate that Gospel, which it has pleased God to employ as his instrument for displaying the wonders of his might in the moral world. He should pray that he may experience the power of it in his own heart, and thus not lose the additional benefit of the cases presented to him in Memoirs like these: a case, probably, far exceeding his own in the malignity of its symptoms. Let him also consider, that, while such convictions can produce no real loss to him, they may secure advantages beyond calculation. He may not be able, at present to comprehend how *Godliness is profitable for all things*, in *having* not only *the promise of the life that now is*, but *of that which is to come:* but he may see, as a rational creature, that, at the very lowest estimation, he has taken the safe side, by embracing the only hope set before him: and, on this ground, it is clearly demonstrable, that not only the grossest

folly must attach to the rejector of a revelation attended with such accumulated evidences; but actual guilt also, and the highest ingratitude and presumption.

II. But there is another class of men, to whom I would recommend a serious consideration of Mr. N.'s religious character and principles.

The persons whom I am now addressing are convinced of the truth of revelation, and some of them ably contend for it against unbelievers. They are also conscientious: they are often useful in society; and are sometimes found amiable and benevolent: they are even religious, according to their views of religion; and some of them are exact in their devotions. Yet, from certain morbid symptoms, they appear not to receive the grace of God in truth, nor to be cordially disposed to the spirit of the Gospel.—So much apparent right intention and exemplary conduct seems, indeed, to demand respect; and a respect, which some who possess more zeal than judgment do not duly pay them.

ARDELIO despises his neighbour EUSEBIUS's religious views and habits; and not only deems him a blind pharisee, but has sometimes expressed the sentiment in the rudest terms. This reminds me of the old story of Diogenes' walking on the costly carpet of his brother philosopher, saying,

"I trample on the pride of Plato." "Yes," said Plato, "but with greater pride, Diogenes."

If it be asked, "Why should any one judge unfavourably of such a character as Eusebius?" I answer, we may charitably seek to convince one whom we have reason to think under fatal mistakes without any disposition to judge or condemn him. I meet a traveller who is confidently pursuing a path, which I have reason to believe is both wide of his mark, and dangerous to his person: I may charitably attempt to direct his steps, without thinking ill of his intention.—It is recorded of our Lord, that he even loved a young man, who went away sorrowful on having his grand idol exposed.

"But why," it is asked, "should you suspect any thing essentially wrong in such characters as you describe?" I reply, for the following reasons:—

I have observed with much concern, when God hath wrought such a mighty operation of grace in the heart of a man, like NEWTON, that this man has not, upon such a saving change being wrought, suited the religious taste of the persons just mentioned. They will, indeed, commend his external change of conduct; but will by no means relish his broken and contrite spirit, or his ascription of the change to free and unmerited favour, and his *counting all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus*, as

that Lord who hath thus called him *from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan to God.* They will not relish the zeal and evangelical strain of his preaching; his endeavour to alarm a stupid, sleeping conscience, to probe a deceitful heart, to expose the wretchedness of the world, and to rend the veil from formality and hypocrisy: nay, they will rather prefer some dry moralist, or mere formalist, who, instead of having experienced any such change of heart, will rather *revile* it.

Again, I have observed a lamentable *disposition of mind* in such persons to form false and unfavourable associations. They will pay too much attention to injurious representations, true or false, of a religious class of mankind, whom the world has branded with some general term of reproach.—Two or three ignorant or extravagant fanatics shall be admitted to represent the religious world at large; it not being considered how much such offensive characters are actually grieving those, whose cause I am pleading. No one, indeed, can have lived long in society, but he must needs have met the counterfeit of every excellence.—In the article of property, for instance, who is not on the watch lest he should be imposed on? And, while the love of property is so general who is not studious to discover the difference between the true and the false? It will be so in religion, wherever there is the attention which its worth so

imperiously demands. Love has a piercing eye, which will discover its object in a crowd. But, if there be this disposition to confound in the lump the precious with the vile, it is symptomatic of something morbid in the heart. We have reason to fear a latent aversion, in the persons offended, from vital and spiritual religion; notwithstanding all the allowance that can be made for the prevailing prejudices of their education and circumstances.

And here also, we cannot but lament the effect of such a disposition in those *perverse conclusions* which these persons are often observed to draw from a sermon. Of the two handles which attach to every thing, what must we think of that mind which is ever choosing the wrong? Our Lord, for instance, shews how much the *farm*, the *oxen*, and the *wife* became impediments in the way of those, who refused his invitation: but a *perverse conclusion* would infer that he was, therefore, an enemy to lawful engagements. Candour, however, sees, at a glance, that this was not his design in speaking the parable. His drift was evidently to mark the state and *spirit* of the recusants; and not to discountenance their lawful occupations. He meant to shew that even lawful pursuits may be unlawfully pursued, when they become *sole* objects, and are thus preferred to his inestimable proposal. It is thus the well-disposed hearer will mark the

design of his minister; and draw wholesome nourishment from that discourse, which another will turn to poison, by stopping to cavil at the letter.

Another objection arises from the affinity which characters of this class have with a *world which lieth in wickedness.* In this instance of their worldly attachments, their *charity will* readily *cover a multitude of sins*, and form excuses for serious breaches of both tables of the Law, in their worldly friends. They appear in their element while in the society of these friends, especially if wealthy and accomplished. If any person's ear is wounded with a profane expression from one of their rich or fashionable acquaintance, they are ready to whisper that, "notwithstanding his unguarded language, he has yet upon the whole one of the best of hearts." Yet an infallible monitor has said, *Know ye not that the friendship of the world is enmity with God?* If the old maxim does not always hold good, that "a man is known by the company he *keeps*, it will infallibly stand good if we add one word to it, namely, that "a man is known by the company he *chooses* to keep." —The physician may be detained in an infectious chamber, and the lawyer be found conversing with his client in a shower of rain: but nobody will infer from thence, that the one *chooses* to breathe foul air, or that the other *chooses* to be wet to his skin. While the true Christian, therefore, will

avoid inurbanity, fanaticism, or becoming the dupe of any religious party, he will also join the Psalmist in declaring, *I am a companion of all them that fear thee, and of them that keep thy precepts.*

Again, these moral and religious characters, whom I am labouring to convince of their errors, have been observed to be more disposed to nurse, than to examine their prejudices against a minister of Mr. N.'s principles. "His teaching," say they, "tends to divide a parish, or a family." But why do they not examine the reason? Why do they not consider, that introducing *good* has ever been the occasion of disturbing *evil?* I recollect a great family, whose servants were in a ferment, because one truly conscientious man was found among them. "*He will spoil the place,*" was their term, because he would not connive at their iniquity. But let me ask, what was to be blamed in this affair? his integrity, or their corruption? The Master understood the case, and valued his servant in proportion as he marked the division. And thus it is in religion, while moving in a blind and corrupt world. Christ, though the Prince of Peace, expressly declared that his doctrine would be the occasion of much division in the world; that he *came not to send peace, but a sword:* that he should be the occasion of family variance, &c. Mat. x. 34, 35; and warns his disciples of what they must expect, while they endeavoured faith-

fully to conduct his interests. Plain matter of fact declares, that, to maintain truth, has been the occasion of the suffering state of the true Church in all ages, and that often unto the death of its innumerable martyrs. But, should a man who reads his Bible, or has any regard for the interests of truth, need to have this explained?

Another mistake might be exposed, in the stale objection, that such principles as Mr. N.'s tend to injure the interests of morality, from his strictly adhering to the doctrine of our eleventh article, on justification by faith. I would hope that this objection arises, in many, from a very slight acquaintance with the subject. It requires, indeed, but little attention to mark how expressly the Scriptures maintain our justification on the sole merit of our Redeemer, while they as fully maintain the necessity of our sanctification or holiness by his Spirit. It has been repeatedly proved, by sound and incontestible arguments, that these two grand fundamentals of our religion are so far from opposing each other, either in Scripture or in experience, that, when *real*, they are found *inseparable*. But, because this is not the place to either state or defend this doctrine at large, it may help such as have hitherto stumbled respecting it, to observe an illustration and proof of this position, in the matter of fact just now presented to their view.

To one willing to learn, I would say, What

proof would you require of the practical tendency of principles like Mr. N.'s? We bring you, in his history, a most deplorable instance of human depravity and moral disorder. What experiment should be tried to recover this wretched creature to God and to himself?—Regard, I say, the fact in this man's history. You will find that his recovery was not brought about by such considerations as are urged in what are termed moral or rational discourses; but on the contrary, by such truths as he laboured throughout his ministry to establish, not only from the Scriptures, but from his own experience of their efficacy. He dwelt on truths which are essential and peculiar to Christianity:—such as the guilt and utter depravity of our fallen nature, whereby man is become an alien and apostate from his God; his inability to recover himself without the grace of the Holy Spirit; the necessity of regeneration by the same Spirit; and of faith in the Redeemer, not only as the alone ground of his justification before God, but as the root and motive of all acceptable obedience and good works. "If I wanted a man to fly," said Mr. N., "I must contrive to find him wings; and, thus, if I would successfully enforce moral *duties*, I must advance evangelical *motives*." He preached truths like these, constantly and fervently; and he lived a consistent example of them.

Thus in all things approving himself a true

disciple and minister of Christ, those, who knew him, know that, without making any odious comparison, it might be literally affirmed of Mr. N, that "*by pureness, by knowledge, by long-suffering, by kindness, by the Holy Ghost, by love unfeigned, by the word of truth, by the power of God, by the armour of righteousness on the right hand and on the left,* his mouth was opened and his heart enlarged towards men."

I trust it is from a pure motive, that I am endeavouring to convince persons of the class which I am addressing, of their mistake. And I am the more induced to bring a case in point before them, because I think it cannot be paralleled as an instance of the power of religion, among those who labour to keep up prejudices against Ministers of Mr. N.'s character; or who, by unfair or partial statements, strive to subvert the doctrines which he preached, and the great end to which all his labours were directed, namely, *the life of God in the soul of man.*

If indeed any one *is* WILLING *to be deceived, let him be deceived.* At least such an one will not be addressed here. But, if a man has any serious sense of the value of his soul, of its lost condition by sin, and of the necessity of recovering the friendship of his God; if he feels the express declaration in the Scriptures of an eternity of happiness or misery to be of infinite importance, and one to which the weightiest concern in this

perishing world is but as the *dust on the balance*—let such an one consider these things. Let him enquire whether those, who object to the character and views of such a minister as Mr. N., labour first to probe the state of their own hearts deeply, as he did. When he was no longer an infidel, had renounced his grosser habits, and was to all appearance a new man; "Yet," says he, "though I cannot doubt that this change, so far as it prevailed, was wrought by the Spirit and power of God, still I was greatly deficient in many respects. I was in some degree affected with a sense of my more enormous sins, but I was little aware of the innate evils of my heart. I had no apprehension of the spirituality and extent of the Law of God. The hidden life of a Christian, as it consists in communion with God by Jesus Christ, and a continual dependence upon him for hourly supplies of wisdom, strength, and comfort, was a mystery of which I had as yet no knowledge. I acknowledged the Lord's mercy in pardoning what was past, but depended chiefly upon my own resolution to do better for the time to come."

Let the honest enquirer also consider whether the objectors just spoken of, are observed to be as anxious as Mr. N. was in their endeavours to serve God and propagate his will, to glorify his Son, and to save the souls of men: whether they have experienced the force of truth, in the conversion of their own hearts and lives. *Conformed to*

the world, as he once was, have they been since *transformed by the renewing of their minds*, as he at length became? A few such questions as these, well considered, would lead to important discoveries. Such an enquiry would shew, that however some persons may be able to treat of the outworks of revelation, as they may of any other science which they have studied; yet, for such to dogmatise on religion, as it consists in a vital, spiritual, and experimental principle, would be as absurd as for a man originally deprived of one of the five senses, to deny the perceptions of those who possess them all. In short, it is as ridiculous as it is profane, for men rashly to assert on religious points, who evidently appear to have nothing so little at heart as the real influence and actual interests of religion.

Lastly, let nominal Christians seriously consider whether our immortal interests are not much too important to be staked upon a mere *prejudice of education*—an old, unrevised *habit of thinking*—a taking it for granted that they are right, when the event may awfully prove the reverse; and that too, when such errors can never be rectified. The persons with whom I have been pleading would pity the Jew or the Pagan in such an error: I earnestly pray that they may be enabled to see as clearly their own mistake, and not resent the admonition of a real friend now seeking to prevent it.

III. But there yet remains a class of persons, found in the religious world, who entertain a high regard for Mr. N.'s character, and who should gather that instruction from it of which they appear to stand in great need. "They should all take care," as he expresses it, "that they do not make their profession of religion *a receipt in full for all other obligations.*" I do not regard this class as hypocrites, so much as *self-deceivers.* They have a zeal for the Gospel; but without a comprehensive view of its nature. They do not consider, that, in avoiding error on the one hand, they are plunging into a contrary mistake. Like a child crossing a bridge, they tremblingly avoid the deep water which they perceive roaring on one side; and recede from it, till they are ready to perish from not perceiving the danger of that which lies on the other side.

The persons, of whom I am here speaking, are defective in the grand article of AN HUMBLE AND CONTRITE SPIRIT. I remember Mr. N. used to remark, that, "if any one *criterion* could be given of a real work of grace begun in the heart of a sinner, it would be found in his *contrite spirit.*" Nothing is more insisted on in Scripture, as essential to real religion. I never knew any truly serious Christian, who would not readily join in acknowledging that "the religion of a sinner," as Mr. N. expresses it, "stands on two pillars, namely, what Christ did *for* us in his flesh, and

what he performs *in* us by his Spirit: most errors," he adds, "arise from an attempt to separate these two." But the enemy still comes and sows tares among the wheat: a sort of loose profession has obtained, which has brought much reproach on religion; and has become a cause of stumbling to many, who perceive a class of Christians contending for only a *part* of Christianity.

You can prevail little with a professor of this description, in exhorting him by *the meekness and gentleness of Christ*, to self-denying, patient, or forbearing habits. If you state the genius of Christ's religion as it relates to the returning *good for evil*—in *blessing them that curse*, and *praying for such as revile and persecute*—in *shewing, out of a good conversation, their works with meekness of wisdom*—or, in *having a fervent charity towards all men*, &c. he is ready to take fire; and to cover his conduct by maintaining a crude system of mere doctrinal points, ill understood. Your well-intended remonstrance may perhaps lead him to ask, whether you mean to bring him back to the "Whole Duty of Man," or to "Nelson's Fasts and Festivals." He will lament that you yourself are not *clear* in the Gospel; because, in fact, you maintain the *whole* of it: and that you are not *faithful;* because you maintain the whole of it in a patient, forbearing spirit.

The views of such persons, and the evil tempers to which they give place in their spiritual

warfare, have often reminded me of the shrewd answer which our Richard the First sent to the Pope; who was angry because a certain warlike bishop had fallen by Richard in battle, and whom, being an ecclesiastic, the Pope called his *son*. Richard sent the bishop's armour to the Pope, with the words of Joseph's brethren—*Know now whether this be thy son's coat or not.*

Nothing, however, could be more opposed to the spirit and character of our departed friend, than the temper that has just been described. His zeal in propagating the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, was not more conspicuous, than the tenderness of his spirit as to the manner of his maintaining and delivering it. He was found constantly *speaking the truth in love; and in meekness instructing those that oppose themselves, if God peradventure would give them repentance to the acknowledging of the truth.* There was a gentleness, a candour, and a forbearance in him, that I do not recollect to have seen in an equal degree among his brethren; and which had so conciliating an effect, that even the enemies of truth often spoke loudly in praise of his character. On the other hand, this generated such an affection in his friends, that, had he attempted to preach longer than he did, a great part of his congregation would have assembled, were it only for the pleasure they had in seeing his person.

That this account is not panegyric, is known to

all who were personally acquainted with Mr. N. But, as many who may read these Memoirs had not that pleasure, I will add the testimony of one whose nice discernment of character will admit of no question.

"A people will love a minister, if a minister seems to love his people. The old maxim, *simile agit in simile*, is in no case more exactly verified: therefore you were beloved at Olney; and, if you preached to the Chickesaws and Chactaws, would be equally beloved by them*."

As the spirit of Christian benevolence and charity seems not to have been sufficiently cultivated among us, while a furious and often abusive zeal for certain points, as Cowper remarks, has been substituted for the whole truth, I am led to dwell longer than I intended in exhibiting this amiable feature of Mr. N.'s character; especially on account of those Christians who have imbibed a false taste in their religion from such teachers or books as have fallen in their way. I, therefore, earnestly request such persons to weigh well the enquiries which follow.

Have you ever sufficiently considered the evil of divisions and heart-burnings in a church; and what interest that enemy, who comes to sow tares among the wheat, takes in promoting them?—Do you reflect that another Christian may be doing

* See, in Hayley's Life of Cowper, the xxviiith Letter, which is addressed by Cowper to Mr. Newton.

God's work, though his mode of doing it may not meet your taste, any more than your taste meets his?—Do you consider how much greater evil a wrong spirit and temper produce, than the things you object against?—Do you weigh the consequences of your haste in weakening the hands, and grieving the heart of any godly minister, whom you constantly or occasionally attend; and in actually laying a stumbling-block in the way of the ungodly, while you depreciate him and his services? Nothing affected that eminent character, Mr. Cadogan, like what he met from some religious persons of this kind, as I have related from his own lips, in his Memoirs *.

Let me further exhort such as are in danger from this unchastised spirit to consider, how much corrupt nature is *at the bottom of this error*. Corrupt nature frets and rages at any supposed contradiction or restraint: it would substitute the work of the *tongue* for that of the *heart*. In the mean time, *real* religion is scorned by the world; which cannot distinguish between a thing so deformed, and the thing as it ought to appear.

Consider, also, whether there needs any grace at all, in order to maintain such a sort of profession. Are we only to *christen* the evil passions of corrupt nature, and then call names, hate, boast, and give ourselves the preference, as much as any ungodly man whatever? A zealot at an election

* See Memoirs of Cadogan, p. 212.

can fight and strive for his favourite candidate: with inflamed zeal he can cause divisions, exhibit pride, self-will, and impatience of subordination; but, let me ask, will the same evil tempers change their nature because they are employed about spiritual objects?

Much blame attaches, too, respecting certain disputable points for which such persons strive. It seems as if some, who are otherwise good men, did not relish the Bible till they had garbled and selected it; and that, if the whole were not of acknowledged authority, they would condemn it as it now stands. They speak as if it were not accurate in its terms, or sufficiently express or decisive in confirming their fond opinions. This leads them to be *shy* of some parts of Revelation; and to distort others, in order to fit them for their system. While contending for that system, they appear to forget the stress which the Apostle lays upon the holy, humble, self-denying, affectionate spirit of Christianity, in 1 Cor. xiii. how gentle it is! how easy to be entreated! how it hopeth and endureth all things, &c. while, on the contrary, they who can speak with the tongues of men and of angels, who have all knowledge, who can work miracles, and even die martyrs, would, without this distinguishing characteristic of Christianity, be considered of God as NOTHING. The Old Testament Dispensation, it is granted, had a severe aspect; and special occasions may be

pleaded for special expressions of holy indignation, under any dispensation: but, when the Prophet describes the brighter day, he foretels that then *the wolf shall dwell with the lamb*, as emblematical of the prevalence of that grace described by the Apostle in the chapter just quoted. Hold, therefore, the faith once delivered to the saints as *firmly* as possible; but hold it in *love*. *Buy the truth, and sell it not*—rather die for it, than part with it—but, *speak it in love:* and walk in it *as Christ also walked;* ever remembering that *the wrath of man worketh not the righteousness of God.*

I feel conscious that it is simply with a view to convince many well-meaning Christians of their error (and I have found more or less of this class in almost every place where I have been) that I thus speak. If a gross superstition arising in the Church perverted the Christianity of former ages; I wish I may mistake in supposing, that a loose and unscriptural profession is widely spreading as the bane of our age. Against such a departure from the true genius of Christianity, I certainly, as a minister of Christ, ought to bear my feeble testimony. Consider, therefore, that what is said is said with a single view to your best interests; and *the Lord give you understanding in all things!*

As I referred the Christians who were last addressed to the character of Mr. N. as an example, so I never knew a more perfect one to my purpose.—When any person depreciated the ministry

of a good man, who, by advancing important truths, was opposing the reigning errors of the times; but who, from timidity or prejudice, was shy of Mr. N. he would imitate his Divine Master, by saying, "Let him alone: he that is not against us is on our side.—Make no man an offender for a word.—He is doing good, according to his views. —Let us pray for him, and by no means weaken his hands.—Who knows but God may one day put him far above our heads, both in knowledge and usefulness?"

His grand point, in a few words, as he used to express it, was, "TO BREAK A HARD HEART, AND TO HEAL A BROKEN HEART."—To implant the life of God in the soul of man, he would sacrifice every subordinate consideration: he felt every other to be comparatively insignificant. He saw the spirit of ancient Pharisaism working among those who cry the most against it—who exact to a scruple, in the tythe of mint, anise, and cummin of their own peculiarities, while they pass over the weightier matters of unity and love—straining out the gnat of a private opinion, and swallowing the camel of a deadly discord. On the contrary, so far as order and circumstances would admit, Mr. N. clave to every good man, and endeavoured to strengthen his hands, in whatever denomination of Christians he was found. His character well illustrated the Scripture, that though *scarcely for a righteous* (or just) *man will one die, yet for a good man*

(i. e. one eminent for his candour and benevolence) *some would even dare to die.* However they *admired* some ministers, they all *loved* him; and saw exemplified in him that *wisdom which is from above,—which is first pure, then peaceable, gentle and easy to be entreated, full of mercy and good fruits, without partiality, and without hypocrisy.*

I conclude these Memoirs with a word to such as are endeavouring to follow the steps of their late faithful friend, as he followed Christ. We cannot but lament the errors just described. We cannot, if we have any zeal for the Gospel, but protest against them. But let us recollect that they are not the *only* errors which are found in the Church; and therefore let us watch lest any other *root of bitterness spring up to trouble us, and defile many.* When you lament with me the removal of ministers like Mr. N., let us recollect that ETERNAL FRIEND, who will never leave his Church without witnesses to the truth; and who, among other reasons for removing earthly helps, teaches us thereby to rest only on that help which cannot be removed. Let us take comfort too in recollecting, that, spotted as the Church may appear from the inconsistencies of many of its members, yet all the real good in this corrupt world is to be found in that Church.—God saw seven thousand true believers in Israel, while his prophet could see but one.—Where some Jehu is sounding a trumpet before him, many are quietly passing to heaven without

any such clamour. As a great writer remarks, "Because half a dozen grasshoppers under a fern make the field ring with their importunate chink, while thousands of great cattle chew the cud and are silent, pray do not imagine that those that make the noise, are 'the only inhabitants of the field.'"

But I must remark, that nothing has been more profitable to myself in considering Mr. N.'s life, than the exhibition which it makes of a Particular Providence. If the Church be not conducted by such *visible* signs now, as formerly, it is found to be as *actually* conducted. We read of a divine hand concerned in *the fall of sparrows*, in numbering *the hairs of our head*, and in raising *our dust to life;* but with what little interest we read this, appears by our distrust in the first trial we meet. If we do not dare to join the sentiments of some, who regard such expressions as purely figurative and hyperbolical; yet our imagination is so overwhelmed with the difficulty of the performance, that we are apt to turn from the subject, with some general hope, but with a very indistinct and vague idea of *a God at hand*, faithful to his promise, and almighty to deliver. Yet, how many cases occur in the history of every one of us, where nothing short of an Almighty Arm could prove *a present help in the time of trouble!*

Now this short history before us is admirably calculated to encourage our faith and hope, when

we are called to pass through those deep waters that seem to bid defiance to human strength and contrivance. What, for instance, but a divine interference caused Mr. N. to be roused from sleep on board the Harwich at the moment of exchanging men, and thereby effected his removal?—What placed him in a situation so remarkably suited to his recovering the ship which had already passed the place of his station in Africa, and brought him back to his country?—What kept him from returning in the boat that was lost at Rio Cestors?—or from putting off to the ship that was blown up near Liverpool?—Not to mention many other of his special deliverances.

"*I m a wonder unto many,*" says he, in the motto of his Narrative: and, if we as distinctly considered the strange methods of mercy which have occurred in our own cases, we should at least be *a wonder to ourselves.* But my aim is to point out the use which we should make of these Memoirs in this respect. We should, as Christians, mark the error of despair.—We should see that the case of a praying man *cannot* be desperate—that if a man be out of the pit of hell, he is on the ground of mercy. We should recollect that God sees a way of escape when we see none—that nothing is too hard for him—that he *warrants* our dependance, and invites us to call on him in the day of trouble, and gives a promise of deliverance. We should, therefore, in every trial,

adopt the language of Mr. N.'s favourite HERBERT:

"Away Despair: my gracious Lord doth hear:
Though winds and waves assault my keel,
He doth preserve it: he doth steer,
Ev'n when the boat seems most to reel:
Storms are the triumph of his art:
Well may he close his eyes, but not his heart."

From these facts we should see that Christ is able, not only to *save to the uttermost all that come unto God by him;* but that he is able to bring the most hardened blasphemer and abject slave from his chains of sin and misery, to stand in the most honourable and useful station, and proclaim to the wretched and to the ruined the exceeding riches of his grace. I have observed, from my own experience as well as from that of others, how strong a hold Satan builds by *despair.* The pressing fascinations of the world, the secret invitations of sensuality, and the distant prospect of eternal things, form a powerful current against vital religion. The heart of a Christian is ready to sink whenever these proud waters rise. Let him, therefore, recollect, that his hope, his only hope, is in pressing right onward through a world of lies and vanity—that his present dispensation is the walk of *faith,* and not of *sight*—and that *by two immutable things in which it is impossible for God to lie* he has given strong consolation to such as flee for refuge to the hope set before them.

One could, indeed, scarcely conjecture that cases like Mr. N.'s should be so perverted by any of our children, as that they should take confidence in their sins from his former course of life; but, because such facts, as I am credibly informed, do exist, let us be upon the watch to counteract this deep device of the great enemy.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS, who may have read these Memoirs merely, perhaps, for your amusement, consider with what a contrary design St. Paul states his former unrenewed condition: *I was*, says he, *before, a blasphemer, a persecutor; and injurious—but for this cause I obtained mercy.* —For what cause? Was it that men should continue in sin because a miracle of special grace has been wrought? To do *evil that good may come*, is the black mark of a reprobate mind.—But *for this cause*, saith the Apostle, *I obtained mercy, that in me first Jesus Christ might shew forth all long-suffering, for a pattern to them who should hereafter believe in him to life everlasting.* The same caution is necessary whenever you may be tempted to hope for such a recovery as Mr. N.'s after erring like him. To proceed upon such a hope is a gross presumption. Thousands perish in wrong courses for one who escapes from their natural consequences. Pray, therefore, that you may be enabled to resist the temptation of *perverting* such extraordinary cases as God affords them to be *a savour of life unto life*, while Satan

would employ them to be *a savour of death unto death.* One, Almighty to save, affords you here, indeed, an instance of special mercy, which gives you the strongest encouragement in setting your faces towards his kingdom: and this is the proper use to be made of such a case.

Your parents, your most disinterested friends, are anxiously watching for your good; and they, perhaps, have put this book into your hand with a view of promoting it. The author has cause to thank God who put it into the heart of *his* pious parent to make a similar attempt, and bless it with success: and he could tell of more such instances. May it please God that you may be added to the number!

Worldly prosperity would rather hurt than help you, before your minds become rightly directed. Mr. N. shews us (p. 415,) that his firmest friend could not have served him, had not God first prepared his mind for the advancement. An enemy would occupy your minds with perishing objects; but God calls you to cultivate nobler feelings. He proposes glory, honour, immortality, and eternal life by the Gospel.—SEEK, therefore, FIRST THE KINGDOM OF GOD AND HIS RIGHTEOUSNESS, AND ALL OTHER THINGS SHALL BE ADDED UNTO YOU.

END OF VOL. I.

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